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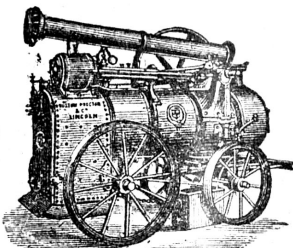
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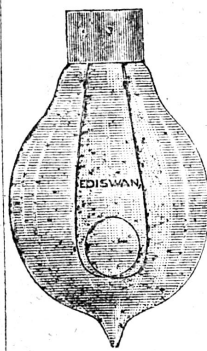
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THE RED PAGE.

Astronomers.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

Red stars and white in the heavens—
They gem the vault above;
The night is flushed with starshine,
But where's the light of love?

She says, "Their hosts outnumber
The sands beside the sea."
His heart in silence answers,
"One were enough for me."

"So lone—each seems so lonely,
So out of touch and thrill."
A thought takes shape, he whispers,
"Some things are lonelier still."

"And yonder, two together
Swing mingling gleam and gleam.
Was aught so sweet?" He whispers,
"Yes, hearts that meet in dream."

"You lie a lordly cluster,
A gay and gallant show.
What holds them thus together?"
"Tis kinship binds them so."

"Kinship"—she turns, half-laughing,
"And they so far apart!"
"Yes, star to star is wedded,
As sometimes heart to heart."

"The Coal Sack—that the Coal Sack!
But why, 'tis full of eyes;
I always thought it starless,
A desert in the skies."

"The common view," he murmurs,
"That seldom sees aright;
So souls that men think starless
May glow with hidden light."

The great dome wheels above them,
The shutter slides and jars:
He speaks of seas lone-breaking
On a crimson coast in Mars.

Speaks on of nightly watches,
Of legion hopes and fears,
Of marchings in the midnight,
And thoughts that drink of tears.

"Sad with such friends!"—her wonder
Upon the silence chimes—
"The stars so glad." He answers,
"My heavens weep sometimes."

"How strange your words!"—she hears him—
"Your heavens? Pray make me wise."
"Come close, look up—they sparkle,
My heavens are in your eyes."

The darkness hides her blushes,
She seeks for words, and so
The heavens bend down in kindness
And set his night aglow.

RODERIC QUINN.

Bulls.

THE gaiety of nations? Hardly that. But G. R. Neilson's "Book of Bulls" may be fairly said to add to the gaiety of the individuals who have it. It gives to chuckle and reflect—and if there is anything worse in the world than reflection there is nothing better than chuckling. Laughter holding both his sides is too superlative—you go over the edge of enjoyment into the superfluous swing-back, the unnecessary recoil. To walk, in the Frenchman's notion, is to perform a physical action; to *flâner*—c'est vivre! So, laughter is too physical, too gross. While you chuckle you retain your intellectual supremacy, you are master of your fate and captain of your soul. When you laugh you yield to the ancient ape and the ancestral son of an ape. "Man is the only animal that laughs," is he? Then he has one more peculiar occasion for regretting his sad lot. But "man" is not "a man." The species need not dominate the individual. And *The Preacher* is unpleasantly pregnant with his thorns which crackle under a pot. *Ne quid nimis*: stop at the chuckle!

G. R. Neilson does not date his "Book of Bulls"—we are beginning to add Poetry, and even other matters, to Goldsmith's "Women and Music should never be dated." The idea has virtue; for beautiful things, by Keats's hypothesis, should be ever fresh and young—else they could not be joys for ever. As between Bulls, Music, Poetry, Women (in an ascending order of merit) the burden of convincing is all with Women; for conviction in the other cases goes *without* convincing—if there is no conviction it is because the argument is not Music, not Poetry. But Women have always the consciousness that they are dating themselves—whence the need to bring Convention to their assistance, and to declare the axiom that everything which rustles a petticoat is seventeen in the Nature of Things, and remains seventeen despite all imaginary evidence to the contrary. Perhaps Goldsmith saw Woman *sub specie æterni*—the (possibly) older handing to the (probably) younger a perpetual transfer-ticket, like the American trains. Perhaps his underlying thought was that you can always ride from elder to younger, that the Whole Sex is included within the five-cent radius, and that Women *en masse* should never be dated because the Sex remains young, whatever the fate of the individual. Perhaps—

We were talking about Bulls. Though Neilson's book is not dated, it issued but a few months ago. It includes the Edge-

worth's famous essay, for long out of print, and many modern examples no less worthy than those the Edgeworths adduced. The B's defined a bull as a *laughable confusion of ideas*; but that is not the essence of bulling. A bull is essentially a contradiction between phrase and sense, between letter and spirit, between the actual statement and the possible implication. It is full brother to the epigram, with only such difference as we expect between brothers. An epigram is an antithesis with a sharp edge, in which the word fulfils the meaning. A bull is a sharp-edged antithesis in which the word *defies* the meaning. Spurgeon's dull sermon, "like a dish of beef all horse-radish," very fairly hits the boundary-line between epigram and bull. It is a bull, because its self-contradiction is absolute; but it is much rather an epigram, because one conceives the contradiction conscious, welcomed for the effect—and so justified by rhetorical art. For the first principle of rhetoric is that you may defy all the rules of grammar, all the formulae of mathematics, even all the laws of Nature—as long as you secure the effect, i.e., an effect which you could not secure while maintaining the rules and the formulae and the laws.

One reason why the Irish mind runs to bulls is because its ideas are so brisk, so nimble, that they cannot be kept within the walls of language; they are perpetually leaping over, or gliding under, or rushing round. The Irish mind has intuitions (like the intuitions on which Kepler founded modern astronomy) which rise superior to demonstration, and appeal to slower wits as bulls. It brushes aside irrelevancies of verbiage to concentrate itself on the main idea; yields on minor points to triumph in the major—which is the best of mental generalship. For example, take the bull which Leigh Hunt never tired of reprinting. One Irish bricklayer bet another that the latter could not carry him up a ladder to the top of a house in a hod—and the house-top was reached in safety. "Well," said the man who lost, "you've bated me, divil a doubt of it! but, shure, at the third storey I had hopes." You see, he concentrated his wits on the vital point—the wager; caring nothing for the incidentals of the fall.

It may be argued, of course, that when concentration means inability to cover the whole mental field, to observe all proximate effects in relation to a cause, then concentration shows a lack, is a defect. It depends. Sometimes the diffused intelligence is better; sometimes the concentrated; but the concentrated goes farther—flashes more brilliantly forward. If you can trust even some of the stories debited to Boyle Roche, he was much more a wit than a blunderer. The suggestion to chalk the thin duellist's outline on the fat one, and count no hits outside the chalk-mark, is so witty that the bull becomes invisible. And the saying that the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump has a similar defence—if it needed defence. So with Sydney Smith's drops of rain which varied in size from a shilling to eighteenpence; and the club member's complaint that the hot water in the lavatory was quite cold, and what was worse there was none of it.

A more typical bull, because more obviously unconscious, is that of the lady who denounced smoking. A gentleman didn't agree: "There's my father, who smokes every day of his life, and is now 70 years old." "And if he had n't smoked he'd probably be 80 by this time," retorted the lady. Or the whist-player's: "I should have got home if I had played my usual game; but I never do." Or an O'Brien's commentary on the passage of Gladstone's Irish Church Bill: "Thank God! the bridge is at last broken down that has so long separated the Irish from the English peoples." Or the nurse-girl's reply to her mistress's "Can't you keep the baby quiet?"—"Shure, mum, I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise."

The Donegal sailor, who lost his footing aloft, and dropped almost at the captain's feet, fell in another bull-category. "Hullo, sir, where do you come from?" cried the captain. "From the North of Ireland, yer honour!" That leaves room for a misunderstanding; and it was a mere blunder, not a bull, when the Limerick alderman deprecated the proposal to buy a dozen gondolas for the use of tourists on the Shannon—"It would be enough to get a pair of thin, and let them breed." A true bull was that of the Parnell Commission witness, taunted with running away from a revolver. "Better," he said, "better to be a coward for five minutes than dead all your lifetime." Or the squire's reply to the butcher complaining trade was so bad that he could n't sell a carcass before it grew tainted—"Then why not kill half a cow at a time?" Or the stevedore's bawl down the hatchway: "How many of yez is down there?" "Foive!" "Thin half of yez come up directly!" Or the colonel's answer to the sergeant who reported that all the review ammunition was exhausted. "Then why the divil don't ye sound 'Cease firing!'" (This takes precedence of the local militaire's order when he got his men mixed on the drill-ground, and could n't disentangle them—"Men!—er—sort yourselves!" Not a bull, of course.)

And now, who will send us some good Australian bulls, with as much corroborative detail as possible?

Most American readers are content to acquire opinions ready-made, at the literary slop-shops.

Here and there you come across a stimulating iconoclast. For example—

Any one whose recent reading has been confined to short stories and modern novels, and who happens to re-read one of his ancient idols written at the beginning of the present century or earlier, may be reasonably certain of either a great shock or a great slumber. How our beloved ancestors managed to wade through their novels of seven or eight volumes, without skipping a volume here and there, or how our British brethren still manage to endure a story diluted to three volumes, which, by all the rules of art, ought to be told in less than one, becomes a greater marvel every day. But then time was no object in the dear old canal-boat days!

"I am trying to re-read 'Vanity Fair,'" confessed a gentleman recently. "I have gone to sleep over it five summer nights and have only covered one hundred and fifty pages."

"Oh, keep on," consoled his companion. "It gets interesting after the first two hundred pages."

The short story has relegated to the eternal past the uninteresting two-hundred-page introduction, and for that reason, if for no other, thousands of novel-readers will rise to call it blessed. The page-upon-page description which does not describe has been similarly superannuated. In the truly modern novel each chapter contains much of the condensed art of the short story.

By coincidence, only the other day a Briton was recommending Walter Scott as a splendid writer of books to go to sleep with. The three-volume reference is, of course, an inaccuracy: there are no three-volume novels printed nowadays. The American continues—

"Henry Esmond" has often been referred to as "the greatest historical novel in English." It may have been—once. "Richard Carvel" deals with the same period. Nothing could better indicate the progress which has been made in the art of writing than to take these two novels and read them, one immediately after the other. The interest in one case is immediate, and absorbing enough at least to entice a reader on and keep him reasonably wide-awake. The characters are promptly and clearly outlined. They move about, from the first, like living men and women. The local colour, the picture of the times, is in itself a fascinating study. In the other case there is one superb dramatic situation, a situation perhaps not surpassed in literature. The swords are broken, and a young prince loses a kingdom for a woman. A story which might have been told adequately in 20,000 words is dragged out to 200,000. And yet, if one were found with the temerity to suggest that "Richard Carvel" is a greater novel than "Henry Esmond," a host of those who had not read the one for twenty years and had never read the other would feel shocked beyond measure.

The writer of this is one G. W. Gerwig. Sam. Johnson defines *caricature* as "a whisperer of insinuations"—but this is irrelevant.

It is interesting to watch the rise and progress of a new author in England. The number of critics whose appreciation can be trusted is small indeed: while some few are too enthusiastic, the indiscriminating mass regard new writers almost with resentment. But if the stranger presses his claim, and his advocates clamour sufficiently on his behalf, uncomprehending opposition gradually changes to an equally uncomprehending espousal. In the beginning Stephen Phillips did not generally receive the praise to which he is entitled: now he receives the praise to which he is not entitled. "Paolo and Francesca" is spoken of as "a memorable work," "a masterpiece of tragedy," and so on. At the Australian distance, we can see quite clearly that it is nothing of the kind. This "tragedy in four acts" is no tragedy at all. The plot gives the author a peg for his phrases and emotions. The persons give him an opportunity for varying his emotions and phrases—for turning fresh facets to the light. But of strength, grip, actuality, there is nothing. The characters are shadows cast upon a monologue by Stephen Phillips. It is thin, and sweet, and fluent—and makes no advance upon "Marpessa."

The parallel which has been drawn between Stephen Phillips and the local Arthur Adams is enforced by the former's latest work. There is a difference in scope, and a little (singularly little) difference in style; but the tone, the fibre, of the two writers' minds seem almost identical. Some of Phillips's phrasing lines might have come from Adams's book—

Ah! can you think it is not sweet to breathe
The delicate air and flowery sigh of you,
The stealing May and mystery of your spirit?

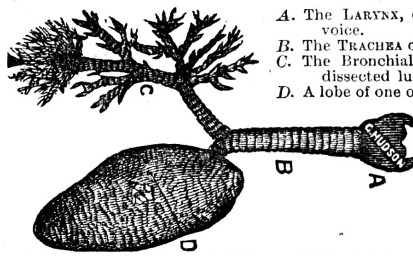
And the most quoted passage of Phillips's play repeats the idea of Adams's "Lament"—not novel there. It is the speech of the baron Lucrezia—

Have I not in my thought trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
I am long practised. O those children, mine!
Mine, doubly mine; and yet I cannot touch them,
I cannot see them, hear them—does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
For ever? And the budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
That muffled call of babes how like to birds;
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve—
I with so much to give, perish of thirst!
Omitted by His casual dew!

And this passage, from Adams's play "The Minstrel," needs merely a touch more exuberance and a few irregular rhythms to be pure Phillips—

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THE MINSTREL. No, no! the sceptre that a singer holds
Is mightier than a king's. You sway a state,
And I mayhap one heart; you proudly build
Vast temples, teeming cities, and I weave
A little song of love; and when the years
Have come and passed, your cities and your fan-
Lie shattered, broken, desolate—but no!
Out of the silences that guard the place
A peasant sings my love-song to a maid.

THE QUEEN. "Tis so, and yet—"

THE MINSTREL. You scatter royal gifts,
Shower largess on a shouting populace;
And I bestow upon one troubled heart
The language that makes love articulate,
And lets a dumb and solitary grief
Flow like reviving tears. I swing a bridge
Of sympathy from soul to lonely soul;
And borne upon the current of my song
The hand that gropes shall find the hand that guides,
And Grief whose tears are shed shall comfort Grief,
And Sorrow still her sobbings on the breast
Of Sorrow.

Robert Buchanan's assault on Kipling in Dec. *Contemporary Review* is too biased and indiscriminating to be fully effective. But there is one thrust which tells. Kipling wrote fondly of his larrikins in "Stalky and Co."

"India's full of Stalkies" [says the Beetle]—Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps—that we don't know anything about, and the *surprises will begin when there is really a big row on.*

Well, says Buchanan, *they have*. And he adds—

The spirit abroad to-day is the spirit of ephemeral Journalism, and whatever accords with that spirit—its vulgarity, its flippancy, and its radical unintelligence—is certain to attain tremendous vogue. Anything that demands a moment's thought or a moment's severe attention, anything that is not thoroughly noisy, blatant, cocksure, and self-assertive, is *caviare* to that Man in the Street on whom cheap Journalism depends. . . . Kipling represents, with more or less accuracy, what the Mob is thinking, and for this very reason he is likely to be forgotten as swiftly and summarily as he has been applauded. . . . Savage animalism and ignorant vainglory being in the ascendant, he is hailed at every street-corner and crowned by every newspaper. To-morrow, when the wind changes, and the silly crowd is in another and possibly sner temper, he is certain to fare very differently.

A reiteration of the obvious; but the obvious frequently needs reiterating. Buchanan's blunder is in seeming to measure Kipling's literary value by the extent to which he panders to the no-morals of the Mob—a confusion of standards.

H. D. Traill, editor of *Literature*, has met his last day. A moderate talent, a considerable culture, a temporary work and evanescent memory. He began *Literature* rather heavily, but improved it; and it may claim to be on the whole best of English literary weeklies, steering midway between the learned *Athenaeum* and the popular *Academy*.

English police have seized copies of Dr. Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" and Professor Féré's "Pathology of the Emotions" as obscene publications. The police being, of course, Virgil's "monstrum . . . cui lumen ademptum."

Lord Rosebery drops into literature again with a short life of Peel—far below his Pitt.

Is it a matter of Australian interest that D—gl—s—l—n no longer, as editor, ascertains "Who's Who?" The paragraph goes in wondering.

Even *The Athenaeum* comes to it: "To us it seems that poetry must have fire and charm—the memorable idea, the unforgettable phrase."

Perhaps John Norton's best alliteration came extempore—his worst came extravagantly. "Look at him!" he said of the opposing scoundrel in a libel-action, "carapulously clutching his clammy carcass!" (Only it was n't carcass.)

London *Punch* claims to have made 270,000 jokes to date. No wonder it is tired.

Publishing gossip represents (1) Doubleday and McClure as coalescing with Harpers; (2) not coalescing on finding that Harpers owe one man £3,000,000 (query: dollars?); (3) ending their own partnership.

Owen Seaman's "In Cap and Bells" is second-crop work, much inferior to "The Battle of the Bays."

The adjuration of Kipling to drop some decent work into the public hat when he's finished "killing poetry with his mouth" (Randy Bedford's parody), wants only Kaiser Wilhelm's voice to be unanimous.

One critic of Tolstoi's uncompleted story "Resurrection":—"Seems written by Zola in collaboration with Isaiah." Zola, it will be observed, takes precedence.

The English are discussing if copyright should be perpetual. "And if it were," asks the Society of Authors' secretary, "who would get the profits? Not the authors; the publishers! the publishers would levy the tax on unborn generations!" To which reminiscent publisher Kegan Paul gives point by asking who, besides Dr. Johnson and Tennyson, wrote really good works and lived by them?—*sans* other profession or independent fortune.

Printed that when Bill went to the Transvaal his wife was observed to look sad, and a friend offered comfort for her loss. "Oh, it ain't 'im I'm troubling about," she is reported to have said. "It's them pore Boers. Bill's such a terror when he starts."

How heavy *The Saturday Review* has become since Frank Harris left it!

"Ah, Sarah, the everlasting April of your smile!"—*Enraptured Bernhard's interviewer.*

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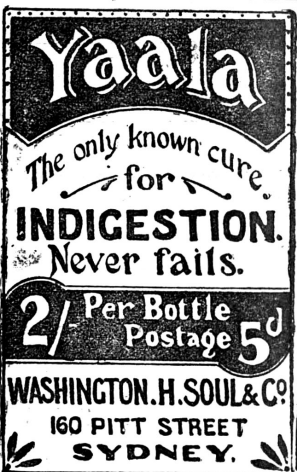
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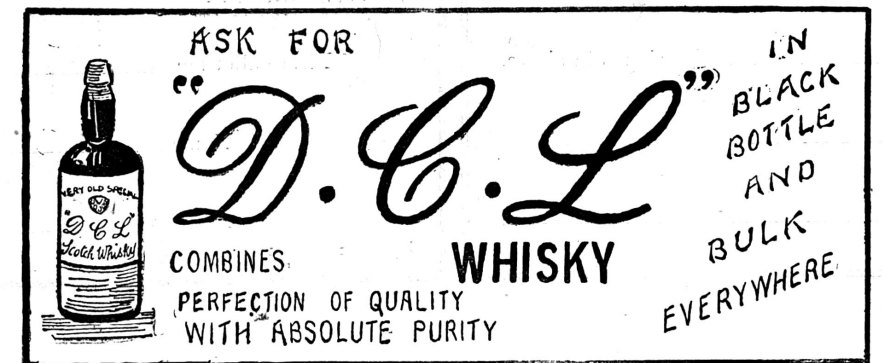
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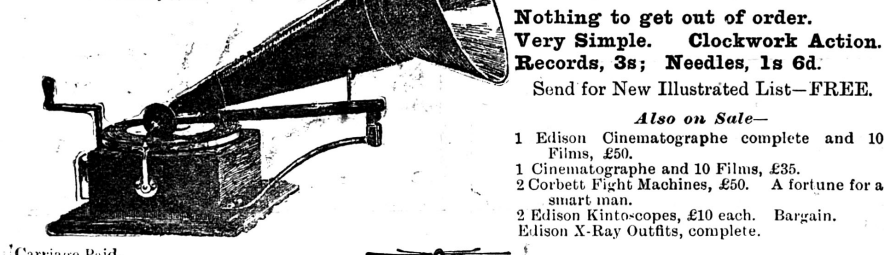
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Minerva Tonic is the Cure for POOR APPETITE, BROKEN REST, DEBILITY, DESPONDENCY, &c.
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Headquarters in Australia—EDISON ELECTRIC COMPANY,
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Send to us for price lists of anything you want. Human hair of every description in stock. Agents for the Royal Lounge Hairdressing Chair. Every requisite for saloon in stock.

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Read This! Are you SUFFERING from Eczema, or any kind of Skin Disease, Barcoo Rash, or Rot, Old Sores? PETROLEUM OINTMENT will cure you. Price, 10s.; two pots, No. 1 and No. 2.

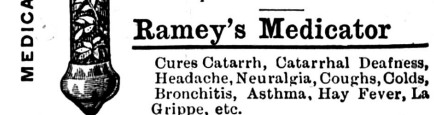
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CATARRH is inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose and adjoining passages. If this inflammation is not arrested it invades the passages which lead from the nose to the head, ears, throat and lungs. It injures the sight and hearing, destroys the sense of taste and smell, renders the breath offensive, breaks down the affected tissues, consumes the nasal cartilages, and rots away the small frontal bones of the skull. The purulent discharge passing through the lungs and stomach causes dyspepsia, also consumption. Do you want relief and cure? If so, try our great remedy. It has no equal.



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Cures Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Headache, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, etc.

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Is Guaranteed to Cure the WORST CASE OF DRUNKENNESS. Harmless, INEXPENSIVE, HOME TREATMENT. Can be given secretly in food or drink. This remedy is endorsed by Sydney's leading physicians. Write for Pamphlet and Testimonials, or call and see ORIGINAL Letters of Thanks from WELL-KNOWN CITIZENS. Address—R. CORNWALL, Manager Maling Remedy Co., 38 Elizabeth-street, SYDNEY.

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Completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible. Comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.
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Numerous testimonials have been received certifying to the efficacy of this medicine in restoring Nerve, Brain and Constitutional vitality. For all forms of Debility, Loss of Energy, Anæmia, Failing memory, and Premature Decay, it is especially indicated. There are on the market so many "quack" remedies for the ailments above mentioned, that it becomes important to emphasise a really reliable and honest medicine. The B. and N. Food is a scientifically compounded remedy, prepared with the greatest care by an experienced and most reputable pharmacist. It is recommended with unqualified confidence. Price, 10s. 6d. a Box.

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DRUNKENNESS

Or the LIQUOR HABIT positively CURED by administering EUCRASY.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea or food without the knowledge of the person taking it. Perfectly harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. It never fails. Pamphlet containing full particulars and testimonials sent sealed free on application to

THE EUCRASY CO.,
62 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY;
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Doctors Take It.

The Value of BRAGG'S VEGETABLE CHARCOAL as a Remedy for Affections of the Stomach, Bowels, and other Digestive Organs is endorsed when eminent Physicians, Surgeons, &c., use it themselves, and give it to their children. Invaluable for INDIGESTION, DIARRHŒA, INFLUENZA, FEVERS, &c. Indispensable as a Preventative; keep it in the house, it will save many an illness.

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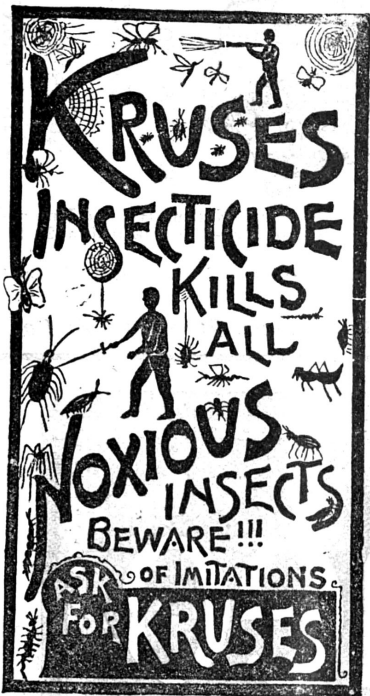
Address "Tattersall," care Geo. Adams, Hobart.

In Canterbury Archbishop Benson's Life by his son, it is pointed out how economical he was. He saved bits of string, and even the gummed edges off postage-stamps. Three Hundred Pounds a week. Only this and nothing more.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

with Wounds that Discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison that defies all the remedies you have tried, which, if not extracted, you never can recover, but go on suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds; the disease followed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and had medical advice, and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Because others have failed is no reason for not now being cured. Send at once for

ALBERT'S GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS, which are a certain remedy for the cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, Tumours, Abscesses, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Bunions, and Ringworm. Of all Chemists, Stores, &c. Price, in Great Britain, 1/10d. per box. Prepared by ALBERT, 73, Farringdon-street, London, England. Agents: ELLIOTT BROS., Sydney. Purchasers should look for the registered trade mark of the Grasshopper on a green label on each box. (Regd. copyright).



HAIR Wealth of hair is wealth indeed, especially to a woman. Every other physical attraction is secondary to it. If your hair is too thin or losing its luster, get—

Growth becomes vigorous and all dandruff is removed.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

It always restores color to gray or faded hair. Retain your youth; don't look old before your time.

Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

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Beetham's Corn Plaster

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL

IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC

In relieving ALL PAIN & THROBBING and soon cures the worst CORNS & BUNIONS. It softens and removes all hard Callusities on the soles of the feet. If you suffer, Try a Box. You will never regret it.

Boxes 1/4d. of all Chemists.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemist, Cheltenham, England.

FELTON, GRIMWADE & CO., Melbourne; ELLIOTT BROS., Sydney.

Various Verses.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

The Poet's Visitors.

Kling-ling-ling-ling! They'll be breaking That poor bell-rope clean in two. Would to Heaven the Deuce were taking All the noisy, ringing crew!

"Boy! Who makes that row appalling?" "Sir, an ancient, dowdy dame, Wrinkled, crinkled, comes a-calling; Wisdom is the lady's name." "Boy! To sober statesmen send her Or to sages grey" (I said), "They may possibly attend her—As for me—I'm sick in bed."

Kling-ling-ling-ling! "Boy! Who's there?" "A frowsy, frigid, Rusty-dress-enveloped dame, With an aspect stern and rigid—Madame Frugal is her name." "Tell her that I'm not at leisure: She would bid me scrape and save; Songs and flowers are all my treasure—Songs and flowers are all I crave."

Kling-ling-ling-ling! "Boy! Who's there?" "A young and slender Smiling dashing sort of dame, Blest with eyes of bluest splendor, Freedom is the lady's name." "Let her in! But, stay—the darling Seems to chirp and chatter so—" "Sir—she's loud as any starling." "Starling?—Thunder! Let her go!"

Kling-ling-ling-ling! "Boy! Who's there?" "A damsel jolly, Gay of dress and light of mien, Laughs and says her name is Folly—" "Folly, boy—the Poet's Queen! Bid her go, thou blockhead? Never! For where'er the poets roam, Folly's faithful subjects ever, When she calls we're always home."

P. LUFTIG.

The Ballad of the Black-sheep.

A black-sheep, from England, who worked on the run— Riding where the stockmen ride—

He sat by the hut when the day's ride was done— Lone huts where the black-sheep bide.

"I'm tired of my life!" to his lone self said he, "My girl and my country are both done with me!"

"I'm tired of my life!" to the wide scrubs said he—

"My girl and my country are long done with me!"

He took from a packet a portrait and curl— Such things as the exiles keep— And sadly he gazed at the face of the girl— Lost girl of a lost black-sheep.

"I'll go where there's fighting and die there!" said he:

"My girl and my country are well rid of me."

"I'll go where there's fighting and die there," said he,

"For heart-break and country that's well rid of me!"

He rode with a thousand, he rode with the best— Riding as the bushmen ride—

Who'd ridden alone on the wastes of the West— Wide wastes where the drought-fiends bide.

They rode as they'd ride to an up-country ball, And the laugh of the black-sheep was lightest of all!

As gaily as though to an up-country ball— And the laugh of the black-sheep was lightest of all.

The road was a shambles, the hill was a hell— Red road where the reckless ride—

And he with the foremost lay torn by a shell— (Die hard where your father died!)

"The death of a rebel!"—he laughed as he groaned—

"For the land that adopted—the land that disowned!"

The death of a black-sheep!—they laugh as they groan—

For the lands that adopt and the lands that disown!

HENRY LAWSON.

The Red Rose Loves a Lover.

The red rose loves a lover dear, The white rose loves a lover; Content are both when love is near, And seek their scented cover.

The red rose is my comrade true, The white my dear confessor; With sympathetic tears they dew The passionate transgressor.

Two lovers in a garden's wealth Lie hid where no light lingers; Comes one who seeks a wife by stealth, With murder in his fingers.

The cold night-lilies point the way With chaste, white hands. Red roses All clasp his limbs and bid him stay, The white her breast opposes.

While wee, pale climbers grip his feet, And drag him down and bind him, The lovers pass with footsteps fleet, And all unheard behind him.

I love my lover and laugh at fear Beneath the roses' cover— The red rose loves a lover dear, The white rose loves a lover!

EDWARD DYSON.

Australian Mutual Provident Society.

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Sulkies, £4 15s., £6 15s., £8 15s., £10 10s.
Buggies, Buckboards, £9 10s., £10 10s.
Buggy Harness, 30/- 40/-, 70/- per Set.
Send for Price List.



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RESEMBLES MOTHER'S MILK IN COMPOSITION AND PROPERTIES, IT MAY BE GIVEN FROM BIRTH.

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, LOSS OF FLESH, AND GENERAL MALNUTRITION.

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ROYAL TESTIMONIAL.

Berlin
Alsenstrasse
Feb 25th 1896
"Koko" for the hair, is the best dressing I know it keeps the head cool, promotes growth and is in every way excellent.

Princess of Saxe

'KOKO'

Eradicates Scurf and Dandruff, Prevents Hair Falling, Promotes Growth, and is the Best Dressing for the Hair. Perfectly Harmless, Clean, Cooling, and Invigorating, and its unique testimonials prove it to be undoubtedly the Best Preparation for the Hair. 1/-, 2/6 and 4/6 sizes, of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c.

THE KOKO MARIGOPAS CO., LTD., 16, Bevis Marks, London, England.

THOMSON'S

NEW Model, "GLOVE-FITTING"

CORSETS

ENGLISH MADE throughout.

These World-Renowned Corsets have been entirely remodelled, and are now the Perfection of Shape, and meet the prevailing fashion of long waist.



THE MOST COMFORTABLE & DURABLE CORSET MADE; AND THEREFORE THE CHEAPEST. N.B.—Old Model Corsets always in stock.

TO BE HAD OF ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Mrs. W. S. Thomson & Co., Ltd., London

DINNEFORD'S

The Universal Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections.



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Sold Throughout the World.

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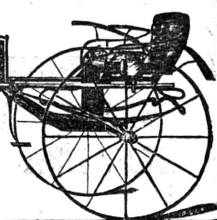
When in town, pay us a visit. Do you want a SULKY, BUGGY, WHEELS, or any description of SADDLERY? If so, send for our Price List. You will save 20 per cent. by buying from us.

Our One-man Sulky, £25; 2-Spring Sulkies, £27; 3-Spring Sulkies, £27 15s. Our Special Bent Shaft Sulkies, the best and strongest in Australia, £11. Double Buggies, £20. Buckboard Buggies from £9 10s. Ladies' Phaetons (single and double), Dog Carts, and every description of vehicles in Stock and Made to Order. HARNESS and SADDLERY of every description at the very Lowest Prices. Send us your address, and we will forward you our Illustrated Catalogue and Price List. NOTICE.—Do not be misled by any firms who say they will deliver for less than we can. They cannot do so, and you pay 15 per cent. more for your requirements.

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Price—SINGLE RAZOR, 10s. 6d.; or with Ivory Handle, 15s. PAIR RAZORS in Double Leather Case, 21s.; or with Ivory Handles, 30s. Plum Razor Strop, 7s. 6d. each. This Razor is superior to any in the market, and never requires grinding. WE GUARANTEE EACH RAZOR FOR TWO YEARS.

Post free to any part of the colonies. Add exchange to Country and Intercolonial Cheques.

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THIS SOCIETY, in addition to transacting all the usual forms of Assurance, is the ONLY OFFICE IN AUSTRALIA which issues Special Policies granting—

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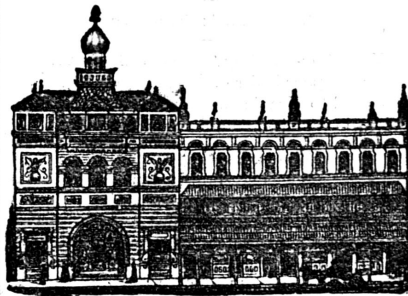
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Dynamite. - Gelatine. - Dynamite.

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Gelignite, Blasting Gelatine.

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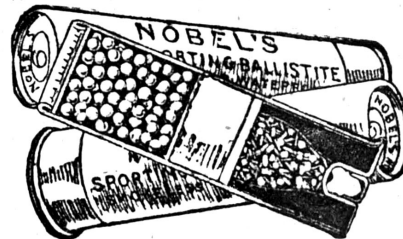
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Excellent.

PENETRATION

SPORTING BALLISTITE won over £2500 at Gun Club, Notting Hill and Hurlingham in April and May, 1899; or over £1000 more than any other powder.—*Vide FIELD*, June 24, '99.

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D. Braham & Co.

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Guaranteed to stand Sun and Sea-water.

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SPECIALTY—THE UNIFORM SHIRT.

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THE WORKMAN'S TOBACCO—CHEW AND SMOKING.

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Mild smoking, and the richest flavor of any tobacco obtainable here.

Those who formerly smoked only the well-known American and English brands are now taking to this in large and increasing quantities.

The choicest of Gold Leaf Plug and Cut, very mild.

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VOL. 21.—No. 1046.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900.

Price 6d.



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to THE BULLETIN to Queensland will be £1 6s. 6d. per
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To ease off in some degree the burden of the unreasonable
postage—1½d. on a BULLETIN of ordinary weight—now
exact by the Queensland Post Office, a special Thynne-
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The Bulletin

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900.

Wanted, a Definition.

WHEN the present rush of the other fellow's
blood to the head is over, and these pro-
vinces settle down to something like their
old state of calm and borrowing, Australian
legislators should set to work and supply a
much-required legal definition. The great
want of the last few months has been a
statement by Act of Parliament as to what
constitutes "loyalty." It is a want that is
little felt at ordinary times, but during
recent days in the Excited States of Aus-
tralia it has been the most urgent need of
all. A definition of loyalty—its exact length,
breadth and thickness, its weight and
diagonal measurement, its pressure to the
square inch, its beginnings and endings, its
boundaries on the north, south, east and
west—these are what the law fails to give.
Yet since the war frenzy began the
undefined alleged crime of disloyalty has
been the worst crime in Australasia. Various
public servants have been dismissed and
any number more have been threatened
with dismissal for being what the law doesn't
define, and not being the other thing that
the law doesn't define either. One or two
persons have been murdered by brutal so-
called loyalists for not being loyal up to the
requirements of a standard unstated. One
daily paper published something that read
like a distinct apology for the murder of
people who weren't "loyal," and certain ex-
cited individuals have written to the papers
asking if it isn't lawful for them to shoot or
stoutish people who are not of sound opinions
according to the views which these frenzied
people have at the time. The Government
of N.S.W. has dabbled in anonymous accu-
sations against public servants in this matter,
and has held inquiries to ascertain if the
accused were, at the moment, at exactly the
same boiling-point of excitement that the

Government itself registered, with an under-
standing that if they didn't boil at the
moment just as it boiled at the moment they
were liable to be run out of the service. All
of which is vague, hazy, and unsatisfactory
to the last degree.

The law defines burglary, embezzlement,
murder, and all other crimes. It does not
define disloyalty, yet the N.S.W. poli-
ticians who pandered to the worst passions of
a frenzied people treated it as a crime, where-
ever possible, among the public servants
under their control. Therefore they defined
the crime as they went along, and made the
law as they went along, and ran a penny
Asiatic despotism of the worst order in their
departments. Outside of the public service
the crime of disloyalty was variously defined
by the newspapers, by traders and others
who were getting an advt. out of the Con-
tingent movement, by variously frantic in-
dividuals who wrote to the correspondence
columns of the press, by ensanguined preach-
ers, by one or two persons who committed mur-
der and many dozen persons who committed
brutal assault in the name of patriotism, by
the mob in general, by the wild persons who
handed beer to the departing contingents,
by females who kissed the departing con-
tingents, by the small boy, and the amateur
strategist, and people in general. "Dis-
loyalty" was an awful offence which the
public was urged to put down, and disloyalty
was anything or everything that a mentally-
beery multitude said was disloyalty, and
even its views on the subject rose and fell
with the rising or falling of its tide of
mental beer.

Every Government in Australasia has
been denouncing as the worst kind of sin
any departure from loyalty, therefore if they
won't define what it is, in order that the pub-
lic may know how not to depart from it their
action amounts to a mean shirking of re-
sponsibility. In a general way there
appear to be three different kinds of loyalty
at present in the market. The highest kind is
the sort that always says and always thinks
that Britain is right in every war and every
quarrel and in everything it does, and holds
that SALISBURY and CHAMBERLAIN and all
other British Ministers (so long as they are
Jingoes) are always right and are infallible.
This highest kind of loyalty holds that any
attempt to reason about the merits of any
British war is blasphemy. It is noteworthy,
however, that this variety of loyalty applies
to current events only. When the Chinese
opium-war and the Crimean war and the
American war of Independence were on it
was absolute treachery to doubt in any way
the justice or wisdom of Britain's cause. But
now that they are over any number even of the
strongest Jingoes believe, and say, that they
were foolish and uncalled-for proceedings.
No good Jingo can say now that the present
war is anything but an act of the highest
and noblest character, but 20 years hence he
may say what he pleases about it and still
be a good Jingo, provided he is solid about
the justice of any war which Britain may
then have on hand.

An inferior but still good brand of loyal-
ism is that of the person who has sufficient
sense and education to know that SALISBURY
and CHAMBERLAIN are human and not
Divine, and that Britain, though a country
which, on the average, serves out better
justice than most, is not infallible, but who
is content to say in every case that Britain
is right this time. The crowd which holds
that Britain must always be right under any
circumstances rather looks down on this
person as a well-meaning but weak-kneed
brother. And a still more inferior
loyalist—one who is hardly regarded as a
brother of any kind, is the one who is willing
to stand by Britain because it is his own
country, and because British rule is almost
invariably beneficial in the end, even if it is
sometimes extended for mercenary motives
and by bad means. This is the one sober
and sensible loyalist of the crowd. He isn't
superstitious enough to hold that SALISBURY
and CHAMBERLAIN are infallible, like JEHO-
VAH. He isn't ignorant enough to believe
that Britain is always right, or liar enough
to say that he believes it, or mean enough to
accuse every nation with which Britain may
have a difference of all the offences in the
calendar of vice. He is an enlightened
patriot who makes the best of things as they
are, and sufficient of a Christian to know
that a country where there is just about the
same proportion of crime as in many other
civilised countries can't claim to be any more
spotless in its outward political dealings than
in its inward civil existence.

This paper asks for a legal definition
because no Government has a right to de-
nounce and penalise an offence which it
hasn't the courage to define. And N.S.W.
Education Minister PERRY, as the man who
has been most conspicuous in hunting after
political heretics, is especially lacking in the
common virtue of courage if he makes no
attempt at legally defining the offence which
he has pursued with such energy.

The Public Lungs and Ministerial Responsibilities.

MR. J. H. MAIDEN, Director of Sydney Botanic
Gardens, appeared, the other day, before N.S.W.
Public Works Committee, to protest against the
proposed annexation of 700ft. of the Domain, or
western, foreshores of Woolloomooloo Bay for the
purpose of constructing wharves. He justified
his protest on the ground that he was "the custo-
dian of the Botanic Gardens." He believed that

the proposed wharf would be only the thin end of
the wedge, and that other appropriations would
follow until the whole of the foreshores round the
Domain and Farm Cove would be taken away
from the public as recreation reserves, and utilised
for shipping accommodation. Apart from any
aesthetic aspect of the question, the people of
N.S.W. have a property in the Domain and
Botanic Gardens worth some millions of money,
and the construction of wharves along the fore-
shores thereof would damage the value of that
property very considerably. Some 20 years ago
Woolloomooloo Bay stank so much from the
sewage poured into it, that the people did not
place any value upon it and allowed the fore-
shores to be stolen. And that steal
has created a yearning for more steals.
Mr. MAIDEN made an emphatic point when he
said that the whole of Garden Island was a hideous
defacement of the Harbor; and he strongly
 inveighed against the existence of its ugly, ware-
house-looking buildings and its great shear-legs—
far exceeding in height what was really necessary
for their purpose. He demanded a compromise
between the demands of commerce and the needs
of aestheticism, and declared that there were people
in Sydney who cast covetous eyes on the Domain
frontage, who would never rest until they had
made the thing continuous, and had carried the
wharfage accommodation for shipping round
Lady Macquarie's Chair and Farm Cove to a
junction with Circular Quay. But com-
mercialism won the day. On the motion
of Mr. LEVIEN, the Committee unanimously
decided that it was expedient to carry out the
proposed construction of about 600ft. of wharfage
on the west side of Woolloomooloo Bay, and
recommended that the proposed new wharf be
extended northward a further distance of 100ft.—
making in all 700ft.

This is characteristic of N.S.W.'s tinkering,
patching, pettifoggery. Committees of Public
Works, and of the miserably parochial Govern-
ments that follow their counsels. They save
at the spigot and spend at the bung-hole.
Right and left expensively-minded Minis-
ters perambulate the country sowing promises
of wild and weird expenditure such as even
the Empire of the Grand Moguls could not
sustain longer than ten minutes once in a century.
But if they have a good thing they break their
necks in their eagerness to get rid of it. Garden
Island, a gem of fairy-like beauty, set in the
harbour-waters as an emerald let into the heart of
a sapphire, was turned over to the Imperial
Admiralty, and is now a vilely disgusting
agglomeration of galvanized-iron sheds and
hideous shears. Hyde Park has been repeatedly
snatched at by the Railway Commissioners, who
saw it was beautiful and so wanted to pile
coal and locomotives and trucks on it, and
blow steam whistles there day and night. Commercialism now sees in the foreshores of the
Domain, as it saw in the site-area of Hyde Park,
an area conserved by Circumstance and protected
by Foresight—therefore the heaven-ordained
dumping-ground of the cheap imports of overseas
goods-dealers! So greedy hands are stretched
forth to make one beauty-spot less in Sydney, and
to destroy the uniqueness that makes Sydney
Harbor the boast of the seven provinces. Mind!
these men do not want the Earth—they want only
the people's parks, the people's harbor-islets,
the people's foreshores and seaside resorts. They have
already got much of the foreshore as private pro-
perty; but they want the rest for their ships, and,
sooner or later, they seem likely to get it! And
this beauty-spot they are now hungering for is the
beauty-spot *par excellence* of all Sydney has to
show of leafy splendor.

N.S.W. had in times past frequent occasion to
attack HENRY PARKES for sins political; yet the
old political warrior, mistaken as many of his
ideals may have been, was strong in enthusiasm
for everything large and splendid. There may
have been ridiculous and puerile aspects to his
State Dead-house, and other of his dreams, but it
must be recorded in his favor that he never put a
sacreligious finger upon the property of the public.
Rather was he a lavish benefactor in this con-
nection, and not always a very wise one. Parks
and buildings, statues and pictures (some of them
atrocious) were perennially on tap when he was
King of New South Wales. He gave Sydney the
splendid Martin Place, and the moment the old
man's back was turned his successors in office
built a yellow galvanized-iron humpy upon it and
were glad in their inmost souls because something
that might have been beautiful was utterly
brutalised.

Sydney—the street and lane and alley part of
it—is the ugliest city of its youth in this world.
No other city so young contrives to look so old.
But its public gardens are among the finest on
earth, so the instinct of the huckster is to
promptly drag them down to the level of the city
itself. One of the greatest apparent objections to
bringing the proposed city railway along the west
side of George-street was that it would cause the
destruction and rebuilding of a most unlovely
part of the city, and the idea of disturbing and
tearing up what was decayed, battered and
hideous was not to be thought of. The advantage
of bringing it through Hyde Park was that it
would tear up something beautiful, and the
yearning to tear up something beauti-
ful is always in the trader's soul. There are
Goths and Vandals in our midst to whom nothing
has any value save its commercial one, to whom
the Taj Mahal or the leaning tower of Pisa, are mere
names of places, some of which—like the Manly
foreshores—offer magnificent areas for advertising
pills and socks. Their philosophy can be com-
pressed in a sentence. "This is a beautiful spot,
an oasis in a desert of streets and a glare of as-
phalt, a leafy place in a great wilderness of accursed
bricks and backyards. Therefore let us pile bags
of coke on it and fill it with wool-bales, and bring
dirty ships alongside it."

PLAIN ENGLISH.

Some More Jingo Figures.

ANOTHER recent Jingo work, published in jus-
tification of the gold war in South Africa, is
"Britain and the Boers," by LEWIS APPLETON. It
is the usual kind of work, filled with a long string
of unproved and mostly unprovable statements
re the alleged corruption of the Boer Government.
About 99 per cent. of these statements can't be
readily verified at this end; whether they are
truth or not they must needs pass uncontradicted.
But in a casual way (on page 107) this writer
comes across one statement that can be verified
anywhere:—

In 1897 the income of the Boer Government was
£4,480,000. The Civil Service Salaries Fund alone came
to about £2,400,000, enough to pay every man, woman,
and child in the Transvaal £10 per head per annum.
The latter is a statement which anybody can check.
The population of the Transvaal in 1897 was

about 800,000—making the alleged salary list £3 a
head instead of £40. Even taking the white
population only it was between 150,000 and
200,000, so per white inhabitant the Transvaal's
alleged corrupt salary list was more like £12 per
inhabitant than £40. Therefore on this one point
—almost the only one which can be checked by any
Australian and almost the only one whereby he
can judge the accuracy of the list of charges
brought by the Jingo APPLETON against the Boer
Government—the Jingo APPLETON stands out
conspicuously as either a liar or a gross blunderer.
Apparently the Jingo writers copy each other's
mendacities and blunders in a curious sort of way.
For instance this is from a recent Melbourne AGE
reviewing Jingo FITZPATRICK's book on the same
subject:—

In 1886, when the immigration of Outlanders began,
the fixed salaries of Government officials amounted to
£51,831. In 1899 their total was no less than £1,216,394.
... This sum, if equally distributed, would give £10
per head per annum to the total Transvaal Boer popu-
lation.

The AGE-FITZPATRICK figures about the Transvaal
Civil Service salaries are thus £1,200,000 odd,
while APPLETON boldly doubles them and says
£2,400,000. And as there are 70,000 Boers in the
Transvaal, and £1,216,394 divided among them
isn't near £20 per head let alone £40, FITZPATRICK
and the AGE seem to be, in the only place
where their statements can be absolutely checked,
the same perverters as the other jingo. And
curiously enough, though the two jingoes contra-
dict each other to the extent of over a million in
the total, they both agree about the alleged £40
per head, though neither set of figures adds up to
£40 or anything like it. Apparently that £40 is
one of the regulation jingo perversions which one
jingo copies from another. The item in question,
of course, is only one among a multitude, and dis-
proving it doesn't disprove the rest. But when,
on the only point which every Australian can
verify their statements all these jingo writers
prove to be stupid and shameless perverters, the
rest of their statements are open to serious doubt.

Pirates.

The sea floats many pirates, and the land holds
looting hordes;
The gold-ports are their goal-ports, for they march
the gold towards;
Their way is o'er the waters, through the sea-
mist's foam and fret;
Our fathers, they were pirates, and their sons are
pirates yet.

Our fathers, they were pirates scouring every sea
they reached;
They harried shore and inland when their galley
beaks they beached.
Sea-kings were they and sailors, and soldiers in
their need,
And still their sons are pirates that must own
their blood and breed.

Our fathers, they were pirates, vikings bravely
born and bred;
One galley seized a city, and a coast two kept in
dread;
They poured their blood in battle as wine to the
god of war,
While facing each a legion as they raised their
sword to Thor.

Our fathers, they were pirates when their tiered
galleys tacked
The great three-storeyed galleons that had many
cities sacked.
They kept the round shot ready when the war-
drum boomed and rolled,
One boat-crew was an army when our sires were
stealing gold.

Our fathers, they were pirates, but the odds were
with the foe.
Well, if we must be warring, why should all our
soldiers go?
The foe is small before us, count their scattered
ranks and say,
Must our numbers overwhelm them ere our leaders
gain the day?

And the sea floats many pirates, and the land holds
looting hordes.
The gold-ports are the goal-ports, and they march
the gold towards.
Their stride is o'er the wide wide world where'er
there's gold to get.
Our fathers, they were pirates, and their sons are
pirates yet.

W.A.

PROSPECT GOOD.

The Bosh of Booth.

COMMANDANT BOOTH has declared that, though
the "General" and himself both believe in the
Georgian theory of land-value-taxation, that
"magnificent message to humanity" was delivered
too late! Same old cant! The Boorhs might be
the upholders of a centuries-old ecclesiastical
system, so ready are they to throw the weight of
ecclesiasticism on the side of "vested interests."
The simple truth is that half the popular support
given to the Salvation Army has been in the hope
that it would challenge the iniquitous social
wrongs based on false political notions. Instead
of which, the Army's system becomes, day by day,
a weightier menace to reform all the world over,
for the reason that the great donations, which the
Army can't do without, come from the *bourgeois*
rich. Thus, already in government a cross between
autocracy and a family oligarchy, it has become in
constitution and administration anti-social and
destructive of the sense and obligation of citizen-
ship. Hundreds of avowed socialists and Radicals
have been excluded from membership because of
political opinions, and the "General" even re-
cently proclaimed that "Socialism is of the
devil." The typical rich-man supporter whom
BOOTH beslobbers in the "Life of Mrs. Booth" is
CORY, of Cardiff, who, during the coal-miners'
strike, declared that, as the coal-owners could
afford a spell but not the miners, "the mines
should all be laid idle to give the men a lesson."
The time is almost ripe for simultaneous Govern-
ment investigation all over the British dominions
into the economic methods and results of the Salva-
tion Army. If all is square, the Army need not
object to having its absolute fairness and honesty
publicly demonstrated.

A Casual Contributor.

Now, this is the contributor we love!

"P.A.": BULLETIN forgets, when defending itself from
people who charge it with sedition, that the British
Government stands *in loco parentis* to all who live
under its flag. If the B. had a father who robbed people
on the stock exchange or who floated more or less crooked
gold mines it would not be considered good form to abuse
that parent in print and call him a robber while living in
his house and participating in his ill-gotten gains.

But Britain doesn't stand in the place of a
parent to Australians—it stands in the place of a
legal guardian at best, and there is no obligation
on any ward to cloak the crimes of a dissipated
legal guardian. If THE BULLETIN did see its old
man robbing people, it would hurry to pull him
off, for fear the bad old man might get on to mur-

dering them if he was left alone. Surely THE BULLETIN's old man, in his better moments, would thank it for interfering, rather than for whooping him on to do more damage to his victim. Anyway, the only thing that justifies a Government in existing at all is the consent and approval of the governed. Governments don't exist from everlasting to everlasting, like ideas. The British Govt. of the day exists because it was created by the people; and anybody has a right to disagree with it, and advise it, and try to pull it down if he doesn't like it. Thought and speech are still presumably free, even in Australia; and so long as an Australian obeys the laws, even the Government can't reasonably object to him using tongue and pen to tell it what an ass it is. Further—

The historian whom BULLETIN quotes recently gives the whole thing away in one line. He sympathises with the Boers thus: "The British took away Natal from the Boer, who had just taken it from the natives." The obliquity of vision which causes an honest man to sympathise with one thief because a larger, stronger thief deprives him of his booty, passes my comprehension. Because the Boer grows pathetic over "Onsland" THE BULLETIN weeps with him. Neither give a thought to the poor nigger whose land was ended to him for centuries, and whose life paid for the love of it. The Boer is a bloodstained thief who was superior in the art of murder to the Zulu as the Briton is to the Boer. Therefore the Boer must go down before a superior thief just as the nigger did, and serve him right.

BULLETIN can only object as it goes along. If it had been above ground when the Boers stole from the Kaffirs, it would have objected then. As it wasn't, it objects now, when the British steal from the Boers. There's not much use in crying over past murders, where the cry can do no good; but there's a lot of sense in crying over murders going right on now, because that cry touches the spot, and may help to stop the murdering. No paper has yelled more loudly than THE BULLETIN at the cruelties perpetrated on the Western Kaffirs. This paper yells at any sort of knavery and cruelty, and it yells most at that which is going on under its eyes. It yells on general principles, and it yells loudest where its yell can do most good. In any case, the above writer doesn't know what he is talking about. The Zulu's land wasn't ended to him for centuries. He was quite a new robber. The Boers didn't take the Orange Free State from the natives. There was hardly a live human being in it, so complete had been the Zulu slaughter. The Boers offered to pay the Zulu king DINGAAN for some land and for permission to occupy it. And DINGAAN agreed cordially, invited Boer envoys to come and complete the agreement, and then butchered them to the last man, and sent his armies to wipe out the rest of the Dutch trekkers. That commenced the gory war which ended in the Boer possession of Natal and the Transvaal. The Boers never went out with the intention of attacking the Zulus—the odds looked so awful that no sane people would.

Heroes by Proxy.

Sir MONEYGRUB PAUNCH is a mettlesome blade,
He's lusting for battle and panting for gore;
At the shell and its shrieking he's never dismayed,
And fierce is his frown when he bellows for War.
He's fury and fire to his venomous core,
And we wonder and wonder, "Now when will he go?"
But he lovingly clings to our peaceable shore:
He's a hero that's fighting by proxy, you know!

O, fighting's a dirty and terrible trade,
And bullets may pitch into any man's pore;
And a man may be backward—yet not be afraid,
For some must stay home to look after the store;
So he stands and he puffs at his peaceable door
And says, "We must strike 'em a terrible blow!"
He's a gluttonous ghoul when a fight's to the fore—

This hero who battles by proxy, you know.
We read in the TIMES the oration he made—
All blazes and blood was the burden it bore;
In fancy we saw him in battle arrayed—
A famine behind and destruction before;
He slew and he slew and yet clamored for more,
And threw himself, stomach and all, on the foe.
But the fancy is past and the vision is o'er—
He's a hero that's fighting by proxy, you know.

ENVOI.

So Britons be sturdy and stout as of yore,
And lustily lay all your enemies low;
And toast at your ease when you've settled the score—
"The hero who battled by proxy, you know!"
N.Q. P.L.

COLONEL LYSER, interviewed recently re the question of Australian defences, remarked that if the Australians were wise they would follow the example of the mother country and seek command of the seas. "How ever," the Colonel asks, "are the interests which have been created to be protected unless through the influence of sea-power?" BRISBANE COURIER, in criticising these remarks, quotes the adverse opinion expressed by the TIMES a few weeks ago. That organ pronounced the notion of an Australian navy to be "crude and unworkable," and further asserted that Australia would do best by contributing "an annual grant to the Imperial navy without conditions or restrictions of any kind." No doubt the contribution to the British navy would suit the British authorities admirably, and be well-pleasing to Australasian Tories, but Colonel LYSER has directed the eyes of Antipodeans in the right direction. It is at sea that Australians should be prepared to defend themselves first of all. A hostile navy could inflict incalculable damage on our commerce if the protection of the British squadron were withdrawn from us through any cause for only a few weeks, and if Home interests or Home dangers demanded it, that squadron would be withdrawn. Land defences are all very well in their way, but Australia is an island; much of her wealth is on the sea highways, and she can only protect it there. Colonel LYSER deserves our heartfelt thanks, but one can scarcely believe the Imperial authorities will burden him with gratitude.

EVEN the scandalously-managed N.S.W. Bush Contingent has its light and frivolous moments. Its most frivolous moment up to date was something about a dog. The force decided to take a quadruped with them to bark at KRUGER, and the camp was torn with dissensions as to what the tyke should be named. When in doubt about the name of anything in Australia the safest way is undoubtedly to call it Blanky to go on with. But the force couldn't decide, and the matter was referred to the Chief-Justice and Acting-Governor. The Head of the State was asked to leave his dignified avocations and decide on a name for the loyal dog that was going to Africa to bark at KRUGER. An appointment was made so that he could see the dog, or the dog made an appointment to see him. When the day came the dog and various members of the Contingent and a well-known dog-merchant, and a S.M. HERALD reporter, and other functionaries and eminent

citizens proceeded to the premises of the Head of the State. The reporter went there to record verbatim the sacred words used by the great man while christening the dog. Then the Acting-Governor did the christening ceremony with two very badly-composed sentences:—

He is a very beautiful dog and I wish him a hearty return from South Africa. I name him "Bushie" and I hope he will come back safe.

Then the military forces, and the loyal and patriotic dog, and the five or six eminent citizens, and the Press that had gone to report the dog, all came away, and the daily papers came out next day with lengthy reports of the dog and a mention of where he was born and the color of his tail and other particulars. Surely it is time for the Jingo high-priests to take a pull at themselves!

The Plea of the Bush Volunteer.

I'm sick of this land of Dull Slumber,
This playground of Drought, Flood, and Woe;
This refuge of sad Human Lumber,
This strand of the Dark All Foreign;
I pine for a change, crave for something,
Aye, even the red battle's din,
So I fight with a faint chance of vantage,
Strive on with a frail hope to win.

"Do I dread the scenes of grim slaughter?"
Not I, for my sorrowful ways
Have ever been hemmed by a power
That spares not its victims, but slays,
From our hopes, that we fostered so fondly,
To our loves, which we cherished, so fair;
Yea, our souls—e'en our souls, they are mangled
And mingled—a cairn to Despair!

What wonder then now that we gather,
Join hands to the hands of the strong;
Let us just for a spell be the winner,
Let us triumph—for right or for wrong;
We sigh for the rôle of oppressor,
Who ere this have bent 'neath the sway;
Let us strike who have ever been stricken,
'Tis our cry—"Let us win as we may!"
N.S.W. LOUIS M.

FROM A N.S.W. State-school teacher:—

Dear BULLETIN.—N.S.W. Public Instruction departmental subscription lists for the war-fund have been sent to all schools, with circulars, requesting donations and weekly subscriptions—the fashionable guinea being suggested as the unit of negotiation. Said circulars purport to be in the name of the Minister for Public Instruction, the Chief Inspector, and others. These gentlemen only infer that the money is to be used by somebody for some patriotic purpose unstated, but the distinguished positions they occupy are surely guarantee enough for any public service beggar! The report has previously been circulated that it is intended to provide the widows of teacher-soldiers (the service is most exclusive, and will take care that no navy-soldier shall finger any of its guineas) with £3 weekly. The young man on £70 per annum and the young woman on £40 count over their last month's salary—all that's left of it, and—sigh! This coup of the department hits hardest the very loyal gentleman who has made donations to the local branch of the Patriotic Fund and to representative soldiers for the contingents, who has attended concerts and pelted Absent-minded Beggars till he is about cleared out, and now looks at the new horse-leech in very blank dismay. The teacher, who has not indulged in any of these dissipation, smiles grimly, and plans down a handsome donation for his footing in the service. It's a free country! Just a few may refuse to give because they do not approve of war at all, unless for the defence of their native land against foreign invasion—Australia being their native land. These are the true patriots, but they may look forward to stormy times in the public service, unless war should come across the sea and cause the Boers to be suddenly forgotten. Some teachers realise in a hazy fashion that this departmental subscription business is virtually an unparliamentary method of raising taxes. Many others, more hazy still, note the tax a "damned nuisance," but shell out all the same. As I said before, it's a free country.

HERE and there the generally dull-witted cockatoo farmer begins to wonder whether that "sturdy independence" with praise of which cunning politicians have tickled him is worth growing. He has been taught to hate labor unions like deaf-adders; yet even he is getting to see that the union-helped tradesman works shorter hours, and takes things easier, and has more butter on his bread and clothes on his back than himself. He has been told so often that all wealth comes from the land, and that he, as a primary producer, is the most important person in the community, that he believes it. He knows that the seasons have been bad and prices low; but he now figures it out in his own way that if all wealth comes from the land other people as well as himself should be having a mighty bad time too; and he looks round and reckons they're enjoying themselves while he is living on pumpkins; and so he begins to wonder whether, after all, he hasn't been "left." The time, therefore, seems just ripe for labor unions and the advanced crowd in politics to get the farmers on their side, instead of being as hitherto always on the side of Fat. But the change will not take place without organising; and if that is neglected until a couple of good seasons come, or wheat-prices go up 50 per cent., the cocky vote and influence will be as solid for Fat as it has been hitherto. In South Australia good work in this direction has been done by KINGSTON, HOLDER, and the Labor men, who have been making an active canvass of way-back places, mainly in the particular interest of a more liberal Council suffrage; but in N.S.W. and Vic. the corresponding political parties seem next door to dead.

RECENTLY, in South Melbourne, three ruffians smashed their way into a house at midnight, and battered an old man (a complete stranger) almost to death, and beat his aged wife till she was insensible; also, two J'sP. covered themselves and the whole J.P. system with glory, by letting off one of these fiends with a fine of £1 and the other two with a fine of £5 each. At the same court, on the same day, a man charged with having been concerned, two years ago, in stealing £5 worth of potatoes was committed for trial, so he will put in far more than £5 worth of imprisonment before he even gets a hearing, and after that he will no doubt get at least six months. This sort of thing is quite common in Australia, and hardly anybody notices it. It is a matter of course—so entirely a matter of course that it scarcely creates a ripple on the surface of things. In Australian cities no citizen is reasonably safe, and no serious attempt is made to give him protection; the law winks at the most hideous crimes of violence, and visits them with an alleged punishment which is really only a covert encouragement to more and worse offences; and blind Governments refuse either to amend the law or to shift the men who so shamefully misadminister it. Yet Australia boiled with just and noble wrath when a mere fraction of the unpunished violence that this country can show was alleged to have happened in a place about 8000 miles away, and long before the war Australian newspapers were publishing indignant leading articles about far less glaring outrages and injustices that were said to have taken place—at Johannesburg. And they are still lamenting on the same subject while the injustice and outrage at South Melbourne excite nobody. When the Briton has so many rights to protection in Johannesburg, why has he so few in Victoria?

N.S.W. LAW has lately considered the tied-hotel trouble, and arrived at a decision which shows that either the statute is extremely foolish and needs revision, or that the Bench is incapable. It has been formally and definitely laid down that if a publican borrows money from a brewer, as most of them do at some time or other, he thereby makes himself, as long as he holds the licence of that particular hotel, and all his successors so long as they hold it, the brewer's serfs and commercial bond-slaves. The brewer invariably lends money on one particular set of terms. He stipulates for interest (often pretty large interest) on his loan, the due return of his principal, good security for his principal till it is returned, and that the hotel shall in future be supplied with liquors from his establishment alone. And it has been decided that the last clause is everlasting. Even after the loan and interest are all repaid, and the debt is forgotten, the fact that there once was a debt condemns the publican, and all other publicans who may succeed him in that hotel as long as it remains an hotel, to deal with that brewer only. As the latest English decision on the subject is opposed to the N.S.W. Court's pronouncement, steps will no doubt be taken to settle this momentous question before the Privy Council. But, no matter what the final legal decision, it is quite certain that the subject will shortly engage legislative attention. Maoriland has enacted a law declaring all "tied-house" agreements illegal and void, and that the owning and sale and transfer of publicans is as unlawful as dealing in any other kind of citizen. Maoriland has emancipated SAMBO, the hotel-keeper, and the beer-making LEGGEE has gone back with an outraged expression to his vats saying that the rights of property are no longer respected. But they do things in Maoriland. In Australia they mostly talk about things.

THE historical fact that women fainted and dogs yelped at the apparition of the first wearer of a tall silk hat is always worth reiterating. A London haberdasher, one HETHERINGTON, was the hardy innovator who walked down the Strand in a "tall" of the type now associated with social and commercial distinction. He was arrested for disturbing the peace of the city, and the Lord Mayor of the period (A.D. 1797) ordered him to find bonds in the sum of £500 for his future good behavior. This was merely a sop to Democracy's honest scorn. The tall hat "having a shiny lustre, and calculated to frighten timid people," found favor with Fatman right away. THE TIMES spoke kindly of it, and ere long everybody who was anybody carried the gospel of haberdasher HETHERINGTON on top of his representative head, and the dogs grew tired of expressing contempt for the one and only sort of hat in which a dull, commonplace person can cut an important figure. The world to this day is governed by the aggressive emblem of respectability, different in shape and smoother in the nap than the old original beaver, but still the same in sentiment. Also women continue to faint in its presence. They don't swoon to the ground, but they inwardly turn pale and tremble when the tall-hatted man acknowledges their passing bow in the usual manner. Nobody can say where the influence of this hideous accessory comes in. All artistic advocates of sweetness and light abominate the shiny outrage. Working men view it with profound distrust. But the fact that no right-thinking male person dreams of going to Heaven in aught but a bell-topper and a suit to match is too powerful to be disputed. No real Greatness can be achieved in a simple "boxer," or a deerstalker-hat—i.e., Greatness of the kind which blatant citizens thrust upon themselves.

WIRELESS telegraphy is coming along so fast that the time is evidently not very far off when the old-fashioned telegraphs, which represent £4,000,000 of Australasian loan moneys, will cease to be a "permanent and reproductive asset"—in fact will cease to be an asset at all. Barring Victoria, which paid for its telegraphs out of revenue, all the provinces built their wires and posts with borrowed money, and when wireless telegraphy gets a little further advanced that money will be as hopelessly lost as if it had been dropped in the sea. The same thing will happen to railways sooner or later; some new and better idea will supersede them, and £140,000,000 of Australasia's debt will also be a dead loss with no assets to represent it. The theory that it is justifiable to borrow money permanently for "permanent and reproductive works" is a delusion—there are no permanent works. Therefore every loan ought to have a sinking fund attached sufficient to extinguish it in (say) 40 years, so that by the time the works wear out or become obsolete there will be a chance of the debt becoming obsolete also. As things are the works wear out, or die out, and the debt lives for ever. How many millions of loan money are represented in these provinces by worn-out wharves and bridges and railway rolling-stock; by buildings long since pulled down, by silted-up harbors, by snagged rivers where new snags have accumulated, by obsolete guns, exploded ammunition, out-of-date fortifications, cleared land where the scrub has grown again, thinned forests that have become thick again, removed sand that has blown back again, by broken crockery, furniture that is now firewood, telegraphic instruments of a kind that are ancient history, closed roads, fallen fences, and all manner of things that were, but are not?

Presbyterian parson Robertson, who was present at Magersfontein, stated that all the fallen Highlanders received dignified burial with the ceremony of his Church, and that he found several of the Boer chaplains who were graduates of Scottish universities.

The never-failing N.Q. leper seems to object to being tied up to a tree and sooner or later slips off, pursued languidly by the local rat. Two horrors at Georgetown and Cairns have recently sought the friendly bush. One, re-arrested awhile back, bit a large piece out of his captor's face. Small wonder that Robert sometimes fails to track his leper.

Winston Churchill, recently a prisoner among the Boers, on his captors:

What men they were, these Boers! I thought of them as I had seen them in the morning riding forward through the rain—thousands of independent riflemen, thinking for themselves, possessed of beautiful weapons, led with skill, as they rode without commissariat or transport or ammunition column, moving like the wind, and supported by iron constitutions and a stern, hard Old Testament God who should surely smite the Amalekites hip and thigh. And then, above the rain storm that beat loudly on the corrugated iron, I heard the sound of the chaunt. The Boers were singing their evening psalm, and the menacing notes, more full of indignation than love and mercy—struck a chill into my heart, so that I thought after all the war was unjust, that the Boers were better men than we, that Heaven was against us, that Lady-smith, Mafeking and Kimberley would fall, that the Boer court-garrison would perish, that foreign Powers would intervene, that we should lose South Africa, and that would be the beginning of the end. So for a time I despaired of the Empire, nor was it till the morning sun—all the brighter after the rain storms, all the warmer after the chills—struck in through the windows that things reassumed their true colors and proportions.

Historian Bryce, in "Impressions of South Africa," says that the Afrikaner Bond in 1880 was—

not anti-English in the sense of hostility to the British connection, any more than was the French party in Lower Canada at the same time. It was based on the solidarity of the Boer race all over South Africa, but also on the doctrine that Afrikaners must think of Africa first, and see that the country was governed in accordance with local sentiment rather than on British lines or with a view to British interests.

Which is a mighty good doctrine for Australia to stick to.

The long-postponed idea of buying up large estates for closer settlement has actually started in Victoria, one medium-sized property having been purchased by the State for cutting-up purposes. But the Government has no power of compulsory purchase—Higgins's clause giving it that power was valiantly thrown out by the 48 Rich Landlords. Also there is no graduated land-tax to incite large proprietors to break up their huge holdings. Maoriland went the whole animal; it imposed a graduated tax which made the holding of immense areas comparatively unprofitable, and gave the State powers of compulsory resumption. But Australia is mostly a land of weak compromise and half-measures.

"B." Some of the new warriors or intended warriors are defending their country with altogether too much vigor. Up Manila way the other day I saw a shearer with a gun gallop furiously after an aged white-bearded swagman who was plodding down the dust-road, and present the weapon at his head. "Are you a Boer?" he thundered. The ancient dropped his swag in terror and tried to propitiate the supposed madman. "No, sir," he said, "I'm a Horstrian. I'm not a Boer." "Quite sure?" demanded the shearer. "Oh, yes, I'm quite sure, sir; my father and mother were both Horstrians." "Well," said the shearer briefly, "I don't care what you are." And he disappeared in a cloud of dust waving his gun and looking for more Boers.

"Alba" describes a railway-experience:—

The Anglo-Saxon woman has yet to learn how to travel long distances without looking as if she had emerged from a thirty-years' war. Let it be said of the average Frenchwoman that she can do the globe without dropping a hairpin. Writer can point out a Parisian brunette who could take tea in Omdurman and cycle to Timbuctoo without losing her usual boulevard appearance. Was raining it recently from Brisbane to Sydney. In my compartment were two Englishwomen who looked as if they had been bred up to the Great Beefsteak Theory. Both were enthroned upon a perfect Himalaya of rugs, and both resented my appearance with snorts. Within hand-reach was the usual heap of provender, pea-nuts, and bananas, with suspicious odors of pickles. I was about to leave in quest of more congenial quarters when (shades of Fantine!) there entered a lissom, dusky-eyed, French girl who stood wavering among the large, immovable knees, apologising in swift French for her unpardonable intrusion. Snorts of disapproval came from Lady Beefsteak and Mrs. Pea Nuts. Fantine smiled innocently, squeezing herself into utter obscurity behind the mountain of rugs. She had no luggage save a parcel about the size of a penny scone. I kept my seat—opposite Fantine. It was good to be whirled through the hot night peering through one's fingers at two French eyes that gleamed at times like the skeletons of two assassins. "Pea Nuts" and "Beefsteak" preserved a large silence interrupted only by the gurglings of the bottled stuff washing down an occasional sausage-roll. Fantine, half-amused, watched them as they handed each other lumps of meat with mustard on. At each refreshment-room "Pea Nuts" made Herculean efforts to get near the frilled ham and the hot brown gravy. Lady Beefsteak went "nap" three times on bacon and eggs. And the wondering little Frenchwoman smiled away the night until the cold dawn found her responding cheerfully to my comforting glances. Once she accepted a cup of coffee, and I rather surprised that anyone should think she needed it. An aboriginal could not describe the appearance of "Pea Nuts" and "Beefsteak"—frowny from the effects of hot meat and soup, as, snorting heavily, they blinked at the beautiful dawn. Fantine lay with her brown head against my possum-rug, her unflushed profile recalled the haunting silhouettes of Burne-Jones. Sometimes a vagrant curl would across her brow, but the nimble fingers caught and twisted it back to its ribboned hair before you had time to wish it stay. At Sydney, "Pea Nuts" and "Beefsteak" heaved themselves to the platform, tired, overcast, loaded with bags, to join the haggard crowd of night-feeding excursionists. And Fantine, the Frenchwoman—I caught a glimpse of her as she moved from the station with the trail of her magic fingers over her perfectly-fitting traveling costume, graceful and alert as though she had just stepped from her boudoir. She smiled back, gestured once with her gloved hand before the mob and cabs shut her in.

Men don't like to see women eating.

Frank T. Bullen, the English-seaman journalist who tells a pathetic story of his early poverty and privations, has lately been trying to enjoy himself in Paris. He writes:—

Gay Paris! How many times have I heard those two words combined, and conjured up mental pictures of a capital where gaiety was the *mot d'ordre*; where pleasure was the one thing manifest to the most cynical observer; a city whose glitter, fun, and delight were almost delirious in their mad whirl. Well, there is nothing like personal experience for confirmation or disillusionment, and so, having seen the gay capital, the Villiers, the boulevards, strolled, driven, tramped, and "bussed" through all its ramifications, I feel justified in recording my impressions. As to the gaiety, to put it plainly, I have seen absolutely none. Feverish, frantic attempts at being gay, desperate endeavours at enjoyment in plenty, but of gaiety in any commonplace sense of the word, not a jot. Both for natives and strangers the main idea of enjoyment, the one central column of Parisian life, seems to be to sit outside of squalid shops without fronts, at little iron-legged tables and covered tables, and drink bad German lagers (Bock) at 3d., 4d., and 5d. per glass, according to the situation of the café. Sit and sip the insipid, onion-flavored liquid and watch the weary-eyed stream of would-be revellers, the women whose white, drawn faces no amount of paint can enliven, the men upon whose sallow faces waste of life is writ large—endeavor you never so earnestly to persuade yourself that this is gaiety and enjoyment, it is impossible to succeed. As you sit there, you wonder when Paris rests, when that infernal roar of electric trams, automobiles, *fiacres*, omnibuses and commercial traffic is quiet. And the answer is Never. Paris never rests. The whole population lives out of doors, for homes there are none, and the clamor of the never-resting tide of life becomes after a while absolutely appalling. Insensibly the mind reverts to those trim hedgeless fields through which you pass between Paris and the sea-coast, and the bent forms of the peasant *propriétaires*, who wrestle with Nature until she yields up her last available ounce of produce. *C'est bon?* Well, for the benefit of the gang of incapables who are hurrying France down to Gadarra precipice of debt, creators of the Affaire, besiegers of Fort Chabrol. For only think of it. This nation of thrifty, patriotic people are bleeding at every pore to maintain the besiegers of Fort Chabrol, the pantomimists of the *Chambre des Députés*. From the day of their birth until restful death claims them, the hand of misgovernment is ever stretched, culture-wise, for a full half of all they gain. Never in all my life, not even in the dominions of Abdul, did I meet anything so grim as the fact that when one dies his or her family are assessed at so much earnings and *compelled* to indulge in a funeral which, for an income of, say, £300 per annum, is fixed at £40. This is the business of the State, and that happy takes no excuse. You must have the funeral, and you must pay, if it ruins you, but you must conform to the paternal ideas of your Government. As another instance of rapacity, let me quote the doleful experience of a friend of mine who, visiting France, brought with him a fourpenny box of wax matches. "Rien à déclarer," he replied to the douanier. But the matches were covered, and he was fined two francs *per match*, a trifle of 280. Expensive *allumettes*! There are endless other things that deserve notice, but there is a monotony of injustice, of sadness about them which leads me to reiterate my opinion that Paris is one of the saddest cities in the world.

SUNDRY SHOWS.

SYDNEY SHOWS FOR COMING WEEK.

HER MAJESTY'S..... "Henry V."
 LYCEUM..... "Tribby."
 CRITERION..... "Defender of the Faith."
 RICKARDS' CO.

MELBOURNE SHOWS FOR COMING WEEK.

PRINCESS'S..... "Little Red Riding Hood."
 THEATRE ROYAL..... "Fun on the Bristol."
 BIJOU..... Rickards' Variety Co.
 ALEXANDRA..... "Briton and Boer."

The present version of "Henry V." at Her Majesty's is supposed to be the last that Sydney will see—for a very long time, at all events. It is certainly one of the best that Sydney has seen. George Rignold looks younger after his rest, and storms the painted fortifications in a kingly fashion, and howls through the devastated kingdom of France as he used to do when he was in his prime 20 years ago. G. Rignold and his white horse have trampled down many dozen small wooden kingdoms since the writer first knew him, but he never booted one of them into flinders with more energy than he does now, though he may have done it with more artistic finish. Poor old Charles the Idiot, as represented by Harry Overton, just looks the devastator in the eye for about half a second, and then crawls under a chair, so to speak, and spends the rest of his miserable life pawning his crown for vittles. The company includes Howard Vernon, George Lauri, Arthur Lisant, J. W. Hazlett, Misses Linda Raymond, Emilie Hughes, Julia Merton, and other good materials; also Manager Williamson has heaped up fine scenic effects in a most lavish fashion. France is a great kingdom, as Williamson paints it, which makes the loss of Charles the Idiot all the greater. Poor Charles has a most unsatisfactory billet in this drama. The only time he is allowed to appear in state is in a narrow front scene, where he is so crowded up that his feet are in danger of being singed in the footlights. He has to sit there with a court of about four people, and maunders about the glory of his falling state while Henry is changing the scenery behind him, and he does practically nothing except stop a hole in the play. Then he drifts away to resume insanity at the old place of business, and run after bits of string on the floor. It was years after this that the Duke of Burgundy found him alone at night in his deserted palace, crouching over a burnt-out fire beside a burnt-out candle, and the poor old monarch remarked that he was hungry, and looked up, dog-fashion, at John the Fearless to see if he had a pie about his armour. But this is a digression.

Tribby's painted feet patter on the boards of Sydney Royal to reasonably good business these times. The writer assumes these feet are painted; he isn't sure, of course, and unless the lady will allow him to wash the said feet, which might possibly be regarded as an undue familiarity, he isn't likely to be sure. But the heavenly pink flush on the heel seems almost too beautiful to be mere nature. Tribby has no corns—at least none that can be seen from the circle—on these earnest and affectionate young supports, and on the bright lexicon of her toe there is no excrement. She is a large woman who manages to suggest the idea of a sunbeam very well for her dimensions; moreover the present Svengali is larger than the last one, and the present Small Bill isn't quite so small and Miss Crane's liberal figure looks less by comparison. The new Svengali is not only larger than Reuben Fax; he seems dirtier as well. There is a deep rich loam on Tyrone Power's Svengali tending to a more clayey soil about the ears, and the deposit on his hands suggests decomposed granite. For wheat culture the writer doesn't think Svengali could be recommended, but as beet-raising soil he looks promising. As Mr. Power has grown accustomed to the theatre he seems to have gained in weirdness and clawsomeness, and he is more like the Svengali that Sydney used to love than he was on the opening night.

Miss Maude Dalrymple, the unseen member of the co., has also improved, and her strong, sweet voice now rings out impressively on the dead silence of that scene where the barefooted girl's house of cards is just about to come down with a crash. Hawtrey's Parson Bagot is a fine piece of work; Hawtrey has a genius for playing the hard and worldly shepherd, as witness the splendid sketch of Canon Wealthy in the "Christian." And most of the other people are satisfactory, barring Small Bill. There are any number of good actors who could play him if he was changed to Large Billee, or even Middle-sized William. But the small man on the stage is supposed to be funny, and the serious small man is an anomaly. If anyone ever built a historical drama round Count Tilly, the embittered fighting dwarf who stormed Magdeburg, it is difficult to imagine who would play the hero, unless little Gulliver tried him.

"Tribby" will have but a short run, for Miss Nance O'Neil from America, with her own American company, is due at the Royal on March 10. The new lady opens in "Magda." This paper confesses to a good deal of ignorance about Miss O'Neil, but she has an energetic manager, who has sent along a very respectable horse-load of notices concerning her, and if she is half as good as the worst of these she is a marvel. If she is half as good as the best of them she is the same, only much more so. The writer doesn't know in what green valley all these beautiful notices grew, but he reckons the crop must be good this year, and Miss O'Neil must have got at the tree early.

A "new and original patriotic and romantic drama," called "Defender of the Faith," is to be staged at Sydney Lyceum on Saturday. Details of it haven't reached this office up to time of writing, but there are many faiths and most of them are badly in need of some defending, so doubtless it will pan out all right. To-morrow (Friday) night will therefore be the last opportu-

nity the public will have to see that very remarkable prison where the convicts aren't locked up, but rush out of their cells whenever they feel inclined, and call on Heaven to strike the governor dead, and then rush back again and bang the door, generally landing it on the nose of the oppressor who is in close pursuit. The drama holds Captain Hawes up to public obloquy, but the writer feels rather sorry for that wicked man. Though only two cells in the enormous corridor appear to be tenanted he has a heart-breaking time, for one of the tenants is always coming out to tell the tyrant frankly what he thinks of him. The tyrant is supposed to wreak horrible cruelties on No. 19, and to act most reprehensibly towards 27a and 33½, but the audience sees few of these cruelties, while the open disrespect of No. 19 is quite visible. The governor is even held responsible when a small boy convict comes illegally out of his cell at night and walks himself to death in the corridor; and the chaplain threatens him with the vengeance of the Almighty every five minutes, and finally he is thrown out of the prison by his own comic turnkey. It is about the suddenness sack on record. One minute he is supreme boss of the gaol, and the next he is an unemployed on the middle of the road with no prospects before him except stone-breaking, which, at his age, would involve certain rheumatism.

The chief glory of Sydney Criterion is still Ludwig Amann, who comes forward to thunders of welcome and remarks: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you will all-ow me to introduce me-self as ker-ract-hor impersonator, I will rep-sent to you cel-e-bray-tion . . . per-son-ages," etc. His representation of Napoleon is worth going a long way to see. His power of altering his expression is something marvellous. The only accessories are wigs with foreheads attached, coats, whiskers, and false teeth. All the rest is muscular. Judging by present appearances, Ludwig is likely to be going strong for a long time yet.

The weird doom that seems to cling to the theatre in King-street, Sydney, was strongly in evidence during Howard Vernon's last attempt. It was a pretty fair attempt in spots—the Howard Vernon and Maud Hewson spots in particular—but the curse was on the audience, and they looked on these spots as if they were looking at ghosts dancing round tombstones and recognised in said ghosts numerous long-lost relatives. The curse was on the chorus people, too, who demanded their salaries at inconvenient times, so that a distracted actor-manager had to fly round at exactly two-and-a-half minutes to eight and pay each of the chorus to make her go on. After which the scene-shifters would begin to have doubts, and the distracted one would have to fly round again at exactly one and a quarter minutes to eight, and give each of the scene-shifters eightpence or 3s. 6d. and a curse not to go home and leave him in the lurch. Sydney Opera House has been the home of so many unfinancial managements that the staff couldn't realise that a really financial management had come along. It considered that anybody who took the Opera House was a suspicious character. The actor-manager at last got tired of flying round with a bag of change at various fractions of a minute to eight, and wisely became, ill and judiciously closed up by reason of the illness.

A mighty audience pushed itself into Melbourne Princess's last Saturday, and accepted the Xmas humor of "Little Red Riding Hood" in a forgiving spirit. A large number of BULLETIN readers have seen "Red Riding Hood" or heard of it from this family journal, and they don't need to be told any more (therefore the fact is now stated again) that the pantomime is a gorgeous attraction, burdened with huge boulders of "comic relief." The best of the comic relief is new to anyone who has not seen the same old thing once before or oftener. The worst of it is very tiresome indeed. And when deserving comedians like Harry Shine and Hugh Ward get to be positively tiresome, and the pantomime lasts till 20 past 11 p.m., there is no visible reason why they should have so much to talk about. Also the necessity for the Kindergarten scene is non-apparent. On the other hand, Hassan's annual donkey serves its purpose all the time, and Miss Carrie Moore is a valuable leading boy, so valuable that it seems a pity to overwork the slender damsel. Four years ago Carrie Moore made her first appearance at the Princess's as a rather small child in a pinafore, since when she has been persistently growing out of her frocks and gaining stage experience on tour. If she were to take a twelve-months' rest and give her natty young figure and sympathetic young voice a chance to fill out—but, no matter. She's not listening.

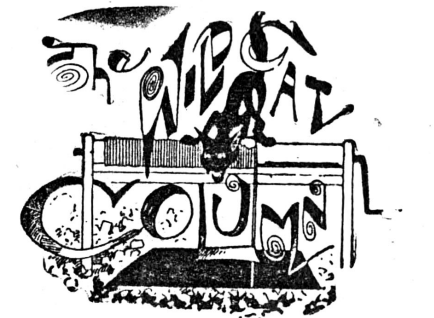
All the pictorial work in "Little Red Riding Hood" is excellent—scenery, dresses, groupings, and sundry effects. The phantom forest seems calculated to shock an ordinary infant into convulsions, but at this time of the year the youngsters who attend pantomimes are not easily scared, otherwise they would show signs of agitation when confronted with Miss Dorothy Vane's shoes and socks. This paragraph will say nothing in particular about Goatcher's tableau, or the Watteau minuet, or the unhappy stranger who whacks the big drum at the gathering of mixed soldiers. Melbourne is going to see J. C. Williamson's expensive spectacle on the strength of the advertisement and other considerations, and the city will be glad to find that the advt.'s promises are honorably fulfilled.

Widow O'Brien, who has almost outlived any doubts concerning her sex, made another appearance at Melb. Royal on Saturday. The Widow seems to spend more money on her wardrobe than in the days when the late O'Brien was a newer corpse; also their daughter has grown into a tall young woman since the last time she didn't want to marry Tommy Cranberry, but in all other respects Mrs. Sheridan is the Bridget of yore, and to praise her for her many virtues would be

tantamount to painting a tomato red. "Fun on the Bristol" contains enough humor to go round what time the Widow fills the stage. During the temporary absences of that favorite institution the show is fairly bright, or otherwise, just according to circumstances. It doesn't bring out the best points of anyone in particular save Mrs. O'Sheridan. The variety entertainment on the alleged steamboat breaks no records, and Sinclair's song about the little coons raises a question as to whether Australia ought not to arise and throw something at the next warbler who introduces the word coon into a refrain. We have endured the coon too long in silence.

At the Alexandra, the impotent ferocity of Black Cronje is greeted with great gusts of jubilation every evening. Kruger's presidential bell-topper likewise comes in for much ironical applause, and Dampier's assurance that he is "all wight," when the enemy have left him for dead, seems to realise the gallery's wildest dream of Boer discomfiture. The Alexandra is likely to find comfort in "Briton and Boer" for another week. About 20min. of unnecessary narrative have been cut out or condensed into a tenth of the time, since the first night, so that Miss Lily Dampier, assisted by her faithful Hottentot, can bring the drama to a finish long before the hotels close. It is not a weak finish either. The Hottentot and the leading lady behave with a good deal of tragic intensity, and by the time the leading lady has grabbed the dagger and stuck it into the leading Boer the drama begins to look quite serious. Manager Dampier states, as a solemn fact, that two large bodies of Melbourne public have voted in equal numbers for "Hamlet" and "Merchant of Venice," wherefore he will produce both of those honored chestnuts in due course.

The marionettes, not seen in Melb. for the last seven years, are just now at the Bijou, where Browne, the whistler, is discharging two simultaneous tunes from his educated mouth. Some new war pictures are now shown upon the jingo sheeting "owing to the heroic manner in which the Victorians fought and fell at Colesberg," and the Newsky Family have changed their programme, probably on account of the Battle of Trafalgar. Miss Violet Elliot, whose voice and singing have improved in about equal ratio within this last year, is a recent ornament to the first part of the proceedings. Also, the amount collected on behalf of the remote Beggar is something handsome. Arthur Hahn sings the Kipling-Sullivan hymn every night, and the offertory averages from ten to a dozen pounds sterling, not altogether on account of the audience's warlike sympathies, but largely because the solemn chant and the incidental tambourine make them feel as though they were in church and ought to give cheerfully for the sake of their Hereafter.



The balance-sheet of the Australian Widows' Fund for the year to 31st October, 1899, shows a slight improvement in some directions. Some of the principal figures in recent years are as follows:—

	Total Premiums	Interest &c.	Total Revenue	Claims	Expenses
1892	£169,639	£55,092	£225,681	£99,494	£41,069
1893	165,285	55,799	221,084	84,113	36,233
1894	157,442	57,729	215,171	94,062	36,907
1895	153,607	53,194	206,801	105,164	40,919
1896	155,080	58,799	213,879	107,740	37,747
1897	150,602	58,446	209,048	121,983	38,000
1898	155,539	58,881	214,420	108,768	41,935
1899	161,603	60,853	222,456	115,640	48,951

The most notable feature about these figures is that the revenue from premiums has increased by £6064, while working expenses have increased by no less than £7016, more than swallowing up the increased premium receipts. As a result, the amount added to the assurance fund is less than it has been in any recent year except 1897. The additions to the fund made out of revenue in late years have been:—

	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899
£	285,118	109,733	84,202	60,718	268,392	49,005	63,716	57,866

And this is the varying expense rate since 1890 for every £100 of revenue:—

	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899
%	19 10 7	18 6 0	18 4 0	16 7 7	17 3 0	19 15 7	17 13 7	18 0 2	19 9 0	21 16 7

In the way of expenses, 1899 is therefore the worst the Widows' Fund has had for a long time. Rather over 30 per cent. of the premiums go in this direction, which looks a most exorbitant rate. And, on top of this, the earnings have not improved, though the decline isn't large. For 1899 the average interest realised on the funds was £4 10s. 9d. per cent., as compared with £4 12s. per cent. in 1898, £4 15s. 7d. per cent. in 1897, and £4 8s. per cent. in 1896.

In several matters, however, the Australian Widows' Fund has done well. It has reduced the assumed rate of future interest-earnings to 3½ per cent., instead of the old 4 per cent., which means a very great deal in the way of extra safety. Some years ago it wrote-off unsparingly the losses of the boom-time, and apparently it not only wrote-off its securities down to bedrock, but a little below, for it has since built up a contingency fund of £4515 being the amount realised on the sale of properties above their new book value. This seems solid evidence that the assets are now not at all over-estimated. There are no dubious-looking items among the assets. And after making large reserves to reduce assumed future interest-earnings to 3½ per cent., it is estimated that the last three years have produced a surplus, available for bonus purposes, of £26,962. These are all promising features, and if only the expense rate could be kept down, things would look very well all round. As it is they look moderately well.

The Land Mortgage Bank of Victoria closed its half-year at 31st Dec., 1899, with a loss of £7683. This helps to further extend the long list of recent losses, as follows:—

Totals:—							
Dec., 1894	Loss	..	£6,038	Dec., 1897	Loss	..	£8,508
June, 1895	"	..	6,617	June, 1898	"	..	10,915
Dec., 1895	"	..	8,847	Dec., 1898	"	..	6,963
June, 1896	"	..	9,696	June, 1899	"	..	5,038
Dec., 1896	"	..	10,494	Dec., 1899	"	..	7,683
June, 1897			14,425				

The Land Mortgage Bank is in a curious situation. It has properties—almost all mortgages—of a paper value of £1,026,969, but these are boom prices, and no re-valuation has been made. The half-year's gross earnings were £10,904 (equal to £2 10s. 10d. per cent. per annum on the alleged value of the assets). Considering that mortgages which are anything at all like good should yield at least 3½ per cent. gross (they should probably yield 4½ per cent.) it may be roughly estimated on this very sanguine basis that the total assets are really worth just now about £600,000. Assuming that good mortgages should yield 4 per cent. gross the total assets are worth some £540,000. And as there is £714,000 owing to debenture-holders the Land Mortgage Bank looks, on present values, in a very queer position.

The 4½ per cent. debenture-holders agreed some time ago to reduce interest to 3½ per cent. until 1902. Then, unless something is done, the rate reverts to the old 4½ per cent., and the things that are now bad become much worse. Perhaps if the Land Mortgage Bank had written down the value of its properties to bedrock about '95 and shown its creditors the complete hopelessness of the situation it would have got better terms, but it made the grievous mistake of not calling out "stinking fish" loudly enough at a time when it wanted to look worse than it was instead of better. The attempt to call up enough new capital to reduce the debenture liability within manageable limits, has made only moderate progress, a call of £250,000 producing only £152,894. There is over £700,000 of still unpaid capital, but it is all in pawn to the debenture-holders, and probably a good deal of it couldn't be collected anyhow. Of last half-year's loss of £7683, £4033 was incurred through the sale of properties below book-value, and the other £3650 arose through the fact that the ordinary income was £10,904 and ordinary expenditure £14,554. If the debenture-holders would renew for at least ten years at 2½ per cent. then the Land Mortgage Bank could pay its way, and keep its properties till they increased in value instead of selling them at a huge loss to pay current expenses. Possibly in ten years they would so far increase in value that the institution would be a perfectly solvent affair again. Or if the shareholders would take up another £250,000, or so, and reduce the debenture liability to not over £450,000, and the creditors would accept 3½ per cent. on that, the Land Mortgage Bank could pay its way and wait for better times. Anyhow, it is proposed to have a great re-valuation of securities, and to find out what the loss really is, and then ask the creditors to do something—possibly to convert themselves into preference shareholders. At present things stand as follows:—

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Capital	£402,894	Mortgages on paper	£1,026,969
Debentures	714,122	Property (on paper)	63,892
Other debts	704	Cash, &c.	38,997
		Deficiency	51,754
	£1,117,720		£1,117,720

Judged by earnings the assets of the Land Mortgage Bank, which is getting into worse trouble every half-year, are worth much nearer their paper value than those of the Australian Deposit and Mortgage Bank which is showing a steadily-increasing profit. But the Land Mortgage has a small paid-up capital, and £700,000 of borrowed money to pay interest on; while the A. D. and M. has a vastly larger paid capital and only £420,000 of borrowed money to pay interest on. Therefore the latter can lie low and nurse its properties till values improve and pile up a little reserve to help cover old losses; the former can't. The curse of too much borrowed money weighs heavily on the Land Mortgage Bank.

Enquirer: There is nothing of a very suspicious character in the balance-sheet, but there has been an aroma of suspicion about the institution for 20 years. Writer wouldn't put his money into it.

The Deniliquin and Moama Railway Co. pays no div. for the half-year to 31st Dec., 1899. Profits were £2369, as compared with £14 for half-year to 30th June, 1899, but the drought is bad and prospects are uncertain. Things have been none too promising of late. The old and once regular 5 per cent. div. dropped to 4 per cent. some time ago, and now it goes down to nothing—for the time, at all events. There is always something for the little dry-plains railway to do in taking away the bones of dead animals to be ground up, but the long dry spell has blighted the regular trade badly.

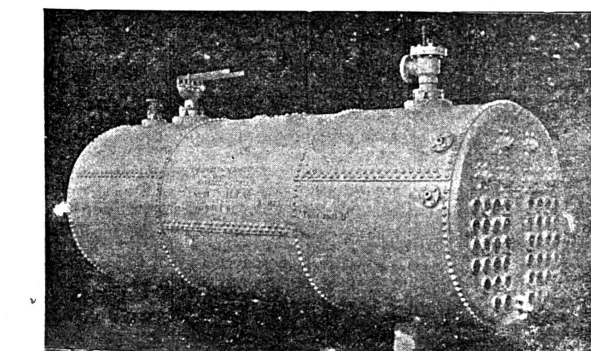
Broken Hill Water Supply Co. closed its best half-year to date on 31st Dec., 1899, with a profit of £16,845. Some recent records of this fine large monopoly:—

	Profit.	Dividend.	2½ per cent. =
June, 1894	£7,844	7½	£2,331
December, 1894	5,076	7½	6,093
June, 1895	4,882	5	4,062
December, 1895	12,901	10	9,325
June, 1896	6,686	10	9,325
December, 1896	10,077	5	4,692
June, 1897	13,365	10	9,325
December, 1897	15,705	10	9,325
June, 1898	11,779	10	9,325
December, 1898	15,709	10	9,325
June, 1899	16,161	15	13,983
December, 1899	16,845	12½	11,656

In addition to paying its 12½ per cent. dividend the co. adds £2500 to contingency fund. This raises the contingency fund to £10,000 and there is also £27,319 at credit of profit and loss, making total reserves £37,319.

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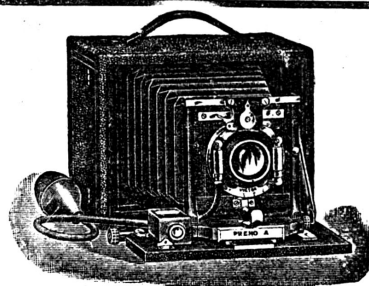
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But five-sevenths of those reserves (which aren't very much at best) have no real existence, for there is a purely paper goodwill item, "Water rights, leases, Parliamentary Bills, etc., £25,194," to be written off, and the only real reserve is the balance of £12,125, after writing this off. Then come two items, "construction account at cost, £153,100" and "filtration plant at cost, £6531," making a total of £159,631. There is no depreciation allowed for on either of these items, yet even "construction account" must surely depreciate to some extent. But the most amazing thing of all is this. The co.'s lease runs out inside another 20 years when it has to give up its works without compensation. Therefore, starting from now, it ought not only to write off the whole goodwill item of £25,194 and make allowance for keeping the works in necessary repair during the currency of the lease, but it should write off 5 per cent. of the present value of the concern every year out of profits, so as to have it written down to nothing by the time the concession expires. Under this heading alone a provision of £9000 a year is required. The co. is fairly earning 10 per cent. dividends at most, and it has only been earning these for the last 14 years. Also there is no possible guarantee that it will keep on earning them. Allowing for all these things, the £300,000 which the Broken Hill municipality offered for the business was a lot more than it was fairly worth, and the notion of the shareholders in refusing it was an amazing piece of folly.

The Equity Trustees, Executors, and Agency Co. (Melbourne) finished its half-year at 31st December, 1899, with another serious drop in the returns. Net profits, after writing £17 off furniture, were £997, and the dividend at 7½ per cent. per annum absorbed £937. These figures compare with some previous returns as follows:—

	Net Profit.	Dividend.	
June, 1892 ..	£257	10 per cent. =	£1,250
December, 1892 ..	2,195	10 "	1,250
June, 1893 ..	152	10 "	1,250
December, 1893 ..	99	Nil	
June, 1894 ..	261	Nil	
December, 1894 ..	663	5 per cent. =	£25
June, 1895 ..	556	5 "	£25
December, 1895 ..	465	5 "	£25
June, 1896 ..	826	5 "	£25
December, 1896 ..	796	5 "	£25
June, 1897 ..	759	5 "	£25
December, 1897 ..	486	5 "	£25
June, 1898 ..	1,006	5 "	£25
December, 1898 ..	2,770	7½ per cent. =	£938
June, 1899 ..	1,176	7½ "	£938
December, 1899 ..	997	7½ "	£937
	£13,594		£11,563

The balance of £60 which remains after paying the dividend raises the sum at credit of profit and loss from £3230 to £3290. The Equity Trustees, Executors and Agency Co. has £25,000 paid-up capital; a miserably small reserve-fund of £1250, and the £3290 accumulated profit above-mentioned. With so small a paid capital, only £100,000 of callable capital, and total accumulation of less than £500, it is far too weak a concern for its line of business, and the directors seem to have a profound dread lest it should accidentally get a little stronger, so religiously do they struggle to pay away nearly all the profits in dividends. They don't even transfer the accumulated profits to reserve as a guarantee that they will be kept intact; possibly there is some idea of keeping them as a fund to draw upon when the dividend is prematurely raised to 10 per cent. The Equity Trustees should cut down its div. to 5 per cent. until the profits materially improve, and set to work to build up a reserve of at least £50,000. If it doesn't resort to some such expedient it will be a poor, small, unfortunate concern all its days—unless it meets with wholly undeserved good fortune. The falling revenue is in itself sufficient proof that the rush to put up the dividend to 7½ per cent. was unwise and premature.

Once more consider the Silverton (N.S.W.) Tramway Co.—the concern which owns the little railway from Broken Hill to the South Australian border—in all its glory:

	Profits.	Dividends.	
1891 ..	£128,690	£50 0s. 0d. per cent. =	£82,419
1892 ..	80,515	30 0s. 0d. "	59,341
1893 ..	116,329	25 0s. 0d. "	70,000
1894 ..	108,363	20 4s. 0d. "	40,000
1895 ..	113,835	42 10s. 0d. "	84,067
1896 ..	111,896	50 0s. 0d. "	98,903
1897 ..	82,244	47 10s. 0d. "	93,957
1898 ..	56,575	40 0s. 0d. "	79,122
1899 ..	95,592	40 0s. 0d. "	79,122

The dividends, huge as they seem, are even larger than appears on the surface, for in 1891 a large amount of profit was capitalised. The 1892 dividend was really 36 per cent. on the money which the shareholders paid-up; it was over 42 per cent. in 1893; 25 per cent. in 1894; 51 per cent. in 1895; 60 per cent. in 1896; 57 per cent. in 1897; and 48 per cent. in 1898 and '99. In addition to its apparent dividends, the co. has, in the nine years above dealt with, written £16,000 off goodwill; written £117,746 off the paper value of its property; carried £29,800 to contingency account; added £20,000 to reserve fund; and transferred £32,968 of profits to capital account, and increased its profit balance by £26,595. It is a beautiful thing—this Victorian railway monopoly which chews the vitals of the N.S.W. silver industry. And while this Melbourne-owned railway co. screws out 48 and 57 and 60 per cent. dividends, the Melbourne Age recently had the front cover of its paper with a leading article in which it assigned, as one of the proofs of the utter corruption and oppressiveness of Transvaal affairs, that the private railway co. which runs the show there screwed 12½ per cent. dividends out of the people. Allowing for the fact that the Netherlands Railway Co. exacts its dividends on a capital equal to £10,000 per mile of line, and the Silverton Co. on a capital of about £5500 per mile, the latter is still twice as extortionate as the former. Isn't it time for Broken Hill to get up another kick against this truly remarkable company?

The course of Melbourne embezzlement revelations took a comic little turn last week in connection with the late Metropolitan Bank. A clerk employed by the undertaker who conducts the funeral of that long-dead institution was given £120 to pay into its assets account, but seemingly he threw up his billet and kept the £120. Anyway, he and the money were both missing from their proper places on the Monday morning. So another official was sent to look for the clerk, and the official seemingly lost himself in his search for the missing man. Then the secretary grew suspicious, with the result that certain manipulations of banking "slips" were alleged against the two absent-minded parties. The clerk is now out on bail, charged with larceny as a liquidator's assistant, or something in that way, but the man who went looking for the clerk had not been found by the police when this paragraph was written.

"A.L.": Westralia exacts a tax of 5 per cent. on gold-mine dividends.

B.H. North, which paid its first div. (£2500) last half-year, wound up the term with—Cash at bankers, £4077; concentrates on hand or delivered but not paid for, £7147; stores, etc., £254; total, £11,478. There are sundry debtors with claims for £1752; so that the co.

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stands £9726 to the good. The half-year's work paid the £2500 div. and added £6400 to the amount carried forward. But the directors have forgotten to charge anything for the use of the plant, there is no debit on account of depreciation. The directors, of course, are "greatly pleased that all previous anticipations of the success of the mine, so constantly reiterated by them, have been so well borne out; and there is every reason to anticipate a long continuance of prosperity." By way of putting ice on the heads of shareholders who may be inclined to become excited, writer remarks that the profit has been entirely due to the recent rise in lead-value, and that if it hadn't been for the jump of the last two years the co. would still be making a loss. Not two years ago lead was selling at £13 (for some years before it was below £12); and the rise of £4 a ton means a good deal over £10,000 on this co.'s half-yearly production—yet the profit was not within reach of £10,000.

B.H. South has issued one of its best half-yearly reports to date; best, that is, with regard to profits made, though there is little or no improvement with regard to the detailed information given to, or rather withheld from, shareholders. Assuming that the estimates of the value of the product are correct, the six months' profit, including the amount received as surpluses on shipments for the preceding half-year, has been £26,790. This has been disposed of thus: £15,000 in divs., £2500 in reserves (this is the co.'s beginning with a reserve-fund), and £9290 carried forward. The reserve-fund is invested in Govt. bonds. The position is not, however, actually quite so good as these figures alone indicate, because of the profit no less than £13,772 was due to surpluses realised—that is, this was the co.'s more or less unexpected profit on account of the big rise in the price of lead which took place between the time when the metal was produced at the latter end of the former half-year and the time it was disposed of in the early part of this last half-year. As the market is not still on the rise this is not likely to recur, to that extent at least, just yet. In fact, there have been times when Barrier co.'s have drawn more than shipments finally realised. Yet if the South's financial position was never stronger its underground appearance has rarely if ever been better—chiefly in consequence of the development of a body rich in both silver and lead (a body rich in silver is a rarity in the South) in the north end of the mine at 700ft. From the fact that it differs materially from the bodies now worked this new lode is thought to be a continuation of the shoot which is so phenomenally rich in the Central (Sulphide Corporation), the South's northern neighbor. So far, though, it is not big in the South.

In connection with the B.H. South and the troubles of its directors, the disclosure has been made at a meeting in Adelaide that one who was for some time chairman and has for years been a director, owned not a share in the co. till the other day. Though he undertook to buy the qualifying shares which were lent him at first, he did not do so; though he explains that he afterwards got shares elsewhere. A mine director is not, of course, necessarily any less valuable for having no pecuniary interest in the show; but inasmuch as the South directorate has been plainly accused of playing into the hands of another co., an appointment of this sort was peculiarly undesirable in this case. Also it is undesirable in any case, because, when once begun, it soon means systematic dunnymism.

Here and there in B.H. Junction a face of ore a little more than payable is being developed; but in most workings in this mine the appearance is heart-breaking.

It is impossible from the official reports to tell what progress Block 14 is making—whether the ore is richer or poorer, or whether more or less of the metal is being recovered—but from all accounts a somewhat improved grade of ore has been mined lately. Also put it to the co.'s credit that it has just erected on the mine a good bath-house for its lead-begrimed employees.

South Australia has been shaken up by a rumor that the Broken Hill Prop. Co. contemplate taking its smelters and refineries from Pt. Pirie (which through them has grown to be the second town of the province) to Newcastle. The report began with General Manager Delprat's visit to Newcastle; and color was given it by the co.'s purchase of land, wharf-site, &c., there, as well as by the excellent results which the Sulphide Corporation is getting at Cockle Creek, same district. So far, however, there is chiefly "bluff" in the Prop.'s movements; yet there is so little to choose between the S.A. seaboard and Newcastle as a smelting-site for the B.H. co.'s ores that the province which will offer most concessions will get the big trade in the long run. S.A. Premier Holder seems to think that as long as a direct railway line from the present terminus of the Sydney system to Broken Hill is not in existence the smelting can easily be kept in that province; but, as a matter of fact, the construction of an overland line has little, if anything, to do with the case. The whole question is whether or not it is a crushing weight for broken on the one hand and charging a very low rate for crude ore on the other, and also by making a very heavy tariff for coke and other smelting requisites, the S.A. Govt. closed up one after the other every local smelting furnace, and got most of the smelting at her own seaboard. Even now, when she has accomplished her purpose in that respect, she still charges Broken Hill two rates—one for S.A. goods, the other (in some cases two or three times higher) for goods sent round from the province of which Broken Hill forms part.

The alarm of S. Australia lest N.S.W. should build a line to Broken Hill and entice the traffic to the Sydney side is quite pathetic. For N.S.W. to even attempt to get the smelting and other trade by specially low rates would be "monstrous," "most unneighborly," and so on! Yet this is just how S.A. got most of the trade in the first place. Originally all smelting was done at Broken Hill; but by putting on a crushing freight for bullion on the one hand and charging a very low rate for crude ore on the other, and also by making a very heavy tariff for coke and other smelting requisites, the S.A. Govt. closed up one after the other every local smelting furnace, and got most of the smelting at her own seaboard. Even now, when she has accomplished her purpose in that respect, she still charges Broken Hill two rates—one for S.A. goods, the other (in some cases two or three times higher) for goods sent round from the province of which Broken Hill forms part.

To a Wentworth inquirer (name illegible): We hear that a lot of zinc now appears in the local market. In other respects it seems a good show but we never advise anyone to buy into a mine. The property in question has now practically no funds at its command—and as it has already issued preferential shares it must eventually be a well-watered concern, if any of it stays in the hands of its present holders. However, if any good at all, it is a very big thing.

Why doesn't the market properly respond to the excellent reports from Grassie Gully? Why such scepticism in the minds of credulous speculators and investors! Experiences have been so bitter that it is now hard to make anyone believe in a N.S.W. gold-mine; hardest of all is to make the seasoned scripper believe in any mine which produces specimen ore. A glance at the Sydney Stock Exchange operations will prove that only two or three mining investment stocks in the gold section are dealt in frequently, and that the great majority of deals are on speculative ventures. Speculators, not investors, keep 'Change going, else doors would close.

Hillgrove, N.S.W., reports that "the various scheelite workings are going along steadily." Four tons sent from one place and two tons from another, and "there is every reason to believe" ten tons will be sent from the Four Mile—wherever that is. Scheelite runs in threads and patches; is even more erratic than antimony; and there is nothing in its working except for parties of miners. Sensible companies should have as little as possible to do with scheelite.

North Nymagee, N.S.W. This stringer wants

more ore and less newspaper yabber. The public are quite tired of its long-winded reports.

The Occidental, Cobar, has declared another 3d. div., payable 26th March.

Mt. Drysdale (N.S.W.): According to the mining authority of S.M. HERALD, the chute from which consignments of rich ore came is only 14ft. 6in. long with an average width of about 2ft.—long and wide enough to turn out a ton of gold should it continue any depth and keep up an average of 30oz. to the ton. Outside this pipe of rich ore there is a large quantity of low-grade stuff. Over 100 tons of high-grade ore sent to Cockle Creek, from which another 4s. div. is expected. Whispered that bore-holes have been put down with satisfactory results, and that sufficient prospecting in gold ore has been done to warrant the present price of shares—about 23s., all buyers, no sellers. Sydney has been almost cleaned out of this scrip by the Cobar people, who made a call after gold was struck and seem to have been working the mine in some respects to suit themselves.

Of the myriad N.S.W. dredging co's none are doing too well. The Turon—the price of the shares whereof is somewhat of a puzzle—continues to run out about 40oz. a week, quite good enough to pay, but it will take very many weeks to produce gold enough to give any reasonable div. on share capital. Mr. Garland, pioneer of bucket-dredging in N.S.W., does not publish his returns; it is understood that but for constant repairs and the delays consequent thereon, he would do very much better. The Federal co., the first to start with a centrifugal pump, had its first clean-up for 1000oz., said to represent less than a month's work, and as it is said the bottom has not been cleared up the total yield should be about double. The share-drop is a bad sign and further emphasises the veteran mining axiom which enjoins people always to sell before the clean-up. The Federal's ground is admirably adapted to the system employed. The Shoalhaven companies will be getting to work in the course of a few months. Two or three of them have chances of success, particularly those towards the head of the river where the conditions for bucket-dredging are favorable, but that some will be ghastly failures there is no shadow of doubt. Those on the Macquarie are very sick, from a share-market point of view, probably because it is feared there are too many boulders and snags in the river to make dredging effective—in fact, there are. In N.W. comparatively few places where bucket-dredging can be carried on successfully. Where the rivers are suitable there is no gold, and in many places where there is gold the roughness of the river-beds absolutely prevents dredging, as some co.'s will soon find out. Occasionally a new prospectus comes out without success; the public have had enough dredging for a time, and are now anxiously awaiting the results of the ventures already floated. Others will fail from want of money. The too-common practice has been to form a no-liability co., and provide for a capital of from £8000 to £10,000. A thousand or two of this is expended in getting the co. on its legs; the balance is being called up at intervals to pay for the dredge. A great number of the contributing shares are held by persons who own an equal or greater number of paid. They stick to the latter and forfeit the former, with the result that already in several cases the construction of the dredges is delayed for want of money, and the end will be we shall have offered for sale "second-hand" dredges that have never been used. N.S.W., in gold-dredging, is going to make as big a fool of itself as it does in most other kinds of mining.

A Sydney broker's circular on the Federal Centrifugal dredging clean-up: "The yield will not pay anything like the expenses incurred; should the next yield show no better result we think the co. had better consider the advisability of erecting a good strong bucket-dredge, which could be done at a cost of about £7000. The working cost of such a dredge would be less than half their present expenses." The solemn fact is that the only system capable of dealing with the ground is the one adopted.

Overflow (N.S.W.) half-yearly meeting. 2336 tons gossan ore cyanided, value £1339, involving a loss of £63. The blast furnace a failure because of the want of water-jackets. No directors' fees drawn, but one of the board threatened to get his by legal process. "Consequent upon this your directors have had it forced upon them to treat all directors' fees from 20th Feb. '92, as a liability, and the sum of £418 19s. has therefore been charged in the present half-year's accounts. The loss on the half-year's operations has consequently swelled to that extent." Cheerful news. The question of directors' fees needs adjustment in N.S.W. as well as in London. On Bendigo many mines that have paid hundreds of thousands in divs. are controlled by directors who are satisfied with 5s. a meeting. They include mining millionaires like Lansell and Adkins; the latter has attended ten times as many meetings as he has missed. When the mines are dividend-paying the fees are increased or small bonuses given, but taking all the Bendigo mines together there was last year less money paid in directors' fees than in the case of one single Kalgoolie mine mismanaged in London.

Brilliant Boulder (Vic.): "Will you oblige me with your advice on this mine." Well, isn't the name alone enough to send it into liquidation?

Melb. Stock Exchange proposes to introduce the "carry-over" system of fortnightly settlements. Same idea discussed in Sydney, where the brokers are probably not game enough. The system has been running for years in London, where £10 enables a man to do £100 worth of business, and £100 permits him to finance a £1000 gamble. In fact if 'twere not for the carry-over system, the brokers would have to be satisfied with about one-tenth of the business.

Campbell's Creek Dredging Co., the pioneer dredging concern of Victoria outside of Wallace's, Yackandandah, is practically a failure on account of the rottenness of the bottom. The ground though shallow is good enough, but the bottom is bad. The average dredging co. investor does not know what that means, and the writer hasn't time to tell him.

Hampden copper mine, Cloncurry, Q. Warden Lineale reports the existence of 65,000 tons of highly-payable ore and that several hundred tons have been classified for consignment to Dapto. That already sent realised £16 per ton after paying for bagging, road, rail and water carriage, and smelting. This is a property visited by Schlapp some six months ago when he advised vigorous prospecting and development work before talking of either railway or smelter. Of course people who wanted to boom the district and make money on wind and paper grew savage and said nasty things of Schlapp, who put the first and last nail in the coffin of what looked like another Queensland copper boom.

About 16in. January rain set things going again at Croydon. First clean-up towards end of month was from the Golden Gate 3 and 4 South—1038oz. from 320 tons. Only a partial clean-up, as about 300 or 400 tons will probably go through this time. Gold worth £2 13s. 2d. per oz. Golden Gate 3 and 4 South is owned by a local syndicate. Since taking up lease in '93 to end of '99, it crushed 4944 tons for 12,273oz., valued at £33,495. Out of this, the syndicate had divided £28,070 to end of last year.

The monthly 2s. call on Woodlark Island G.M. has a steady effect on contributing scrip till investors know more about this promising venture; being oversea, the mine is free from supercilious inspection. But there can be no doubt that the promoters and holders thoroughly believe in their venture.

The Flyspeck's chief gold-producer, the Tasmania, last half-year won 15,250 oz. from 11,420 tons;

£12,000 was paid in divs., £4000 put to reserve, and another £4000 odd carried on. The mine's total outturn since the co. was formed, about 21 years ago, is 472,727oz. from 400,345 tons. The best feature of all, though, is that the yield per ton has not fallen away much—a most unusual thing. For the first half of its 21 years the average was 1oz. 4dw. 12gr. The average for the full 21 years has been 1oz. 3dw. 15gr. The co.'s 472,727oz. compares with some Vic. well-known mines as follows: Star of the East (Ballarat) 213,960oz., Berry Consols 211,204oz., Long Tunnel 682,315oz., L.T. Extended 282,747oz., Garden Gully 393,000oz. (approx.), and Johnson's Reef 261,874oz. And as to divs.: Tasmania £706,071, Star of the East £276,000, Long Tunnel £1,229,400, L.T. Extended £528,960, Garden Gully £797,568, Johnson's Reef £310,220.

Queen Margaret is being put up in Melb. where the office and centre of interest are located. Bulong field, though disappointing on merit, is always convenient for speculation. The divs. so often promised by Q.M. are now farther off, apparently, than a year ago.

Paringa Consolidated, a very disappointing W.A. venture, is again creeping up, but not on its merits, for the show is on tribute and the tributors can hardly make tucker. Paringa is not much held in Adelaide, where the office is. Co. has one million 10s. shares. Being fully paid, calls are impossible; so, to prevent shutting down, recourse was had to tribute.

Boulder Half Mile South has not jumped as was expected and predicted on the shares becoming fully paid. Fact is this late report stares at speculators: "Shaft reached 511ft. from surface, country gone through was without change." Even should the London float come off its success will be governed by the discovery of payable stuff.

The yearly report and plans of Hannan's Oroya prove it beyond a doubt to be a well-worked concern. It has been mining and milling 7dw. ore at a profit. No other mine in Kalgoolie that this scribe knows of has done that, and the excellent way in which the mine is opened as shown by the plans clearly demonstrates how this economical result has been brought about.

Australian newspapers attribute the Westralian share slump to the Transvaal war, but as the Rand stocks suffered much less there surely must have been another fly in the ointment.

Another 2s. 6d. div. declared by the Waihi Co., M.L., equal to a distribution of £40,000. Total dividends to date, £508,500. The Waihi, which lately found another rich lode, is running the biggest mill in Australasia, and is certainly one of the world's greatest gold mines.

Urinary troubles speedily relieved. By taking Row's BUCHU BITTERS. To be obtained at Hotels and Chemists.

If you want to borrow money, go to N.S.W. Mount de Pieter Co., Ltd., 74 Castlereagh-street, 74. Eustace Bennett, Manager.

The Insurance News, London, writes: "The whole position of the Colonial Mutual, as revealed by the latest reports, is calculated to give the utmost satisfaction to the members."

A revival appears to be in store for the Mt. Wills district of Victoria. The Maude and Homeward Bound United Mine is developing well; so much so that the management has decided to adopt crushing and concentrating appliances of its own. Their mill will comprise ten head of stamps, classifiers and "Luhrig" Vanners (supplied through W. and J. Lempiere, of Melbourne, the general agents for "Luhrig" Appliances). The mineralised stone is rich; recent concentrates averaging as high as 5oz. gold per ton.

The Earl of Kintore, in his address to the shareholders of the Sulphide Corporation at the last general meeting, stated that owing to the installation of a slime treatment plan consisting of six Willey Tables, which has proved to be admirably suited for their requirements, they expect to gain at least 60 tons of lead concentrates in addition to their present production. The Willey tables are now being very largely used in gold mills in all the colonies. The agents and sole manufacturers for Australia are the Austral Oil Engineering Co., South Melb.

Gillilan and McCreery, Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, 434 Collins-street, Melbourne, report on mines, attend to the flotation of approved properties on the London market. Complete battery plant and Willey table for bulk tests. Plans and specifications for all classes of mining plant.

Ward off influenza by taking Row's QUININE BITTERS. Sold by all Hotels and Chemists.

Messrs. Plummer Love and Co., 249 George-street, Sydney, are large suppliers of all mining requisites. They are sole agents here for the now celebrated "British" brand of explosives, detonators and fuses; also for the Taylor Horsfield Improved National Rock Drills, Air Compressors, &c., &c.

Norman Godkin, of 31 Queen-street, Melbourne, is prepared to purchase or develop, with option of purchase, "big prospecting shows" (either gold or mineral) in any part of Australia. Properties offered must be subject to inspection.

Mr. Mephan Ferguson, Engineer, Ironfounder, &c., of Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth, reports that the great demand for spiral riveted pipes has necessitated the increase of manufacturing facilities at his Footscray works, and he is now in a position to supply orders at very short notice, for all sizes of pipes from six to twenty inches in diameter, with either patent cast-iron bolted joints, flanged joints or the ordinary spigot and faucet lead joints. Mr. Ferguson also manufactures boilers, pumps, fluming, patent Nelyambo earth-scoops or tank-cleaners, rabbit exterminators, refrigerators, ice-making machinery, bolts, nuts, forgings, and all sorts of iron-work.

Some Australian merchants can very well afford to give a hundred or two to war funds. For instance, one down-south ironmongery house, anticipating a rise in freights, laid in a stock of nearly 10,000 tons. The rise came all right, and the selling prices of the goods have been put up £2 a ton, so that this firm alone stands nearly £20,000 to the good.

First Croydon div. of year paid by Golden Gate No. 4 and 5 South Block, as result of crushing of 380 tons for 1450oz. Co. paid 4d. div. and carried forward £900; amount divided £1600. Mine in bottom only looking so-so at latest advices.

SLIMES!! ONLY Successful Treatment by
Cyanide Plant Supply Co., London.
All particulars on application to
Hy. Markwald, 11 Pitt Street, SYDNEY;
178 William Street, MELBOURNE; also at
Brisbane, Adelaide, Dunedin, Wellington, Auckland.

A. E. GOLDSTEIN,
(c/o S. HOFFMANN & CO., SYDNEY)
—BUYER OF—
Opal, Pearls, Diamonds
& Sapphires in the Rough.
On Invitation will Visit any Gem Field.

ZOLLNER'S
Patent Galvanised Steel Pipes.
Superior to all others for Mining, Water Supplies, Ventilating, Sluicing, Irrigation, Wool-washing and Scouring. **Light. Strong. Cheap.**
For Prices and particulars apply **S. ZOLLNER,** 30-36 Druitt-st., Sydney.

Smoke the Latest
RUTTY'S VANDYCK
CIGARS (NOT CHEROOTS.)
SOLD IN PACKETS OF 8 FOR 1/-



Beyond much doubt we now begin to see the end of the war, from which our troops, "England's Pups," will sooner or later return after having been "blooded," to borrow a word from that masterful old tyke, Mr. Henry Cope-land, M.L.A. THE BULLETIN does not hesitate to predict that after the gigantic forces of the British Empire have flattened out the Boers as a road-roller flattens out gravel, Australia will not be half so proud of its share in the deed as it is to-day. For, brave as have been many of the exploits of the big battalions, the glory will be on the side of the conquered.

Still, glory doesn't count in a war for plunder. The loot is the thing. The Transvaal, when the conflict began, was on a gold-producing basis of £20,000,000 a year, and it was reckoned that with the opening of the deep levels and other developments a yield of 40 millions sterling per year was a certainty of the near future. The Stock Exchange plotters who organised the war will, no doubt, be much obliged to us for our share in the enterprise,



MORE INTENSE LOYALTY.

KIND LADY: "Here, you boys, just leave the poor kid alone. What yer mean teasing 'im like that—en' why don't yer let 'im put his shirt in?"

BOLGER '099: "Please, missus 'e sez 'e's a Boer, en' we're makin' 'im show the white flag!"

and we shall get part of our reward by a free-handed allotment of commissions in the Imperial army among that large and fast-increasing section of our rising youth, who prefer sport of any kind, even man-killing, to prosaic work.

The soldiering industry is going to be a big thing in Australia. This will presently be a veritable nation of swashbucklers, and on the hat-rack of every club you will presently see hung the swords of 40 amateur colonels. No wonder you find men flocking to the Jingo standard on the terms offered—£s. 6d. a day with rations, prospective pension, free passage to a new country; and then in the case of at least one section of the volunteers it is held out that the widow of any man killed is to get a life-pension of £3 a week. Now, many a married man goes to the war for the sake of peace, and because he would rather face the Boers than the missus. In view of the £3 a week pension to widows, a sinister feature of the Contingent movement will be the amount of encouragement received by men from their wives to go forth and aid in the expansion of the Empire. So far as mere money goes, many a widow with £150 annual pension will be a lot better off when hubby is in Heaven than ever she was during his stay on earth. And as to the contingenters' pay—few station-hands get 31s. 6d. weekly as a regular thing, and their existence is dull-brown indeed compared with the life of a military hero with a baton in his knapsack.

The voters of Australia, like those of England, as yet know very little about the rights and wrongs of the Transvaal war, and when they be-

come enlightened they will be angry, and ashamed of themselves. They will find that Chamberlain, the man by whom England has been deceived and dragged into this unholy conflict, is too deeply concerned in huckstering ever to effectively pose as a disinterested statesman. Apart from the smell-fishiness of his connection with Jameson-Rhodes it came out last year that in the Nigeria Company (East Africa), which lately received from the British Govt. nearly a million of money for abrogating nothing but duties which it had shown itself unfit to perform, he and his brother, Arthur Chamberlain, held a 30th of the shares, and they drew their £30,000 from the Imperial Treasury while Colonial Secretary Chamberlain was still in office!

The so-called Patriotism of this war-drunken moment floods the country over with a morass of literary slush. Look at the "poems" inspired here and elsewhere by the prevailing fanaticism—heavy, thick, stupid, suggestive of the dull, oozy flow of Yarra in the days of its supreme stench. The prose is no better; it is degradingly dull, feeding popular hatred and intolerance with the cheapest cant. And the drama—ye gods! the drama of popular modern patriotism—what a fearful thing to any man who has outgrown the clannish instincts of the tailed ape! To be sure all human sentiments have been productive of literary rot, but mawkish twaddle and screaming folly may be abused and ridiculed wherever found excepting only in the patriotic ballad, the patriotic drama, or the patriotic press. Patriotic rot is Sacred.

Printed in a Natal paper that an English surgeon counted nine dead Dutch women in the trenches at Colenso, and that among the same doctor's wounded were many Boer boys of from 13 to 16 years; also that several Boer prisoners appeared to be considerably over 70 years of age; one claimed to be 76, and another had on him his marriage-certificate dated 1838.

Dear BULLETIN.—Re family addition and

subtraction theory lately referred to in Melb. by an archbishop and a judge. My nurse-girl—a respectable truthful child—gives me the following facts. Her father (churchgoer and staunch tee-totaller) mother and eleven vulgar fractions live in a 4-roomed house in Carlton. Four girls, eldest 16, and four boys, eldest 18 years of age, sleep in one room—former on bed, latter on floor. Parents and remainder of the long division occupy other bedroom. Third apartment used as kitchen, dining-room, etc. Fourth uninhabitable for reasons that I am willing to communicate verbally when no one is about. My advice to those about to marry is—well, I will communicate it verbally also when there are even less people about than when I am communicating the other thing.—CARLTON.

There is talk of raising in Melbourne a monument to the Victorian soldiers who have fallen in South Africa, "like that raised to the Guards who died in the Crimea." It is not a good thing, from the "Patriotic" point of view, to bring up the Crimean parallel just now. John Bright was once walking up Waterloo Place, where the Guards' monument is, with his young son, who asked what was the meaning of the word "Crimea" carved on the stone. Bright replied: "A crime."

One potent factor in the present war-delirium is that Australia lacks and yearns for heroes of the sensational sort. The want is now to be supplied by the slaughter, in a foreign land and in the unholy cause of Greed, of many of our best and bravest, and already there are public monuments to the dead. *Apropos* of which, there came to San Francisco the other day a ship laden with the trophies of war—just such another war as the South African one. On the decks were sick and wounded men; in the hold were 600 confined corpses of American soldiers.

At Port Adelaide Police Court the other day a man was ordered to contribute towards the maintenance of his illegitimate child, named Sir Redvers Charles Buller Cecil Jameson Rhodes. And there is announced in a Q. country paper the death of Tugela Modder Spionkop Gaussmann, aged 6 weeks. No wonder!

Justice Hodges' three death-sentences at one court is far from being the Australian record that people try to make out. The first recorded executions—not mere sentences—in Vic. were two batches of three each, while Sydney has hanged nineteen in one morning.

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IN A GALLERY.

HE: "Fine portrait, that of Mrs. Smithbrown."

SHE: "Nonsense! I'll admit she's handsome, but she's ever so much older than the artist makes her seem. What is the reason?"

HE: "Well, you see, he was such a young artist."

"The Absent-minded Beggar" removes "kid" out of the slang dictionary. The clergy—such is the force of transmuting genius—will even ask: "Who are the parents of this kid?" in Holy Baptism. And when the Duchess of Abercorn shows her baby, the Duchess of Buccleuch will exclaim—"Oh, what a lovely kid!"

The Chairman of the N.S.W. Bushmen's Contingent, DAILY TELEGRAPH President J. Randal Carey, erstwhile captain in a Maoriland squad of volunteer cavalry, has been raised to the rank of "Major" of N.S.W. Reserve of Officers, as a tentative reward for services rendered; but bigger things are looked for. In its issue of 21st inst., the D.T. contained a leader entitled "The 'Honor' Market," which, while severely slating the unprincipled who buy titles with cash, points out that the title won by real service belongs to a different category, and, referring to the benefactors of their race, concludes:

Titling (sic) such men is the only way by which a grateful nation can show its appreciation of their merits, and the snobbery of the one who superciliously refuses the token of gratitude thus tendered, is more offensive than that of the purchaser of an "honor" who merely gratifies a harmless vanity, whereas the other man offers a needless insult to public generosity.

Coming events cast their shadows before!

By the way, THE BULLETIN doesn't remember to have seen two members of any Australian Government knighted in one act. To whom, then, will the one knighthood reserved for N.S.W. Ministry go on next Queen's birthday? To Premier Lyne, or to his outrageously Jingo Minister of Defence? Or will it go to the erstwhile professed democrat O'Sullivan?

A Wellington (M.L.) magistrate recently expressed surprise "that a man who had just undergone three months' imprisonment for vagrancy, should have been able to obtain a license as a wharf-porter." Quite so. Instead of going to work for a living the abandoned miscreant should have remained a vagrant—and thus have qualified for another three months. Else what are magistrates for?

"C.M.G.": Melbourne papers have been quoting, with delight, the opinion of a Boer parson that the world is flat, as a proof of the ghastly ignorance of the Boer and his inability to govern himself. Found on the table in a local public library the same day the monthly journal of a Victorian society which lives, breathes, and has its being solely for the purpose of convincing the world that it is as flat as a pancake.

"Thorold": To supplement "Griffith" on vaccination. During 14 days' quarantine I diligently sounded the health-officials. They variously professed to hold inoculation good against small-pox for three, five, and seven years, but stipulated that anyone unvaccinated within the 12 months preceding quarantine should fester. Many of the Transvaal refugees by the Nineveh had been lanced a few months previously, but had to go through the grievous process again, and the old gentleman who fathered the outbreak bore the marks of an efficient vaccination, undergone six weeks before developing small-pox.

In a Melb. suburb, one recent night, a respectable married couple experienced a great shock on finding a total stranger in their bed, snoring violently, when they returned from a visit to a relative. It was about 11 o'clock, and there was evidence that the intruder had burst in through the kitchen door, and gone straight to bed, "just as if he belonged." In the first glad burst of surprise the respectable couple seem to have raised the neighborhood, and friends flocked in to investigate, and to admonish the intruder, who had gone to roost in his hat. The unknown was sleeping very noisily, too, and the malt-house atmosphere that enveloped him suggested that he had been drunk nine times since breakfast. When several gentlemen tried to wake him he snorted like a galled ox, and muttered vague generalities about Amelia and small domestic affairs. Once, in a lucid interval, he said, "Ninglishmanish shome ish cashle," and arose spiritedly, and felled a total stranger with the wash-basin, but he went to bed again at once, and eventually the neighbors had to drag him out into the street by his collar, where the law intervened. He was quietly fined one crown as a plain drunk next morning, on account of respectable connections, and an absence of vengeful intention on the part of the respectable couple whose bed he had embezzled.

Some members of N.S.W. Mounted Rifles, writing from S. Africa, state that they are often for days at a stretch unable to find time to take off their clothes, also that they are continuously in the saddle. The consequence is that their riding-breeches are sadly out of repair. One member declares that as he could not take off said articles, which had resented the constant usage and left of their own accord in small pieces and at different times, and he has been compelled to commandeer an old pair from a dead Boer. Many others are adopting his plan to escape charges of indecency, so dead Boers are at a premium, and there is an additional inducement for the M.R. to kill Boers. Fortunately, a lady much interested in the reputation of the corps is making an effort to send clothing to the men at the front, though they want it a great deal more at the back.

What member of N.S.W. Labor-party—they are the abstemious party in Parliament—will earn the honor of compelling a list of defaulters to the refreshment-bar of the House to be published? The list to go back, say, five years, and to show only the names of men now members of Assembly and Council. If the Labor-party won't compel the list to be produced, no other person or party will, and according to well-grounded reports the public will go on standing treat without knowing it.



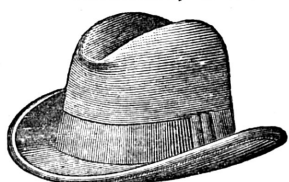
AT THE CONTINGENT SEND-OFF.

Herr Winckler, hearing that his loyalty was impugned, and that some of his customers were going to boycott his store, resolved to show that his loyalty was as genuine as anybody else's.

One of the chaplains of the second Victorian contingent for South Africa ranks as Major and draws £1 9s. 6d. per day, or £538 per annum.

DAVID JONES & COMPANY,

MERCERS, HATTERS, and GENERAL OUTFITTERS.



SOFT FRAME FELT HAT.
7/6, 8/6, 10/6, 12/6.

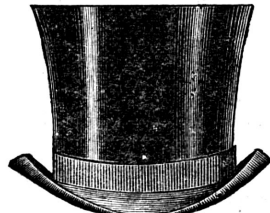


STRAW HATS.
2/9, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6.

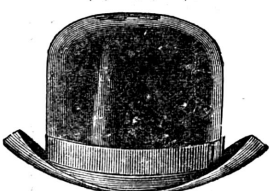
AUSTRAL TROPICAL HELMETS—10/6, 12/6.

IMPORTERS OF
HIGH-GRADE ENGLISH & AMERICAN
FELT HATS, NECK WEAR,
UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.

DAVID JONES & COMPANY,



PARIS HAT.
21/-, 22/6, 25/-



HARD FELT HAT.
8/6, 10/6, 12/6.

George & Barrack
Streets, SYDNEY.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

AUSTRALASIAN DEPARTMENT,
COMPANY'S BUILDING, MARTIN PLACE.

SYDNEY, 19th February, 1900.

I have the honor to submit the following advance Statement of the business of this Company for the year ending December 31st, 1899, rendered approximately according to the requirements of the British Board of Trade, and showing the gains over the year 1898:—

STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1899.

Assets Exceed	£61,980,000	Increase over previous year, £4,994,923
Contingent Guarantee Fund and Divisible Surplus Exceed	£10,293,000	Increase over previous year, £1,163,907
Premium Income Exceeds	£8,657,000	Increase over previous year, £381,547
Total Income Exceeds	£12,932,000	Increase over previous year, £815,733
Death Claims Exceed	£3,293,000	Increase over previous year, £593,657
Payments to Policyholders Exceed	£5,540,000	Increase over previous year, £468,972
New Business Paid for Exceeds	£34,752,000	Increase over previous year, £9,303,451
Insurance in Force Exceeds	£216,153,000	Increase over previous year, £13,872,307

The Conversion Rate in use by The Mutual Life is more stringent than in any other Company, being \$4.87 to the pound sterling. If the Rate \$4.80 were used the Assets, instead of appearing as above-stated, would amount to £62,884,000, and the amount of Insurance in Force to £219,306,000.

Z. C. RENNIE, General Manager.

The Absent-minded craze is beginning to grow aggressive. We had Trilby tea-sets, toilet-ware, &c. Now a George-street (Sydney) shop is exhibiting cushions made of the Union Jack, and ticketed "Absent-minders." And the public is cordially invited to buy them and sit on the flag of Old England.

Letter recently received by a Sydney

State school teacher when enrolling a new pupil:

Please Mr. —, Francis age is 8 years old and 9 months of Perspiration Religion. I am Mrs. Blank.



An unmarried male correspondent who has a infant, or at least shouldn't have one, sends along the following "Advice to a Baby":—

Cry if a pin is hurting you. If a pin isn't hurting you now you may as well cry all the same, for one is sure to hurt you.

Cry when you are of lying in your cot, for papa will get out of bed and carry you about. He thinks (erroneously of course) that anything is better than a crying baby.

Cry when you are hungry; for it is the squealing pig that gets fed, and your mother will get you something to eat; she always finds your father most fretful when he is hungry; and he is only a baby of larger growth.

Cry when you want something to do; for there is not much music in the world at once so cheap and satisfying; and though you are only a baby you should do your best to enliven human existence.

Most people are trying to make a noise in the world. Then you try; for nature has been good to you in this respect, and blessed you with capabilities beyond your elders. Keep your parents in subjection from the very beginning. Never give way to them. Insist on instant and unquestioning obedience. It is the golden rule for the management of parents; and the only way to make life a pleasure.

Sleep during the day (when your mother has a few hours to watch over you) then you will be able to lie awake during the night and cry; and to give her more time in which to think of you. For she loves to think of you, and you owe her all the cheap and innocent pleasure which you can give her.

A few hours' practice in crying, will, if you are a girl baby, be very useful to you in after years, when you are a woman and want something badly, and want to get it with little trouble.

Do not keep in one position for long at a time; for it may grow into a habit with you to lie in one position, and in after years you will find it convenient to lie in any position.

Do not be in a hurry to grow older—for age brings few things better than a love of milk and sleep and music. And you have that love and can gratify it.

"Melb.": St. Mary's R.C. Church, opened the other Sunday, is almost the architectural gem of Australia. Card. Moran surprised people by reading his sermon. What a little bit of a voice he has, coming out of a mouth made up to whistle! So few could hear his arid disquisition that must be pronounced a total failure, from the oratorical standpoint.

A Melbourne jingo re-named his house a month or two ago "Buller's Retreat"—it was the leafy kind of place that one naturally calls a retreat, and he meant no harm. But the paint was hardly dry on the new name before Buller started retreating, and then the friends of that house-owner saw pre-meditated insult in the name, and called him all sorts of traitors.

At Jenolan Caves (Xmas, 1885) there were more visitors than the accommodation house would hold, so we gave the inside of the premises to the ladies and camped everywhere. In the morning a lady lifted up a corner of her bedroom blind to admire the sunrise and have her finer feelings harrowed by the red gleams of the dawn upon the mountains. She found a face looking in at her—a chalk-white, distorted face with a mouth drawn sideways, a look of struggle and striving in the eyes, and a foam upon the lips. In one up-lifted hand was a razor. Her shriek blew down three stalactites in the caves, and we all raced round the corner to the rescue. And there we found a very deaf old city gentleman who mildly complained that it was "hard enough to shave in a window-pane without women spoiling the reflection by lifting up the blind."

"E.M.S." writes to the dailies, urging the sacrifice of one-quarter of Hyde Park, Sydney, for the purposes of a railway-station, on the ground that the revenue derived therefrom by way of rent from Govt. would plant and decorate the other three-fourths, provide for the playing of bands, etc., etc. Bands playing amid the roar of traffic, the clanging of bells, and the shrieking of steam-engine whistles! Which sordid proposal is quite on a level with the scheme to grab a big hunk of the Domain foreshore for the construction of wharves. Verily there is no sacrilege too brutal for the trader with an axe to grind.

"Yucca": Travelling on N.S.W. railway recently I threw aside a magazine I had been reading. Man near me asked for it to give to a gateman on the line ahead. I showed interest and it was explained that said gateman, when a porter, had been fearfully injured some years ago. After being stilted and nailed and rivetted and silver-plated, the recklessly-generous commissioners gave their servant, who had been mangled in their employ, a billet as gatekeeper at 7s. 6d. a week. He has a wife. (Imagine two honest persons trying to live on three half-crowns a week, even when their two-roomed humpy is rent-free!) After a time gateman petitioned commissioners, and they added another half-crown. Hours 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

A confession made by the prisoner related that she had come to Melbourne on 15th January with her child. . . . had 2s. in her possession, and vainly tried to get accommodation at the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. At both places she was informed that they did not take in women with babies. . . . She eventually managed to get a night's shelter at a place in Bourke-street for 1s. 6d. On leaving there in the early morning, in an absolutely distressed condition, she walked across Princes Bridge and wandered up and down the bank of the river. She finally undressed her baby, and let it drop gently into the river and left without waiting to see whether it sank or not.—(The case of MARGARET HEFFERNAN at Melb. Crim. Court.)

Let us sing in simple Fashion
Of the good old Moral ban
Which befalls unmarried woman
Who is "guilty" with a man;
If his pleasant evil passion
Prove her nature merely human,
Heaven help the careless woman
Born to suffer for a man!

Though the preacher at the minster
Likened Heaven to a child
There's no mercy for the mother
Who was easily beguiled.
If she bear the brand of "spinster,"
So her shame she's apt to smother,
For 'tis he—I to be the mother
Of a love-begotten child.

Should she ask a pious sister
For a shelter in her need
Well, the Church's scowling daughter
Turns an ear which doesn't heed;
Then with no one to assist her,
And no money to support her,
She drops "shame" into the water,
And we shudder at the deed.

Still the parson and the Abbé
Preach of Mary Magdalene,
And we laud our absent brother
Potting Dutchmen "for the Queen,"
Whilst the spinster kills her babbie
(One crime's kinder than the other)
Just because its weeping mother
Sinned the sin of Magdalene.

Abandoned lawyer Grey's property at Geelong was sold by auction last week. Fifteen acres of expensive garden, together with a house suited to a person of Grey's advanced tastes, went for £2600 the lot, whilst 10a. of paddock, for which the missing 'bezzler had paid £76 per acre five years ago, were knocked down for a third of the money. Grey seems to have not even troubled to make good personal investments with his clients' boodle.

It is now proposed to erect a monument over the graves of the murdered Murphys, at Gattin (Q.), and subscriptions are invited. It is usual for papers, &c., to be placed under such like



WAR NEWS.

Mrs. Jones gets word that her husband has fallen at the front!

masses of stone, and the Q. Govt. should plant the Police Commission report there.

During the present Australian war-drunk a sharp eye should be kept on the qualifications of the men seeking army-commissions. A few years ago a young man offered himself as a gunner for a local artillery corps, but (though acceptance of men physically fit is only a matter of form) was rejected as deficient in common intelligence. Six months later, however, when at a review, the

sergeant who had recommended said rejection encountered a splendid costume, with much gold lace and gorgeous epaulettes, and was astounded to recognise within it the would-be gunner—now a full-blown lieutenant. And this man—rejected as hopelessly incompetent for a common gunnership—is now a major! How's it worked?

The horrors of war. Lieut. Roberts (Vic.) just killed at Rensburg, describes a visit to a Boer farmhouse. After searching the place he emerged to find one of his men with a Boer girl on each arm, kissing them vigorously. "The girls could not speak English," naively concludes Roberts, "but they seemed quite friendly."

Why not call the Bushmen's Brigade "The Clancys?"

"S. the W." from Melbourne:—

Two married men of the "Bushmen" told me flat that they were going for pay not for patriotism, and that they swore they were single. You see there is a revival of prosperity in Victoria.



STICKING TO HIS KOPJE.

EDITOR: "What do you mean by spelling Boer with a small b all through this Transvaal article?"

COMP.: "Don't the article itself distinctly state that the Boers must be kept down?"

News of an affectionate family comes from Maoriland. A man had died in hospital, and, after he had been duly coffined, his brother called. The hospital authorities, thinking the brother wanted a last fond look at his late relative, offered to unscrew the coffin and let him gaze once more on the lineaments of the departed. The bereaved one accepted the offer thankfully, and the coffin was opened. Then the live brother struck the dead one with great vigor on the head and cursed.

BALLADE OF A BOX OF CIGARS.

What do you see when the lid's upturn'd?

Fifty angels, lying in line;

Fifty martyrs, fain to be burn'd;

Fifty maids, for a match who pine.

Let poets prate of the breath of kine;

As for me, I could easily fill a

Book with the praise of the scent divine,

The blue-white breath of an old Manila!

Fortune's gifts I have lightly spurn'd;

Fate is stern—I never repine;

From Love and Letters and Art I've turned,

For these may fade and their charms decline;

But she for ever young shall shine,

My goddess: eadem semper illa;

Age cannot stale her fragrance fine,

The blue-white breath of an old Manila!

Where shall I go when my rest is earn'd?

To heaven my hopes do not incline,

For there they allow, I have lately learned,

Neither cigars nor old port-wine.

I shall hang (in the Zodiac) a sign:

To Let, in Heaven, a Furnished Villa;

Then back to this old arm-chair of mine

And the blue-white breath of an old Manila!

Poet! The sounding verse is thine,

But of grace or of fancy no scintilla,

Unless thou hast viewed the Maidens Nine

Thro' the blue-white breath of an old Manila!

NICK O'TEEN.

The W.C.T.U. at Auckland, M.L., recently passed a resolution "in favor of raising the age of consent to 21 years." But why not, in that case, to 31?

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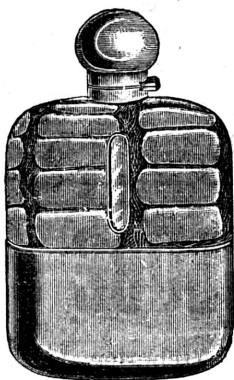
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A WOMAN'S LETTER.

Sydney, February 27, 1900.

My DEAR MYEE,—

An immense success was the Patriotic Sports Meeting last Wednesday. Fifty thousand people, upwards of £2000.

By the way, St. Vincent's Hospital Charity Ball had to adjourn the meeting last week as nobody turned up to assist.

To return to the Sports, everybody you can imagine was there. Edith Crane was a disillusion in a weird dress modelled on our Lancers' regimentals. She wore a short, bright brown skirt, a Norfolk jacket piped with bright red, a big felt man's hat, and her hair in a knob of curls at the back. A most trying get-up, and I am still wondering what induced her to do herself such an injustice. Seen in the daylight without a veil she looked pallid and worn. But her bones are beautiful; in the contour of her chin lies the charm. She sold badges for the Fund rather nervously. Actresses seem somehow to flinch at the sight of a day-time crowd. I remember Henrietta Watson, at the Hospital Fair, musing that she could act all day and all night for a charity, but she couldn't sell a picture-frame.

In the tea-rooms, crowds of Society girls helped to complicate the problem of how to get a cup of tea. The business done here was colossal. That fact—and, of course, that fact only—made the sale of Premier Lyne's photographs at the tea-counter seem a little unnecessary. Someone picked up a photo, and examined it curiously. "See, 'Arriet, ere's Kruger," I heard her telling her companion.

As for the sports themselves, they were more details beside the crowds. The Chinese were the great attraction. After them, the Bushmen, whose riding and jumping kept at least twenty thousand people dumb with admiration for about an hour. And for those who couldn't see anything, there was always a girl selling cigars, badges, button-holes, or souvenirs, or a dog going round with a money-box.

Which reminds me of what happened on a North Shore ferry-boat the other day. Little boy with a box: "Giss a penny for the pyretotic fund." Nasty old gent: "What lolly-shop are you going to spend it at, my boy?"

And still the "colonial" twangeth its admonition to "Pie, pie, pie." At the Tivoli—pardon, the Criterion—Harry Rickards is joined every night by all his gods, who shout away, led on by Harry, with all the long stops out on all the i's and the places where there are no i's, legitimately. Oh, Kipling, Kipling, "thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done!" Why couldn't you have made it "Give, give, give," or something equally pronounceable, and suitable to our particular climate?

Thousands again at the Bushmen's review on Saturday. There were some large women in the Royal Box that one didn't know. Also, there was Major Lee in a gold-braided cap looking curiously like Col. Spalding with his face flattened. Most of the dresses would have suggested alarming sacrifices, but what a number of lovely girls, the pick of the bush as well as the town! Fortunately, the wind blew the right way, as the mounted men made a miniature dust-storm each time they passed. The men looked really splendid, and the horses, with notable exceptions, are a great lot for the work. About half-a-dozen dogs kept trotting past for the pleasure of hearing folks say "there's Bushie," and one small pup got in the way of a horse's foot, and retired howling. To my mind, the strangest thing was that the mounted men had no arms—no rifle, sword, or anything, just their bronzed cheeks and the uniforms. The poor infantry had to stand still in the dust until the horseman had gone off to hunt for Boers in the bush beyond, but they marched splendidly when they did come to the front, though unfortunately most of the audience by then had rushed the camp to see if the men had clean sheets, &c., in their tents. Oh, and the back-jumping! First of all the mounted men went past in single file, and one horse played up opposite the stand and came down with his rider, who thereupon took off his spurs and got up again. He was a hero, for some thousands of folks were watching him. By the way, "busses took you from the tram to the ground and back—fare 2d. if you had two coppers, but 3d. if you wanted change. That's a veritable woman's item, eh?"

The story goes that a most delightful, amusing, gay and new way of paying old debts has been invented by a smart Sydney so-so-city woman, who is too hard-up to help being ingenious. She gives a little informal dinner, and asks Mrs. Somebody-Smith among others. When dinner is over, and the ladies are alone in the drawing-room, she glides gracefully up to Mrs. Somebody-Smith and begins a nice little homely, unaffected conversation about household affairs. By-and-by, she remarks, "Oh, I have such a very good butcher. I don't suppose you noticed, but really his meat is beautiful." "Oh, yes, I did notice," says Mrs. Smith, who feels like old times in this well-thawed sort of talk. "Well, he's Jones, of Green-street, and I can compare him to nothing but a perfect treasure. Do try him." "I want to change my butcher," says Mrs. Smith, reflectively, as if that wasn't what every woman wants to do. "I will—I will try him." "So glad—sure you'll like him."

Two days later hostess steals round to Jones's in Green-street. "Good morning, Mr. Jones. By the way, has Mrs. Somebody-Smith given you her custom?" "Yes 'm, came this morning." "Oh, well, see here, I sent her to you. Very big custom hers." "Oh, right, mum—er—er—your haccout can stand hover for the present, mum."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones. Good morning." And that's how she does it.

Among other distinguished people gone Home this month is "The Queen of Sheba." Is anyone sorry? Will anyone miss her? To Sydney's credit, let it be said that whenever there was a crowd round that picture, as there has not been for a very long time, you would always hear—"What a lovely frame!" The Corporation of London has sent to borrow that lovely frame (item, the picture), which is to be hung at a representative English art exhibition in the Guild Hall next May.

Henry the 5000 or so was revived on Saturday night at "Her Majesty's." The house was like Rignold's palmy, limelit days all over again—crowded in all parts. And never, probably, in Rignold's long stage career, has "Once more unto the breach, dear friends," been invested by his audience with so much meaning. The house saw lyddite and dum-dum and shrapnel in every war-like line, and cheered it to the echo. In the new caste is pretty Miss Lena Bransch, a Sydney girl, whose Oriental beauty has figured on local canvas more than once. She played the ingenue in Mrs. Brown-Potter's "Francillon," but I have never seen her in anything since. Now she figures as a boy. Emilie Hughes and Linda Raymond show an improved acquaintance with make-up. The fair Linda, who used to over-redden and over-whiten herself as Dacia, is now acquiring quite a big reputation for good looks. Miss Hughes draws herself up excellently as Queen Katherine, but one's old longing to break the stick in her speech is as strong as ever.

Speaking of peculiar intonations. Alice Deorwyn—Mrs. Charles Holloway—carries affectation to the point of absurdity, and yet her daughter, little Alice Holloway with the red gold hair, is as natural a stage-child as Sydney has ever seen. Her sweet, clear voice never even develops into a shout. She is said to be an excellent mimic, and often amuses her mother by taking off the mother's miming talk.

Re thespians. Everyone has been startled lately to hear that a quite-recently married actress is already trying to break the bonds between her and her heavily-gilded English husband.

As good as a play in its way was the sale of Wentworth pictures and furniture at Lawson and Caro's auction rooms last Monday. One of the biggest bidders was the fascinating Mrs. Mitchell. Attired in black, with a big black hat covered with sweeping feathers, she and her sister, Miss Rose Gore, came down in person, dazzled the roomful of dealers and curio-hunters, and made their own selections carefully. One of Mrs. Mitchell's purchases was a "Holy Family," after Raphael, which she bought for twenty guineas. Most of her pictures inclined to the sacred and the large—Madonnas, Maddeenas, Adorations, and so forth. As it is persistently rumored that she and her two children are going to make a lengthy visit to London shortly, one can understand better why she turns "Longwood," her new house at Darling Point, into a Chamber of Horrors. The idea obviously is that knowing they are at home she will be so much the happier abroad. The wildest imagination cannot depict that mercurial widow dining happily among the oil paintings that the catalogue describes as "from the dining-room."

The sale was a humming success. Everything was sold. China, particularly, was eagerly snatched at. One enthusiast gave £24 for two bits of Chamberlain Worcester cracked to pieces. The pictures, be it said, are weird reminders of what people with money like to buy. They were collected on the Continent certainly, but that only deepens the anguish that will arise at the thought of bringing them all that long, long way.

By the way it is only 23 years since William Charles Wentworth was given a public funeral in Sydney. But such is fame! Every now and then a woman would roam up to an auctioneer and ask curiously: "Where's Mr. Wentworth going? Is he going Home?" "No, madam, he *has* come there," the aggravated man replied to one of them.

Writes my Melbourne correspondent:—"The yarn has gone the rounds that Janet Lady Clarke has been scared by the near approach of the Collingwood railway into selling her big Melb. mansion for well-hotel purposes. Baronet Clarke, however, vetoed any sale of the property by his will. By the way, the two obsolete Rupertswood guns which used always to be so scrupulously burnished, have rusted badly on the Clieveden doorstep, and the prevailing impression is that they are now merely ornamental dustbins for the early-morning slavey."

"Miss Aileen Rowan is so like the Madden girls, so pink-cheeked and blue-eyed and soft-throated, that most of the papers fell into the error of taking her for one of them at the pro-rogation. Why the august personage brought her niece instead of her daughter was explained in a way by Mrs. Madden's remark to her friends that she looked for Leslie was at Frankston, where she had returned after the Rowan-O'Hara junketings. The fair Ruby is with her sister—Mrs. Harry Osborne—in Sydney. Mrs. Madden wore a silver-grey frock with silver fringe, and a weary air. She is pale and languid these days. Miss Rowan heightened her pinkness by a vivid blush-rose billow silk frock, pearls and white furs being in relief. Mrs. Downes, in a nondescript dress, carried a business-like handbag. Mrs. Donald Mackinnon, who is of the big, bouncing order of beauty, carried off a black voile dress and picture hat.

"At the Council President's recent tea-crush some fashionable told their friends that they were making pyjamas for the 'sweet soldiers.' 'Is

there a back and a front?' they asked large-bosomed mammas, and 'would it be nice to put pockets in them?' Every self-respecting female now carries a pocket scissors and a thimble and a packet of needles in her satchel, or pocket, for one never knows where she may strike a sewing-bee.

"A fashionable Melb. bride, last week, fell into the old mistake of hitching her train too precipitately round the church porch and casting it under a Vandal hoof. This time it was the parental foot that came down sharply on the trailing splendor, pretty well reeling it off the shoulders where it was tacked on. The bonnie heroine, too happy to care what was happening in the rear, tugged the train from its foothold and walked on serenely—one loveknot of blossom and lace the less.

"The Melbourne girl is often said to copy the New York girl in her dress, and she imitates some of her customs as well. She entertains her friends on her own account; sometimes at home, when her mother never appears (it isn't etiquette for the old lady to appear, and no daughter who has brought her parent up properly would allow her to do so); sometimes, if she wishes to include men, at a café. She also affects the 'rockers,' in which she rocks on the verandah with her feet at a considerable elevation, while 'mamma' amuses herself inside, possibly with 'chores.' 'Choers' is a beautiful Americanism which seems to cover everything down to chopping wood.

"A clever Southern matron has all along shown herself capable of taking the measure of Mere Man's boot, whether worn by a pursy peer, a penniless lordling, an ordinary 'nice boy,' or her own hubby. At present, the 'madding crowd' crowns her with fresh laurels on the strength of her alleged share in the successful upshots of the two most interesting love affairs of the season. Picture to yourself as guests under the diplomatist's roof an heiress, a moneyed bachelor, an impetuous belle of the host's clan, and a likeable though by no means wealthy male friend of the hostess' youth. What other woman coping with such a quartette would have been rewarded at last by the engagement of the nice man to the heiress, and of the pretty kinswoman to the fellow with the cash?

"This letter (from a man) which reached me the other day, explains itself:—

I have no opinion of the Melbourne girls who are eccentric. Those who are not so are simply charming. But I want to know your opinion on these points.

1. Is it decent to walk up Collins-street with your hair in curling-pins, at one o'clock? I am not alluding to the undercurrent, but to the *crime-de-la-crème*.

2. Is there no better device than a safety-pin for doing whatever it is put for in the small of the back? I saw one very well-dressed dowager who had a sort of circular brooch set with amethysts planted there and matching her heliotrope dress.

3. Cannot corsets be made so as not to show a Pimssoll mark across the back?

4. Is it lawful to carry the umbrella at the 'Port Arms,' thereby abrading my ear and ruining my temper? It was a titled lady who did this going into the Grand.

"Most country towns have on their outskirts a residence, built by some dead and gone local magnate as an ancestral home for his newly-founded clan. In many cases the frugal ancestor built the roof-tree late in life and, with many years of hark-hut in his soul, did not foresee how soon it would be scorned by his high-stepping descendants, and called a hovel and a dog-kennel. One such rural retreat, to be replaced in the near future by a mansion for the young folks, was in its day the apple of its thrifty owner's eye. That ancient once enjoyed a far-reaching reputation for friskiness, but discarded it and took to churchiness, and it was in the days of his angular piety that he came to build the 'auld house' of to-day. Old residents of that neighborhood still remember their childish woe when the old man rounded them up to listen to his delivery of sermons, and the lifting up of his dreadful voice in hymns, with a view to testing the acoustic qualities of the then new rooms.

Yours affectionately, GOULI-GOULI.

According to N.S.W. Lancer Wood, the horses sent over to South Africa (many of them ex-police nags) "have all got rotten backs" and are well-stricken in years. What does Guerilla Minister See say to this?

A Vic. contingenter has written a letter purporting to describe the shooting at Capetown of R.E. deserter Greener, captured at Magersfontein. Greener probably fancied he had some military secrets for which the benighted foreigner would pay well. Most soldiers have that idea, because they are all taught that their army weapons and system are the best in existence. But when the soldier, like Greener, starts off to put his skill up for sale, he finds that the b.f. doesn't want to buy, having something quite as good of his own. "The miserable creature confessed to having taught the enemy, and to have also fortified the very kopje where the Gordons and Black Watch were so terribly cut up." This was probably only camp gossip, and, in any case, if Greener could teach no more than how to make a trench, he was not worth much. The statements also that he was compelled to dig his own grave, and that the band played the "Rogue's March," are obvious bosh. If a man, in the circumstances, *wouldn't* dig his own grave, what could be done to him except what was already going to be done—kill him! And, as for the band-business, military executions are always carried out with solemnity and decorum.

Officially stated that 1677 British officers and men have to date died of wounds received in the Transvaal war. 396 officers and 5263 men have been wounded, and 171 officers and 2446 men are missing.

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL's war correspondent (Surgeon C. Marsh Beadwell, R.N., with Lord Methuen's force), in issue of Jan. 13, deals with several of the false reports cabled to Australia. Re the Boers and the Red Cross he says:—

There appear to be men whose aim seems to be to under-estimate our losses and to grossly exaggerate the losses of the enemy; men who delight to start tales that stretcher-bearers and ambulance-wagons are fired on by the enemy, &c. I fail to understand their motives. Broad-minded soldiers must see that stretcher-bearers cannot help being shot. No Boers would purposely fire on a Red Cross party, is my belief. The Boer hospital here was struck by shell more than once, and all our ambulance-wagons were struck by their missiles—a pure and unavoidable accident on both sides. Most thoughtful men will agree that the Boers have proved themselves to be brave men, and instances of a violation of the laws of civilised warfare are few and far between.

"In the memory of Scottish men," writes THE BULLETIN's London correspondent, "Magersfontein—the shambles of the 'Black Watch' &c. will rank side by side with the massacre of Glencoe. A letter I have seen from Wauchope to his wife states that for two hours he argued with Methuen against the plan of assault, the final issue being 'General Wauchope, will you obey orders or deliver up your sword?' 'I shall obey orders'—and then the brave old fighter went to the death his written words state he knew there was no escape from. Extraordinary letters from Highlanders are appearing in the papers as a result of the whole 'sacrifice' pointing at almost open mutiny, and Methuen being shot by his men. He may find some who will commiserate him, for his mother was most eccentric, and a near relative is alleged to be under restraint."

"W.G.S." TO THE BULLETIN ON "the slave trade in Rhodesia"—the territory bossed by the British Chartered Co.:—

A person wanting native labor goes to a Govt. office at Bulawayo and pays a fee of £1 and the man is indentured to him for a year. There is a hut-tax of £1 per annum. A Govt. official goes to any kraal where the tax has not been paid, and threatens to levy on the cattle, which in theory all belong to the chief, who is told that he may pay it in labor. This he does, to save the cattle, by forcing a certain number of young men in the kraal to indenture for a year. When this does not suffice the chief is given a small sum of money to provide men, which he does. A gang obtained is marched down to Bulawayo under Govt. supervision. If any black runs away he cannot go back to his kraal, for the chief would not allow him to remain there, and orders him to be whipped if he makes his appearance there before the expiration of the year. Any man of these labor-gangs is flogged if he attempts to escape *en route*. Every black must have a pass, and if found without one he is seized by the police and receives 25 lashes. There is no definite rate of wages. In some cases the hands work for their food or, perhaps, an old shirt or an old pair of trousers. The owner of a gang of black workers, if he has no further need of them, sells them for £1 or 30s. to some one else, the price being dependent upon the period they have still to work. Blacks are sometimes imported. In this case they are bought from some chief—generally for liquor—and when they arrive at Bulawayo or any other Govt. centre, passes for them are bought from the Govt.

Unselfish Patriotism and sordid business are just now so badly mixed in Australia that you really can't disentangle them. Every wide-awake tradesman is busy glueing his little advt. on the Queen and the throne, and propping up his sandwich-board against the British Constitution. The Throne, in fact, is hardly visible now for the advt.s, pasted on it. The other day a firm presented some goods to a departing contingent, and on the strength of the gift several Ministers, three knights, a major-general, some colonels, and many other prominent citizens, gathered at the establishment, and made speeches, and drank toasts, and cheered until the very foundations of the buildings shook. Also every man rose to say that the loyalty of everybody else there present was something incredible, and the public-spirited traders incidentally got more than a column advt. in each of the daily papers. And the advt. didn't stop even there, for next day people read in the evening paper that:—

Two lorries loaded with comforts and luxuries for the Bushmen's Contingent moved off yesterday from the establishment of ——— Co., en route for Kensington camp. The lorries were provided by the well-known carrying firm of ———, free, and were each drawn by four magnificent horses, and were conveyed by a detachment of ten bushies, under Sergeant Weir. The convoy was photographed before the start, and after traversing the principal streets, was halted before ——— and Co.'s establishment, where it was again photographed. The front lorry was hung with over 600 service canteens, filled with ——— blend tea, the gift of ——— and Co. These canteens, which glistened in the sun and made a splendid sight, are a most serviceable combination of billy, strainer, and pannikin, and the gift is greatly appreciated by the bushmen. "The canteens glistened in the sun and made a splendid sight." How sad that the lavish deeds of such nobly generous patriots should be chronicled by so commonplace and uneloquent a reporter! The impotence of the evening scribe on this memorable and ineffably stimulating occasion recalls an "Ode to Cynthia" once written by a necessitous American newspaper poet:—

"All hail thou glorious Moon,
Bright as a new tin can!
Thou fairest, purest, roundest source
Of bread-and-cheese to man."

W. N. WILLIS,

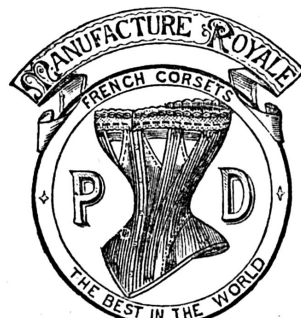
Land and Financial Agent,
25 BLIGH STREET, SYDNEY.

PUBLIC
NOTICE.

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Wholesale Grocers, and the Agents, 150 The
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All Drapers Everywhere.

GLOBE TEAS

have NO Equal.

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The Event of the Month!

Mark Foy's Fair

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Ex-champion sculler Beach, now J.P., took his seat on the bench at Dapto the other day. Cecil Rhodes in appearance is a cross between Pilcher, Q.C., and the late N.S.W. Railway-Commissioner Goodchap.

Prophetic William again :
O Wise, young judge, how
I do honor thee!

By the recent death of pensioner F. L. S. Merewether, in England, M. G. H. Cox is the sole survivor of the N.S.W. Legislative Council of 1863.

The Fitzroy-st. (Sydney) house in which Capt. Summerbell died suddenly last week is pointed out as being the one in which Bertrand murdered Kinder, of the City Bank, in 1866.

Uncle Brassey didn't pay his bills half as promptly as he drew his salary. Worse than that, he seemed to turn nasty when pressed for early settlement. The nastiest turn Uncle ever took was in connection with the "Lelamine" season at the Princess's. Alfred Moulton's opera was in aid of hospitals and things for the first week, and His Ex. booked a private box and a large tract of dress-circle for each of the six nights. Moreover, he came along religiously to see that none of the tickets were wasted, and he led the applause in honor of his supporter, Lord Shaftesbury, who warbled the tenor part. Uncle Brassey, to all appearances, was so thoroughly satisfied with himself and everybody concerned in the matter, that the management half-expected a cheque in addition to the total amount due for vice-regal tickets. But no such burst of generosity took place. When it came to paying up for the seats he had ordered, his Excellency the Governor kept the balance-sheet waiting until he got a fifth or sixth urgent request for cash. Then he replied with a cheque drawn on a London bank, which cost the charity-fund a pretty penny in "exchange."

The ARGUS keeps three-lined cards on its downstairs counter for the use of any outsider wanting to see one of the editorial or reporting staffs. The lines lead off—

Mr.
To see Mr.
Business

The other night a wag filled in one to read "Mr. David Syme, to see Mr. Mackinnon. Business, Amalgamation." The card was not delivered by the messenger.

A wealthy member of N.S.W. Leg. Council was asked recently for a subscription to a fund for the relief of a family, the bread-winner of which had been killed. Said a member of the deputation: "If your name heads the list for £5, we can raise a good round sum." The M.L.C. consented, but he said blandly—"Do you expect me to pay the money?" As they wanted his name, they hesitated, and he helped them out of the difficulty. "I'll give you £1—but you can keep my name down for £5—if it will do you any good." They kept it standing at £5. The fund reached £60.



SUFFERING PATRIOTS.

This is not one of the symptoms of the Bubonic Plague but the results of the "Pay-pay-pay" disease which is rapidly spreading through the singing profession. A half-crown in the eye is worth two on the stage.

The Knopwood relics—letters, books, boxes, pictures, etc.—being collected by Bishop Montgomery of Hobart, will recall a memory of no very ennobling influence to the student of early Australia. That Mr. Knopwood was the first Anglican clergyman in Tasmania—he arrived in 1803 and died in 1836—may make him a specially significant person in Bishop Montgomery's eyes, but that aspect of his life has little public performance.

HALF-SICK PEOPLE Just sick enough to feel heavy-headed, lazy, and shiftless; to have no appetite; to sleep badly; to have what you eat feel like lead in your stomach. Not sick enough to take to bed, or to call a doctor, but sick enough to not know what to do.

RAFFAN'S HEPATIC SULPHUR PILLS
Per post, 1s 3d.
55 ELGIN STREET, CARLTON, MELBOURNE.

COOK'S TOURS
MELBOURNE: 269 COLLINS ST.
SYDNEY: 4 HUNTER ST.
ADELAIDE, AUCKLAND, &c.

Before taking your Tickets to Europe, New Zealand, Tasmania or elsewhere, write for "Travellers' Gazette" and "Sailing List" to THOS. COOK & SON.

Judge Casey gravely informed his Melb. County Court audience, the other day, that Duncan Gillies could not have been the father of the phrase "too thin," for he (Casey) had heard his learned brother, the late Chief Justice Stawell, use the same expression on the Bench. And Stawell probably picked up "too thin" from a Murkan who had inherited it from his grandfather.



"I'M FADING AWAY, JEAN."

J. A. Hill, who came to South Australia with the first printing-press, set-up on Glenelg beach the official proclamation of the new province. He is now 80 years old, and is still in harness as District Council Clerk at Laura (S.A.).

The late A. G. Taylor left one solitary asset of any note when he died. It was a racing pony mare. That has now been sold, and the proceeds handed to his widow. The funeral expenses were voluntarily taken up by Sam Bowen, tailor of Redfern, who had always been a staunch friend of Taylor.

Related of a certain at the time newly-arrived Scotch Australasian Governor that, while strolling through Govt. House grounds, he came suddenly upon the head gardener, also a Scotchman and, needless to say, a very important pairson. The not altogether dormant commercial instincts of His Ex. prompted him to enquire: "And what may your wages be, my man?" The H.G. (stiffly): "Eight and sixpence a day." (He resented the enquiry, and, moreover, he was in the habit of hearing his remuneration called "salary.") But H.E. was too much shocked at the enormity of the amount to notice anything; and, hastily returning to the house, he held a family council, with the result that presently one of his children was despatched to the gardener to enquire if he had not made a mistake, and if his wages were not eight and sixpence per week?

Sydney's dear old apostle John Alex. Dowie has done such good business with his Chicago Church and faith-healing institute that he is sending over a representative to work-up Australasia.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

No. 1.—THE BAKER.

Mr. T. STREATER writes: "I have received so much benefit from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa I feel that I must thank you for it. I am a baker by trade, which, as you know, is very hard work, but I am pleased to say that when I am done of a night I go home and have a cup of your cocoa, and feel quite fresh again, and then I go and enjoy myself. But before I took to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, I used to mess about indoors as tired as could be."

Vi-Cocoa will become a household word amongst us. Prepared from substances of admitted dietetic value, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is at once digestive and refreshing, nutritious and invigorating. This is the secret of its phenomenal success. It seems, so far as we can gather, to agree with everybody, and everybody is agreed in giving it a good name. Apparently it is the accepted beverage of a people who have recognised and appreciated its remarkable health-giving properties. And certainly in this age of rush and worry, wear and tear, when the energies of mind and body are so severely taxed, it is an ideal food.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 269 George-street, Sydney.* As an unparalleled test of merit, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be sent free on application to any address if when writing (a post-card will do) the reader will name THE BULLETIN.*

"T.D.": Mathias Larkin is sleek, but his clothes are rusty, and I doubt the Kidd-like story of his hidden thousands. By the way, the majority of boomsters emerge from gaol apparently years younger, for all their troubles and remorse. There is nothing like a fixed gaol regimen for a man when he gets cumbersome and liverish.

In the early seventies, Levuka, then the capital of Fiji, was by no means a dull place. Mr. D'Arcy Wentworth Lathrop Murray, an amateur lawyer from N.S.W., and also Consul for Hawaii, kept things lively for a time. On one occasion, having quarrelled with the local medico at a midnight revel, a duel to the death was decided on. The combatants, armed with pistols, met at 5 a.m., a few hours after the original obscure cause of disagreement had arisen. The seconds loaded the Consul's weapon with sawdust, and that of the doctor with bullock's blood. "One, two, three—fire!" and Mr. Murray fell back in the arms of his second, with a great blob of blood on his chest. As the hero closed his eyes in what he believed to be the sleep of death, he exclaimed: "Tell my wife I died game! Hurrah for Hawaii!" Then he was carried away and put to bed.

N.S.W. Justice Cohen, now presiding at the libel action—herbalist Kugelmann v. John Norton—was himself once in the patent-medicine line. Ere the study of law engaged his attention he served in the shop of his relatives, David Cohen and Co., of West Maitland, and chiefly in the department where patent-medicines and other light goods were vended. The future Judge started a business of his own later on at Bathurst when a similar class of goods passed through his hands.

"No one in England is a better judge of fashions than the Prince of Wales. His interest in the improvement of male attire is inexhaustible, and it forms his favorite topic of conversation."—London paper.

Come, good Britons, three times three
For our King that is to be!
Albert Edward—August Wales—
Connoisseur of swallowtails;
Past all dubitation best,
Judge of cummerbund or vest;
Eagle-swift to note where hitch is
In the set of courtly breeches;
Subtle student of the spat,
Weighty Hakim of the Hat,
Most infallible of popes
Settling schisms of scents and soaps—
Come, good Britons, three times three
Here's "Our King that is to be!"

Three persons who have gained some notoriety have swum the Hellespont—Leander, Lord Byron and John Norton.

An energetic politician who, in the intervals between standing for Parliament, obtains light temporary employment in one or another of the N.S.W. public offices, enjoys the distinction of having offered his services as secretary to Barton, Kingston, and Dickson successively on their embassy to England, and been rejected by all of them. Deakin got off so hurriedly that there wasn't time to apply in his case.

Sturt, the Melb. P.M., was a bit deaf, but not so deaf as most people imagined. Once, after he had given a decision, Chief-Clerk Campbell muttered from the desk beneath: "You old fool. You ought to be pensioned." Sturt leaned over and said: "Mr. Campbell, you are welcome to your opinion, but please don't give it to the public."

Barrister John Hindmarsh, only son of the first S.A. Governor, offers for sale his father's papers dealing with the foundation of S.A. The irascible Governor was in a position to acquire valuable documents, and seems to have industriously done so. The late Milner Stephen, brother of Alfred Stephen, C.J., married one of Gov. Hindmarsh's daughters, and George Stephen, who lately died in Sydney, was born in S.A.'s first Govt. House.

According to a Johannesburg man in Melbourne, we have only had one satisfactory picture of Kruger in Australia, and that was supplied by Ambrose Manning when he appeared with Barrett as "Father Christmas" in "The Silver King." That was Oom Paul as he lives, breathes, and has his being. With a pipe and a Dutch brogue added, Manning could give the whole Empire a thrill by falling into Buller's hands just now.

The fact that the statue of Cromwell—recently erected in the garden enclosure of the House of Commons—was uncovered without formality by some workmen in accordance with the fitness of things. When we consider the fuss which would have been made over the image of some royal nonentity or civic mediocrity, not to have made a distinction in this case would have been an insult to the memory of the greatest Englishman of all time.

T. R. Dudley, the Sydney sail-maker who died last week of alleged bubonic plague, underwent a terrible experience some 15 years ago. Barrister Want, the Q.C. of to-day, bought in England the yacht Mignonette, which Capt. Dudley undertook to deliver at Sydney. The yacht foundered, and Capt. Dudley, another man and a boy took to the dingy where they starved until the boy was killed and eaten.

M.L. Chief-Justice Stout has passed his first death-sentence—on a man who had murdered two of his own children. Though the C.J. has ever posed as a "red-hot atheist," he nevertheless, in sending the convict to the gallows, used the formula, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul"—which, as has been frequently pointed out, is no part of the death-sentence; its omission would in no way invalidate the warrant which the Judge has afterwards to sign.

The chief directors of the leading gold-companies of the Rand, to further enrich whom British blood is being poured out in rivers: Wernher, Beit, Eckstein, Rhodes, Rudd, Neumaun, Rothschild, Albu, Goetz, Rouliot, Farrar, Barnato, Robinson. Three English names out of the lot. Beit is reputedly worth 200 millions sterling—is said to be as rich as Standard-oil Rockefeller.

Henniker Heaton is reported to have asked for and been refused a K.C.M.G. at the New Year's distribution of titles. If the rumor be true, then Heaton is at last growing modest. But this is true—that Heaton has bought an estate in County Wicklow, Ireland, and he lately overtured for the purchase of a portion of the Lakes of Killarney. The position of a landed gentleman is his new ambition.

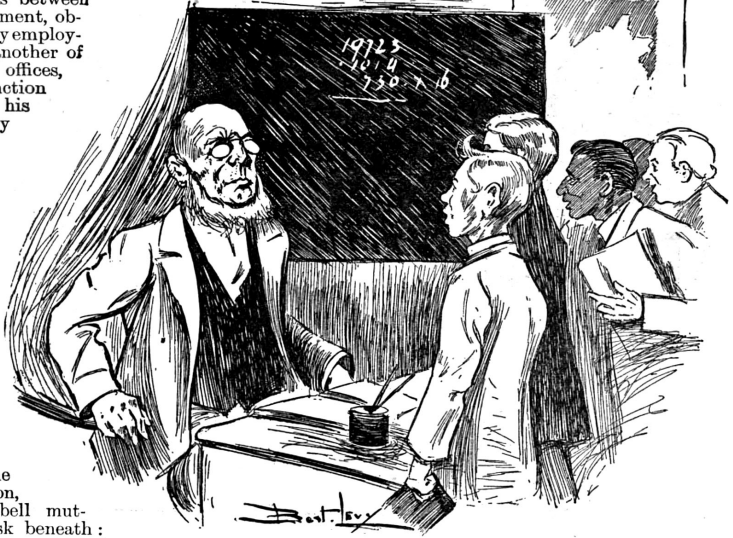
Marquis of Lorne, the inferior versifier with the long hair, who has been nominated for the first Governor-Generalship of Australia, suggests that a corps of Highland shepherds armed with collie dogs might be useful in South Africa these times. The business of the dogs would be to run around and smell the Boer entrenchments, and though they would invariably get shot as soon as they barked, or earlier, the faithful animals would enjoy all the satisfaction of dying for the Empire.

The Canadian Premier, it is cabled, has accused Sydney's old friend Major-General Hutton, of "insubordination, indiscretion, and ignoring the authority of the Minister of Defence." Which is all true on the face of it. The Major-General was a fine fellow, who, in N.S.W., was always insubordinate, always indiscreet, and always ignored Ministers of Defence as ignorant and pretentious amateurs.

This paper is willing to bet that the Boers are already quite tired of "Smiler" Hales if they took him to Pretoria. "Smiler" has probably started a weekly sheet already, and is giving Kruger "particular Sheol," and by this time the dynamite monopoly will have been completely exposed. Any day may come the intimation that "Smiler" has been offered an honorarium of £1000 not to be captured any more.

Edgar Leopold Layard, C.M.G., who died a few weeks back, aged 75, had a varied colonial career. Formerly in Ceylon Civil Service, he afterwards accompanied Hori Grey to S. Africa and Maoriland as private secretary. Later, he acted as arbitrator at the Cape under the slave trade suppression treaties. Next he figured as a Consul in Fiji, where he was disfigured for life by a horrible accident. In 1889 he finally retired from the position of Consul at Noumea. Layard was a scholarly gentleman, and had done good work in his time—for which others generally annexed the credit.

The story of how A. G. Taylor fought his case is told by Phil. Mennell of the BRITISH AUSTRALASIAN. He met Taylor on the morning of the hearing of the case. "A.G." was dressed in a pair of pants, singlet and macintosh buttoned up. Said Mennell to him: "What about your case this morning?" "Not going near the place,"



THE TWO EMINENCES.

TEACHER: "Name the two highest eminences in Australia."

CHORUS OF BOYS: "Mount Kosciusko and"—(hesitation).

TEACHER: "And what?"

LITTLE MICKEY KINNANE: "Cardinal Moran, sir!"

was the answer. Mennell took the position in at once. "Have a drink, old man," he said. Both adjourned to the first pub, where Taylor swallowed half a bottle of brandy. "I feel better, Phil," he remarked. "Have some more," suggested Mennell. "Two more" set the patient "right." Then they retired to Taylor's lodgings, and Mennell brought him out, clothed and in his proper mind. Alcoholicly fortified he went into the Privy Council Chambers and by speech and argument drew from Lord Selborne compliments such as have rarely been paid by the Bench to the legal abilities of any layman.

SUNLIGHT OIL CAKE
FOR ALL STOCK AND POULTRY.
LEVER BROS. Ltd., Sydney.

Dr. M. MACKENZIE'S THROAT LOZENGES
Are being Imitated.

Be SURE that the address on the Label is LEADENHALL-ST., LONDON.

Sole Agent for Australasia: C. E. Newman
KING-ST., SYDNEY.

Aboriginalities.

A BUSH GRAVE.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

Rough palings fenced it round,
And on the mound
Tufts of coarse grass upspring.
No lily hung
In sorrow its pale head;
No rose blood-red
Showed love had shed a tear;
No cypress drear
Lent its funeral pall;
But gum-trees tall
Waved their great arms on high
With moan and sigh,
Above the lonesome bed
Where lay the dead.
Yet though he lies obscure,
His lineage pure,
His noble form and mien,
His robes' bright sheen,
Placed him above his kind
His praise I find
Was trumpeted by Fame.
Our mightiest came
And gazed on him with pride.
In the world wide
There never was a ram
To beat Sir Sam.

CHAPUT.

At the N.S.W. Bushmen's Contingent Camp: "Shoulder—Arms!" yelled a drill instructor to his troop. "Right—oh!" chorussed the men as they obeyed. This has become popular, and every troop now yells "right oh!" Also: a son of a well-known Sydney financial magnate offered himself as an officer and got an instructor to stoke him with drill. He was then given a squad. "Right turn, please!" he remarked



THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

"Now, aunty, I am pretty!"

"Oh! hush, my darling. You never hear me say that!"

politely, and the instructor yelled at him. "As you were!" cried the embryo officer, hurried; then "thank you!" as the men came round. He was heaved out. They can't stand thankfulness in the army.

Some of the Bushmen's Corps are veritable "Clancys." One man put up at a coffee-palace ere going into camp, and explained to his comrades that "the place was fine, only for the blank light shining into your eyes all night." "Why didn't you put it out?" inquired one who had come from south of the Murray. "How could a chap blow it out," demanded the man from Ironbark, "when they keep their blooming light in a bottle?"

"G.S.": Heard King Billy, in King-street, Sydney, the other day, say he was going to S. Africa. "What will you do there, Billy?" asked the Australian he was speaking to. "Do tracking," he answered. Then with a crafty leer on his dusky face, he added "You give um thrip-pence, I tell you what I do now." The coin was forthcoming. A huge smile came over Billy's face as he walked away saying, "I trackum beer this trip." And he proceeded to trace the ferocious long-sleever to its lair.

The local THUNDERER of a Queensland goldfield recently notified its subscribers that, during the continuance of the present war, special

editions would be issued as often as important wires came through, to all subscribers who would pay half-a-crown a week extra, and promised that every effort would be made to get the specials out to outside camps, by means of *passing swagmen*, or otherwise.

"Shaker": Re "secret mail" of India (B., 13/1/00). Writer has occasionally come across what appears to be the same thing among the N.Q. blacks. Notable instances were when police sub-inspector Kaye was killed by blacks at the Woolgar, 17 or 18 years ago, and a year or two later when sub-inspector Beresford and a black trooper were killed in the neighborhood of Cloncurry. On each occasion civilised blacks, on stations over 100 miles from the scene of the tragedy, were in possession of the facts inside 12 hours after the occurrence. Beresford was killed during the night, and the blacks on the distant station had the information before daylight, therefore the smoke-signal theory breaks down. Writer used to know the most experienced officer of native police in the Queensland service who was thoroughly convinced of the existence of this power of thought transference, but believed it to be confined to a few individuals in each tribe.

In Mackay district (Q.), the trains run at the unreasonable times peculiar to Queensland trains, and, by reason of their unreasonableness, the Mackay P.M. goes out to Mirani and Eton, and holds the courts at night. The premises are dimly lighted by a candle and an oil lamp, and the kanaka in the witness-box (there is generally a kanaka in the witness-box) is practically unseen. A row of white teeth and two eyes are visible in the glimmer of the candle—they seem to be suspended on nothing, but their reflection helps to light up the court a little. When the kanaka shuts his mouth it seems as if a half-moon had set suddenly.

It was on a sultry islet up Papua way. There had been three of them, the only whites, engaged in trepanning fishing, but climate and bad gin had finished one. So the survivors buried him, and appropriately surrounded the grave with a neat oblong of square gin bottles. That was in the morning. About noon, they began to think the archangel Gabriel might miss the remains, seeing it was such an outlandish spot; so they gathered shells off the mangrove mud, and proceeded to pattern them out on the grave into deceased's name, J. Jones. But, under the influence of grief and grog, they somehow got it "T. Brown." Towards sunset they remembered the error, went down to remedy it, and were astonished to find the name all

right, "J. Jones." Next morning, with a bad "recovery" to hand, a further inspection found them looking at a drunken-looking "W. Smith." That set 'em "off" again until all the gin was gone. Then the mystery was cleared up. They had used live hermit-crabs for inscription purposes, and the humorous creatures had done a little re-arrangement "on their own."

"3 L.N.": Recently lost in the ranges. First night out tied pony up, and made fire close by. Went to sleep, but dingoes awakened me. Got slightly "skeary" at immensity of hungry, howling pack. Sat some considerable time with firestick in one hand watching the tired, snorting young pony, and a firestick in the other hand keeping the wild canines back. Presently fell off to sleep and awakened two hours afterwards, turned over, and dingos jumped up and ran away. He was an unwelcome bedmate, but a warn one.

"Yarrum": A little while ago, in Australia, an acquaintance of mine—white man—married young girl, and the first baby was a Chinese. The fellow couldn't make it out until wife explained that her grandfather was a half-bred Chow. It is just a matter of "throwing back," and is common enough after all. We will have more of it yet. When I left, hubby was wondering what he would do with the "monkey." He is likely to have a good deal of hard wondering to do before he comes to any decision.

"Lex":

In the early days of the Irish town of Burrowa, a Sydney pugilist struck the town, and, after beating all the best local fighters, settled down to drink and be a soul-burden in the district. At last, one publican decided that he would endure the bruiser no longer, and valiantly resolved that he and eight supporters would give that offensive person the father of a bating the next time he seemed in special need of it. The time came, and the result was a publican with two black eyes and eight friends much shattered. "Oi was peaceably drinkin' in me own bar with eight friends when a dam scoundrel came in an' mobbed us," wailed the landlord next day to an acquaintance.

WEARY HUMPER:

"Any great events been comin' off up in the town lately, Billy?"

BILLY: "My word, yes—lots. Me brother Tom just got six months fer cow-duffin'; ole Murphy's been wipin' the street with the new trap; dad's stopped 'is BULLETIN; an' now hanged if our ole hen's not gone an' 'ad young ducks—just fer mere spite, mother calls it!"

"Yarrum": Sydney people run great risks with their food—especially milk. Let there be only one cow in the milk-supplying part of the province with tuberculosis, and they must get some of it. All the milk is "boxed" on arrival in the city, and consumers get a little juice from everybody's cow. And, as a matter of fact, there must always be one or more cows with the complaint; as, with all the alleged rigid inspection, some are bound to be overlooked. Just now, it is freely admitted by dairymen that the feeding of calves on separated milk was the first cause of the alarming spread of the disease. A man, the other day assured this scribe that he "had no tuberculosis in his herd until he started using factory 'separated.'" The tuberculous germs from that one lone diseased cow which always crawls somehow through the needle's eye of official inspection have tainted the milk of a whole district, and the calves which are fed on it get the disease by hundreds. So do humans. And they get other diseases as well, for the one cancered cow escapes destruction as regularly as the other immortal bovine.

"New-Chum": As a close observer of snakes let me say that they undoubtedly do spring from the ground. When a snake is surprised it usually rises upon about one-third of its tail-end to be prepared for action, and will then strike wildly at any object in the vicinity; but, as this object is often out of distance, the impetus given by the two-thirds of the heaviest parts of the body naturally carries the remaining part with it—hence the "spring." Also, when a snake, in retreating, rises up suddenly and strikes back, the hinder portion—still retaining a forward movement—is necessarily jerked off the ground.

So unbroken is the drought in the Australian inlands that the mails for the village settlements on even the lower Murray have now to be taken up by coach, the river being unnavigable there, though that is ordinarily its most navigable part. Also the water in the lower Darling about Wentworth is not now deep enough to keep the sheep belonging to selectors on opposite sides of the river from getting boxed; so dividing fences have in places been run up between the pools which mark the course of the stream.

"S.S.": My Gippslander supplies a useful hint for the control of insubordinate wives. He was chasing work somewhere in the Haunted Stream district, and after a long tramp on a dry track struck a small half-shanty half-store by the roadside. The Gippslander took something, and was sitting in the shadow of the house, discussing sardines and bread and whisky, whilst the proprietor squatted and smoked, and threw out an occasional remark. They were interrupted by a strange commotion in the back room, a sound of muffled talk like the objurgations of a Yankee gaffer in a deep pit, or a parrot with a feather-bed on top of him. It was accompanied by a good deal of bumping. Then there was a spell of silence, and presently an amazing figure came round the corner and groped round blindly for something. It was evidently a woman. The lower part was clothed in boots and stockings and



PAINTING IT RED.

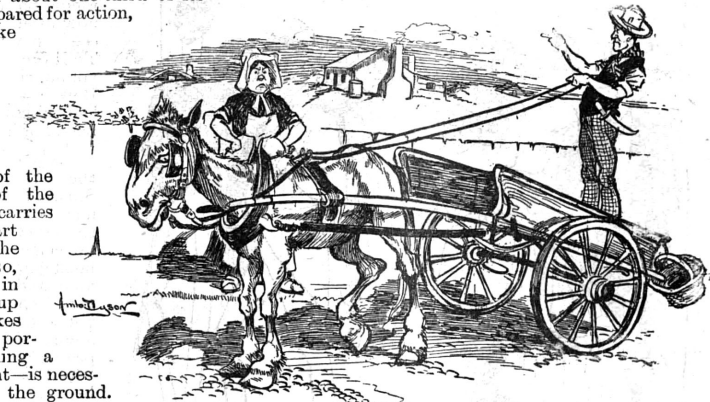
WEARY HUMPER: "Any great events been comin' off up in the town lately, Billy?"

BILLY: "My word, yes—lots. Me brother Tom just got six months fer cow-duffin'; ole Murphy's been wipin' the street with the new trap; dad's stopped 'is BULLETIN; an' now hanged if our ole hen's not gone an' 'ad young ducks—just fer mere spite, mother calls it!"

petticoats, but the skirt of the dress was drawn up over the head and tied there with a rope. In fact, the lady's head and arms were in a bag. "It's all right," said the storekeeper, quite pleasantly; "it's my missus. She got in one of her tempers this morning. An' when she does I always bag her till she apologises. She's been bagged for four hours now. There was one time when she was bagged for two days."

"W. Layton": I'm a bit of a liar myself, but par. re 500 bullocks rushing cask of water (B., 16/12/99) takes beating. Once heard of bullocky in Queensland backbox falling off wagon, drunk, and being killed. The bullocks got off the road afterwards, struck a tree, and wagon was "left." Three months later a boundary rider found a bullock mixed in a wire fence with 11 bullock skeletons and gear attached to it.

"W. Layton": "Bathurst" (16/9/99) says 90 per cent. of Australian pine trees have "a lean to the sun." I repudiate this. Here at Glassford Creek (Q.) where pine is plentiful and profitable, the trees lean whichever way they darned well please. Sometimes the same tree leans both ways. On the tablelands on Bundaberg side, where the pine scrubs are dense, I am credibly informed the sun has absolutely no influence upon them; and I am satisfied that this part



TIME TO RECOVER.

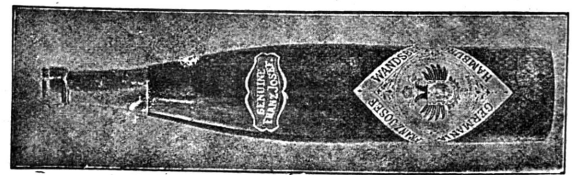
CUSTOMER: "That fish you sold me last week has gone bad."

HAWKER (with sarcasm): "Keep it another week, mum, an' p'raps it'll reconvert."

of Australia contains far more than 10 per cent. of the pine of Australia.

"S.B.": Heard a man pushing a book the other day. He said book explained all about Chinese pak-a-pu lotteries. Bought one—and am just as wise as ever. Does any BULLETIN reader understand the racket right through? Present scribe has collected notes from Europeans—Chinamen are close as oysters about the game—in Chinese quarters of Sydney, Melbourne, Bendigo and elsewhere—Europeans, too, who have mixed and played with the Chows for a lifetime. But no two accounts or descriptions agree in detail or in general. Also know a Sub-Inspector of Police who spent time and money in trying to discover the strength of the game for evidence purposes. He corresponded with Hongkong and Frisco people likely to know, and confesses now that he knows nothing at all about the game, which, perhaps, explains the free run the lottery banks have.

FRANZ JOSEF LAGER



WATSON'S WHISKY.

For that Tired Feeling

take

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

The police have no evidence to prove that pak-a-pu is a game of chance, and a suspicion exists that the chow can prove it to be a problem in higher mathematics. Several Chinamen who gave me a tale on the subject proved by their variance to be either down-right liars or grossly ignorant of the working of "the joint." Rumor says that the lottery game is in the hands of a secret society even more widespread and powerful than our local Ancient Order of Fearful Goats.

LUCKY NED.

"Jist my luck!" said Ted M'Fadyen up at Reefton, When he got a wedge o' metal in his head; When they dropped a bucket on him in The Chieftain, An' they broke his arm, "My blessed luck!" he said. An' 'twas candidly admitted Fate invariably fitted

Lucky Ned.

If he got a wages job, some nasty trouble Surely came along an' spread him on his back; P'raps a little fall o' dirt would bend him double, Or a wayward hammer fetch his head a crack. He'd more scars about him scattered Than an army—poor ole battered Hoppy Mack.

If he grafted on his own he struck disasters; He was snake-bit on the surface out at Coy's, Nearly suffocated fossickin' with Masters, An' half-smothered in his puddler at The Boys. 'Tmade him proud among the chaps, an' He would boast of his mishaps an' His annoys.

When he went astray 'twas guessed that he was carried To the nearest ward for accidents an' sich. He was hard up, so o' course he never married, An' quite half his time he waddled on a crutch, But was happy when paradin' His successes in evadin' Satan's clutch.

So his awful luck became his pride an' pleasure, For it took the cake an' belt from foe an' friend, An' I think if it had changed an' sent him treasure Ted would just have been too mis'erable to mend. But it never changed a fraction, An' so gave him satisfaction To the end.

He went missing, an' two Cornish miners found him In an old-time shaft, an' dead, but gold was struck. To his neck the fallen reef was piled around him, An' the golden lode lay bare. With proper pluck He had scratched an' took delight in This one shaky line o' writin': "Just my luck!"

EDWARD DYSON.

"Yarrum": M'Guckin was boundary-rider at the head station. One day I had occasion to call up to learn why Miranda Jane hadn't been to Sunday-school for a month. Noticed that the sandy approach to the hut was well-swept and remarkably clean. After interviewing Mrs. Mac, I was not well out of the door when she followed with a broom, and started sweeping all round as if her life depended on the effort. Few days after called round again; and at my departure she went through same performance. Asked station hand what it all meant. He told me Mac was a "bad-minded old beggar," who swept round the humpy before leaving every morning, and looked for adult male tracks at night. "If," said the hand, "he found the imprints of your number tens about the place, there'd be the 'divile' to pay."

"F.": There has always been controversy as to whether the musk-duck can fly. I can testify as to its running ability. I caught one the other day, and put it in a trough to see it swim. It swam rapidly to the end of the trough, hopped over the end before I could catch it, and scuttled off. I am fairly fast, and it was level ground, but the further I went the further I got behind. It never left the ground, but used its wings like an ostrich. I would never have seen it again but for a netting wire-fence which pulled it up with a crash.

Even the Bananaland Chow is patriotic just now—when it pays. At Mount Hooligan, a small mining camp in Central Q., dwells Ah Slink—one of those awful Mongolian Clistians who keep a private joss in the back premises. Ah Slink owns a pub, store and butcher's shop, and has during a long residence in the country amassed many shekels. Lately he also got naturalised. The day Ah Slink became a man and a brother, he dispensed drinks at half-price and when Mt. Hooligan was quite drunk he mounted again case: "Flends! wha' foh me cut 'em off pig-tail? Wha' foh me mally whi' gal? Wha' foh she hab whi' childlin? Wha' foh (this with enthusiasm) me likee 'God sab glashus Quveen'? Wha' foh me say killee dam Boh? Me tell 'em you flends. You think me all same Chinaman? You all long! Me no dam Chinaman, flends. Me 'loyal Blittish object!'"

"Jim Pan": Re rabbits at Rose Bay, Sydney (B. 10/2/00): bunny is also pretty numerous in that part of the Cooper estate lying south of Randwick and Kensington. I rarely fail to get a couple or so with the gun when I go out at day-break or towards dusk. Best spot is about Maroubra Bay.

Arthur Griffith (Fellow Aust. Instit. Patent Agents, and Member Patent Law Assoc., Washington, U.S.A.), 169 Phillip-street, Sydney. Patents secured and Trade Marks registered throughout the world. Tel. 2898.*



ENCOURAGING LOCAL INDUSTRY.

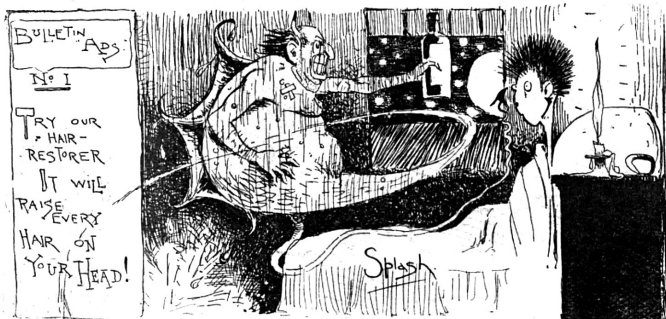
"No, yer reverence, we don't want to go to the war—shure, up at the pub. here, a cove could be scrappin' all day if he wanted to!"

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

No notice will be taken of communications insufficiently stamped. Name and address must appear on MS. No liability is undertaken in any case re contributions voluntarily submitted, whether sent by post or handed in; and in no case will MS. be returned unless stamps (of any province) accompany.

C. Kensit: We don't ask you to "believe our mere say-so." If you want the history of the British annexation of Kimberley diamond-fields, just read Froude's "Oceana." Froude was highly incensed at Britain's conduct in repudiating a treaty—and the way in which she dealt with the Boers generally. And, you see, Froude wasn't "Irish"—he was very English indeed; moreover, he was cordially hated by the Irish.... Bundanon: Incorrectly quoted. Here it is:—

Men may laugh and riot till the feast is o'er, Then comes the reckoning, and they laugh no more.C.L.P.: (1) The "real facts" were that the club secretary, finding on the table a copy of the non-Jingo BULLETIN, took it upon himself to burn same. The committee censured him for destroying club property, and ordered him to replace that particular copy, adding that he need not read THE BULLETIN unless he liked. [That Jingo secretary is now doing a well-deserved three—or is it five?—years hard for embezzlement.] (2) THE BULLETIN is printed not merely to make money, but also to give expression to the opinions of those who run it. It has ever struggled for liberty, and leant to the weaker side: it would loathe itself if in obedience to a panic-cry it joined the conspiracy for ever denationalise Australia.... F.:



We do not quite understand. Do Mr. Knox, M.L.C., and the rag which quotes him really deny the right of THE BULLETIN to comment on and elucidate the official N.S.W. population-statistics? ... Semaphore: Indecent.... Mac: "Three months for a shilling." Well, he was a park-sneak who robbed a presumably-necessitous sleeper, and he had been convicted previously. The magistrate appears to have been quite right.... C.: The church has always been the greatest enemy to freedom of thought, of speech, and of inquiry. It is a great deal too late now to try and upset such a painfully visible fact.... Constant Reader: The Established Church of Scotland is Presbyterian. So are the dissenting Free Church, the United Presbyterian Church, Reformed Presbyterian Church, and some other sects. In point of size, they go (1) Established Church; (2) Free Church; (3) United Presbyterian. The Church of England in Scotland is only about one-sixth the size of the smallest of these.... Queenscliff: Not very promising material.... Tom R.: Your silly letter merely reads as an apology for highway robbery, burglary, or any other offence characteristic of criminals of especial nerve or brutality. In your case, however, it only means wind and bounce.... Long Tom: No; the person naturalised simply swears allegiance to his adopted country, as "against all enemies whatsoever." 2. Would require a volume to answer.... B.: Simply that the "vassal-state" is precluded from dealing with foreign powers on its "own".... H.C.: Well-written and interesting, but totally out of BULLETIN's line.... F.J.C.: "Mum" has humor, but is otherwise more promise than performance.... H.M.: Your bad spelling throws doubt on the originality of the verses. Unsuitable to BULLETIN in any case.... Leander: Well, the other Leander was drowned, which you ought to be.... O.K.G.: Your comments are just, but no paper could print them while the case is sub judice.... Winker: Can't identify unless you give title.... R.S.: "Kathleen Mavourneen" joke very old.... C.P.: No reason is assigned.... Cora: Too long, and nothing in it.... T.H.E.: Too lengthy. The "Prayer," published recently, said in three verses what you put in nine, and said it better.... F.H.: The blasphemous British Poet Laureate said "Who fights for England fights for God" and "Who dies for England sleeps with God," but that

wasn't his worst sin. Blasphemy may be forgiven, but Doggerel is unpardonable. Sin isn't half so awful as Stodginess.... D.E.D.: A tamely correct style that seldom falls but never rises.... O.S.: "Safrika" is not a newly-invented word. Also, why not "Bafrikander" and "Dafrikander," for British and Dutch Afrikanders respectively? The world groans under a load of superfluous syllables.... A.E.P.: Begins feebly, but gathers strength as it goes. Fear it would need too much pruning, though.... E.D.: Short, sharp, and satisfactory.... Trotter: Thanks.... Cecil P.: The gentleman is an ex-army officer, who used to run a military paper in Sydney.... A. Billet: In Germany, the having been a soldier is the best passport to employment; in the country where you were raised it is the worst stigma on a man, almost as bad as having been in gaol.... Wilfrid G.S.: Thanks.... W.K.: (1) In 1872. (2) In England thousands of workmen have no votes. There is a residence qualification which requires them to live in a house for twelve months. The status of such as masons, carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, and others, necessitates their going from town to town to work at big jobs, and, consequently, their names are not on the Register of Burgesses. A man (a householder) out of work who is unable to pay the poor-rate is deprived of his vote.... E.S.S.: "Brumblies" spoilt by first verse, and none too strong anywhere.... Maggie S.C.: Can't identify without title.... Miles F.: Clever, but misleading. Do you judge the whole sex by yourself?... Percival C.: Prose part rather pretty; verse mediocre.... Tibbie: Flat and feeble.... W.W.: A dreadful scribe.... Clotho: "Bill's Yarn" old, weary, and badly told.... Bendee: Humorous in spots, but, on the whole, not quite up.... Philip: Duly to hand.... Medicus: Thanks.... J.G. (Cam.): Thanks.... E.L. Les.: As to your first argument re the danger of the thing—where, tell us, is the coffin-ship, however notorious, that cannot get a crew? As to the second, don't those contingents get better pay as soldiers than they could get as station-hands, at 6d. a day, or 31s. 6d. per week—and rations, glory, free travel to a new country, and the chance of promotion count for at least a little. And then Australians are mostly sportsmen.... J. P. MacKenzie: Don't know the biggest record. Shearer named Jack Howe sheared 319 sheep in one day at Northampton Downs, Queensland.... Roby C.: Science hasn't spoken on the subject yet. By the way, do you actually propose to pass off the old weary egg-head "Jamboroo" as a new gambler?... Yarrum: "His wife" reads like dull bigamy with beer.... W. Brenta: Which of your seven or eight questions was the main issue? You don't say. Do you know yourself.... Enquirer: Britain paid £6,000,000 for the Cape Colony—then a small bit of land all lying south of the Orange River—and other Dutch colonies. The "trek" took place in 1835.... The Pipe: Ill-constructed tale, and moral like the leaning tower of Pisa.... J.M.D.: Goes over very old ground and says nothing new.... Vera Swan: Verse good, but idea very old.... Kingfisher: Alligator yarn may pass.... E.S.: "Ecstasy" is mostly the old, old love poem hashed up again.... Wil: Some power, otherwise vague and inconsequent.... Jeanne B.: Fortnight wasn't long. Often months before we can print.... Annie C.: In verse-form, certainly; but they're not verse for all that.... Judas J.: Shapeless shriek, in disastrous metre.... Ambrose G.: Dull and defective.... Franklin H.: Main idea good, but badly led up to.... Sydney P.: Would be a good yarn, it told in about 1-3rd of the words.... E.M.R.: Nothing in it.... P.S.Q.: Will make par only.... Maisie S.: Too trifling.... Philip K.: To carry off such old material as the killing of the rescuer in saving a child's life, would need positive genius—and you appear to have the positive other thing. Prose sketch, also hackneyed situation.... Cedar: You're not the Lebanon altar, evidently.... Joe J.: Too much—and too far—"after" Kipling.... Ella P.: Appeared about a month back.... C.C.: The employer who encroaches on his employee's leisure steals his life, and to steal life, even if it is only a comparatively small portion of life, is murder to some extent. The man who steals behind another man and brains him with an axe deprives him of presumably ten or twenty years of the life, and the employer who sneaks away half an hour per diem does something the same, only more gradually. This is an ancient argument, but it isn't quite fossilised.... Eugene P. F.: Lacks finish.... Mother (Vic.): Too much penny novelette.... W.A.Q.: Not quite good enough.... J.G.D.: Door shuts this side of seal life, even if it is a sailor's product, you don't give us much encouragement to go to sea.... Academicus: Four syllables de trop.... M.B.: Simply B. Scrubdasher: Dash away.... A.G. (M.L.): Thanks; but we wouldn't rob "the leading journal" which fell to the others.... A.A.G.: "Secretary" returned.... Philip: Please keep it this time.... W.J.C.: Fine, large incapacity.... T.H.E.: No value.... G.P.H.: Execrable.... Brenta: Yarn too horrible for words.... W.: "Preacher" barely up to standard. The "fallen girl" grown monotonous.... Camiro: "Joseph L." is a relish of old dramatic properties.... A.J.G.: Don't understand your adulterated-coffee yarn. Please put the matter intelligibly. Meero: THE BULLETIN has no desire to figure in public reading-rooms, where it can be perused on the cheap. Any jingo or other bigot who publicly brings about its expulsion from any such place will be supplied with a copy post-free for six months on application.... C.H.L. (W.): Please call.

TO ARTISTIO (AND INARTISTIO) CONTRIBUTORS.

H.H.W.: Acceptable.... E.B.: Published same thing a little while ago.... E.M. (Parkes): Hopeless, both as to subjects and drawings.... Sylous: One may do.... W.K. (Bris.): Will use subject.

"Pablo": "Puyyaka" (BULLETIN, 20/1/00) adjoins millionaires to endow research laboratories for the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer, in place of endowing picture-galleries. This adoration, of course, he specially intends for the benefit of the genus Millionaire Australiensis. Now, whenever did "Puyyaka" hear of an Australian millionaire endowing anything? Nelson Illingworth modelled an Australian rifleman of the mounted variety, and the wealthy Australian patriot, who knows so well the sweet uses of advertisement, and subscribed to the Patriotic and Bushmen's Fund, did not purchase a single copy. With the fine exception of Miss Eadith Walker—a genuine patron of Australian art—the rich Australian is a gross, material person, to whom it is absolutely useless to appeal for any object having for its purpose the elevation of science, art or literature. The Australian millionaire is the gilded hog which the children of Israel did not set up in the wilderness.

"Alba": It is time that Mish Cohen was released from the anguish of mind begotten of a certain twenty shillings that won't show up in his books. When last seen, Mish was wearing a hollow cough and much grief in his eye through staring after the elusive defuit. Listen. Writer was in the habit of "popping" his dress-suit at Mish's. Sometimes his daughter Leah took 'em in and made out the ticket. Leah is on the emotional side of 18. By-and-by a warm friendship sprang up between us. One day she asked me to accompany her to a swell social. Was compelled to refuse owing to my war-paint being in her papa's custody. Fearing she might have overlooked the circ., I mentioned it. Now Leah wanted very badly to go to the social; also, she preferred my company to Morris Woolf's. She took me aside—not without emotion: "Look here, Jim, I want you to take me.... Jim, I want you. Come to the shop this afternoon and I'll ler-ler-lend you your clothes. But, oh, Jim, bring 'em back or father will murder me." I promised, got the clobber, and danced many dances with Leah—she went as Miriam with a timbrel tucked under her white arm. Next afternoon I ran round to the shop—old Mish generally slept in the afternoon—and sneaked in with my bundle. Mish came out suddenly from behind a pile of boxes. I steadied myself against the counter. "Vy, so help me!" he said, hoarsely, "are ye poppin' 'em again! Strike me holy! it was only yesterday that I pinned 'em up. How much?" There seemed no other way out of it, so I popped 'em for the usual quid. I explained circs. to Leah same night under a dark tree. Very emotional girl Leah, never blamed me never said a word. Not a bad Yid—Leah.



HIS AVOCATION.

BLIND FINIGAN: "O'd know the smell av that poipe anywhere. Is it you, Casey?"

CASEY: "It is."

B. F.: "Are yez wurkin'?"

CASEY: "O' am."

B. F.: "Conthractin'?"

CASEY: "No. O'm a middleman in th' produce trade."

The uncivilised Maoris in the Taranaki district (M.L.) are greatly interested in the war (says the local CHURCH CHRONICLE), and hearing that comforts for soldiers were being conveyed free by the local carrying companies, brought down a load of prime kumeras. When asked what contingent they were for, the spokesman of the party angrily yelled, "Not for any red-coat—give 'em poor beggar, the Boor." A load of rejected vegetables is still lying on the road.

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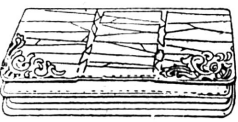
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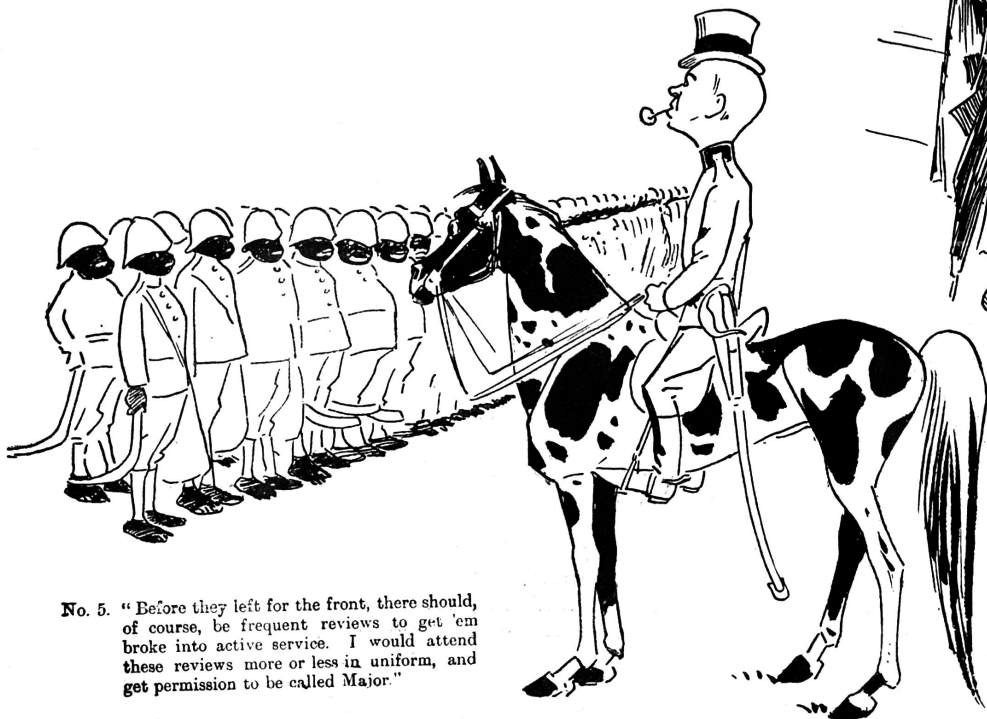




No. 1. "You see," said the Office Strategist crossing his legs upon the Editorial table, "You see, these here Boers get behind their kopjes and pot our fellers, who can't get at 'em. Now, I think I've hit upon an idea that will end the war." And he then unfolded a scheme which at least has furnished our artist with a subject, as follows:—



No. 2. "What you want," said the Office Strategist, "is to get up a contingent of real Australians—aboriginals."



No. 5. "Before they left for the front, there should, of course, be frequent reviews to get 'em broke into active service. I would attend these reviews more or less in uniform, and get permission to be called Major."



No. 4. "Mr. Kipling could doubtless see his way to write some verses about 'The Gin He Left Behind Him.'"



No. 3. "Give 'em an outfit and raise a 'fund'—the latter is more important than the outfit."



No. 6. "Now for business," continued the Office Strategist. "Just imagine one of them Boers behind his kopje. He catches sight of one of these here aboriginals behind another kopje. 'Ha!' says he, 'a new brand of Britisher, and black as my hat,' says he. 'I'll just draw his fire to find out what he's loaded with.'"



No. 7. "'Holy Moses!' says the Boer (in Dutch, of course), 'Holy Moses! if the absent-minded sunburned son of a gun didn't try to kill me with a crooked stick! An' he missed me, kopje and all!'"



No. 8. "But just you wait. That there crooked stick is a boomerang, and it comes back and hits the Dutchman where he lives. 'If this here happens too often,' are the dying words of the Dutchman, 'we shall want some armistice, and we can't have too many of 'em.'" And touching the Editor for a shilling for the "fund," the Office Strategist left to put his scheme into practice.

Astonishing the forbearance of the Chinese towards the "Ulopan," provided said "Ulopan" considers him a white man! Charlie is proprietor of an odoriferous oasis in the western desert. He invests largely at local pub, says "blanky" freely in the billiard room and is generous to a fault, and therefore enjoys the privilege of being locally considered a "white man." Rode over to his garden lately with object of purchasing some grapes, and was staggered to find that all the tree shade within a radius of about a quarter of a mile was monopolised by buggies, sulkies, horses, etc., and the garden invaded by a horde of Sunday-dressed people from a town over nine miles away. The crowd evidently considered itself Charlie's guest, and was devastating all before it like a swarm of locusts. What could not be devoured on the spot was passed over the fence and carefully "planted" and later taken home. I managed to find Charlie, but he was too busily engaged protesting in a mildly-apologetic manner against the destruction of his vegetables to find time to sell me anything. Advised him to fire a gun in the direction of the picnic, and he did muster up enough courage to conceal himself behind the house and fire in the air, but no one took any notice. Endeavoured to remonstrate with them, but my remarks were lost through the diversion created by a lady's upper set of artificial teeth becoming detached while gnawing a green peach, so I left. Afterwards learned that this sort of thing happens occasionally. If Charlie sent for the police to clear off the marauders he would cease to be regarded as a "white man," and resume his old position as a common yellow John, and when he swore in the billiard-room no one would pay any attention. And for the sake of his beloved popularity he puts up with the inroads of the Goths and Huns.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., who seems to have come to political grief on the big "Boer" rook, made his first success at the English Bar by a brilliant defence of his namesake, Inspector Clarke, some twenty-five years ago. The Inspector was one of the Scotland Yard "tocs" charged with accepting bribes from Kerr and Benson, in connection with the so-called Turf Frauds of those distinguished criminals. Barrister Clarke pulled his client through, the other "tocs" in the dock getting convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment. After that Edward Clarke got hold of briefs in sensational murder cases, and was always appearing before the public as a clever fellow. The Conservatives ran him for Parliament and in due course he expanded into a Solicitor-General, and then it was that THE BULLETIN, from "information received," told how Clarke, in his early struggling days, had promised his widowed mother the bliss of seeing him on the Woolstack before she died. But another brilliant Conservative lawyer, Sir Charles Russell, pushed to the fore, and the Salisbury Ministry had no use for Edward Clarke. The embittered tactician took to attacking Chamberlain until his constituency (Plymouth) became too hot to hold him. He has resigned his seat. The war in South Africa has become such an awful job for Britain that any British member of Parliament who regarded it as the small undertaking it looked must now blame the Boers for his political discomfiture. They didn't get promptly crushed, consequently the views which were admitted, by moderate jingoes, to be fairly respectable three months ago, are horribly "unpatriotic" to-day. Like the average British general's position among the blessed kopjes and kops, they have become untenable for business purposes. The war has gone against Edward Clarke, Q.C.

"Billy" Lambie, the AGE war-correspondent, killed at Colesberg, probably owed his death to his custom of wearing a khaki uniform and putties similar to the troops. The only point of distinction in his dress was his cap, and the Boer marksman who fired through poor Lambie's head probably thought he was getting rid of an officer. This was Lambie's second campaign. He was with Dalley's Sydney contingent in the Soudan in '97, and was wounded whilst in company with his friend, "Joe" Melvin, THE BULLETIN's representative. Subsequently he had some exciting adventures with the Germans at Samoa. In private life Lambie was an enthusiastic conversationalist and an able musician. He it was who was the mouthpiece of the Melbourne press when Mark Twain was entertained there three years ago. According to Lambie, the Christian soldier is a paradox. In a discussion with the writer Lambie denied that any conscientious Christian could be a soldier. War, he argued, is so full of horror and brutality with no perceptible redeeming feature that no real Christian could take part in it. Curiously enough, just as these lines are penned writer's eye meets this (written by an officer) to LONDON TIMES:—

After the enemy were given out one of our squadrons pursued, and got right in among them in the twilight, and most excellent pig-sticking ensued for about ten minutes, the bag being about sixty.

Referring to same battle, a trooper told the SUNDAY CHRONICLE correspondent:—

They threw up their arms and fell on their knees for mercy, but we were told not to give them any, and they got none. We went along sticking our lances through them.

Another soldier told the same correspondent:—

One Boer begged me very hard to spare him, but my reply was, "You —, here's your mercy!" I shot him dead, and did not take the trouble to lance him.

Writes trooper Longbottom, of Baden-Powell's regiment:—

The enemy began to retreat. When our officer saw this he gave us the order to fix bayonets and charge, and we charged down the hill like madmen. The Boers who had not escaped dropped on their knees and asked us not to kill them, but they got little mercy. My bayonet had changed its color. I shot 39 rounds of ammunition before we charged. I don't know how many Boers I shot. We took five prisoners, and killed and wounded many. Our loss was slight. We had one man killed and five wounded.

Which surely makes strange reading for Christians. Writing from Arundel under date Dec. 28 to a Sydney friend, trooper Bossley, of the 1st Australian Horse, says:—

We have commandeered a large number of horses, sheep and poultry. The boys kill the fowls by chasing them, and running them through with lances. It is rumored that one of the Lancers came across 4400 in one of the houses the other day on the Modder River. I would not mind striking a few myself. The houses are beautifully furnished, lovely pianos and organs. The boys break up the organs and vehicles for firewood.

From a letter from a member of the M.L. Contingent published in Wellington EVENING POST:—

There is a Boer farm here which has been taken by the troops. You should have seen the things the fellows took. One fellow of ours got a gold watch and chain, another a silver one, and others also got valuables. I myself would not go near the place, as I reckoned it a d-d shame. Some fellows in the regulars pulled up the floor to see if there was anything hidden there, and others broke the piano, organ, and things for the sake of saying they did it.

And this is from a Vic. private's letter published in Maryborough (Vic.) STANDARD:—

The other day a party consisting of a hundred Victorian Mounted Rifles and infantry were sent out com-mandeering to a Dutch farm. When we got near the



A CASUS BELLI.

"What defence can you offer for knocking him about like that?"

"He walked past my house with a German sausage in his hand."

Case dismissed; leaves the Court without a stain.

house eight men rushed out the back door. There were no shots fired, as that is only done in case of self-defence. We took three waggons and filled them with everything we could lay hands on—tables, chairs, benches, dozens of geese, ducks and fowls (which we had for Christmas dinner), four calves, and all the iron and wood we could find. There was also a small harmonium, which we were going to leave behind, but as one of the men in our tent could play a bit, we threw it on the wagon. We now spend all our spare time singing, and always draw a crowd around the tent door. Some of the notes have "gone bung," but it suits us very well.

And these latter things were done in British territory—not in the enemy's country—and on British subjects. Which is surely curious reading for Christians!

"A.G." Re risky boilers. Remember an ancient wheezy one, at a North Coast (N.S.W.) flour mill. Every time an extra pound or two of steam—could only carry thirty—got on, it would belch and wriggle, and threaten destruction to the whole neighborhood. It was liberally strapped with old belting and a cow-hide, had a chock of wood wedged in here and there, and the whole front was plastered a foot thick with white lead, chewed grass, and anything that would stick. A Chinaman, employed on the premises on purpose, used to run around every other day, and warn the neighbors to "clear out," as there was danger in the air. Writer, with others, has cleared out scores of times. We used to sit along a fence quarter of a mile away, and wait for the Chow to come and assure us it was "alligh" once more. When that mill was burnt down, the boiler was bought by a syndicate, and taken to a mine in southern N.S.W. Noticed there was a falling-off in attendance at church after it left. Most of the local church-goers went for the sole purpose of praying for deliverance from that boiler.

SHIRTS.

For Station and Out-door work our SILK STRIP MATTALASSE and other UNSHRINKABLE SHIRTS are highly recommended.

33/- per Half-dozen, free by post throughout Australia.

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To other day a man fell 100ft. down a shaft at Broken Hill, and escaped with a few bruises; and still more recently a Sydney suburban tradesman, when on a ladder repairing his verandah-roof, fell 7ft. He was killed!

THE AUSTRALIAN GEM TRADE.

H. Newman, the well-known jeweller of 175 Elizabeth-street, Melbourne, is the largest buyer of opal in Australia, and opal miners will find it to their advantage to send their opal direct to him. The firm has a reputation for straight dealing extending over a period of 40 years, which is a sufficient guarantee to consignors that they will be honorably treated. H. Newman is also a buyer of all other Australian gems.

Lieutenant-Colonel Byron (of Brisbane) pays the following tribute to Boer humanity:

Although by the rules of war, an ambulance wagon is not allowed near the firing-line during a battle, the Boers chivalrously ceased firing. Please do not think that on the whole the Boers ever behave brutally or inconsiderately on such occasions. Remember that individuals may not see the red-cross flag and continue firing through inadvertence; but I know of many instances in which they behaved better towards our ambulances and wounded than I believe any European troops would have done. At this very battle (Magersfontein) there were a great many Highlanders lying wounded for many hours in front of their trenches while the fight was still raging. The Boers, although being shelled at the time by our artillery, sent out unarmed men to our wounded to tell them to lie still and they would not fire on them. They took our men's waterbottles and brought them back full, with some bread, and told them that those who were able could go back unharmed. This was most generous treatment, etc.

Pain is Nature's admonition,
Heed and judge of your condition.

Liver Complaint.

Pain is a blessing, being Nature's admonition that something is wrong, and impels to its rectification. If, for example, a diseased, torpid liver did not cause pain in the shoulder-blades, or in the right side, spasmodic pain in the bowels, painful headache, sour stomach, flatulency or nausea, we should have no means of knowing our liver was out of order; the acute stage of liver disease would be followed by the chronic, and we would wake in the morning to chronic invalidism.

There are days with most of us when come the gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn in our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and cheerless, and dark, and sorrowful.

There are times when you awake in the morning more tired than when you retired; when your breakfast does not taste good, when what you eat causes pain and acidity—or faint sensation in the pit of the stomach;—your face is flushed, complexion sallow, and you are run down.

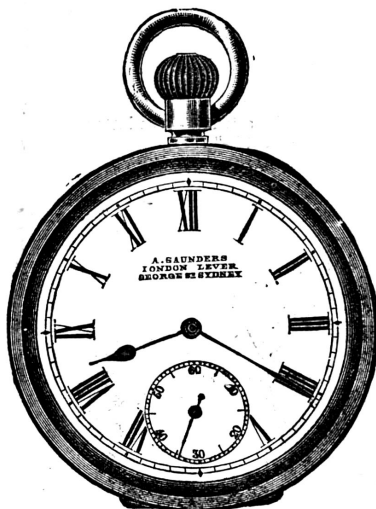
Thousands are suffering from indigestion and liver complaint, when one bottle of Warner's Safe Cure would relieve them. The instructions for use accompany each bottle. Don't neglect your liver when a safe, sure, speedy tonic is obtainable from all chemists and dealers for 2s. 9d. and 5s. per bottle.



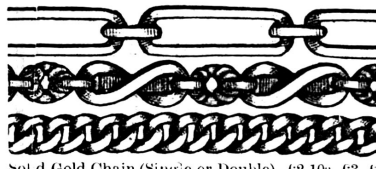
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Solid Gold Chain (Single or Double), £2 10s, £3, £3 10s, £4, £4 10s, 5. 15c. Solid Gold, £5 10s, £6, £6 10s, £7, £8, £10. Pure Silver, 10s, 12s 6d, 15s, 20s.
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Gold Mizpah Ivy Leaf and Heart Motto, 12s 6d; Silver, 4s 6d.



15c. Gold, Diamonds and Rubies, with Ivy Leaves, 25s. Very cheap.



Latest Style, Solid Gold, Good Luck Brooch, 10s 6d. 15c. Gold, 21s.



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Gold Heart Links, 12s 6d; 15c., 25s. Silver, 3s 6d.



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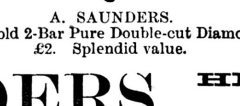
Other Style, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 15s, 20s. Silver, 2s 6d, 3s.



Gold Brooch, Pearl Set Heart, 12s 6d.



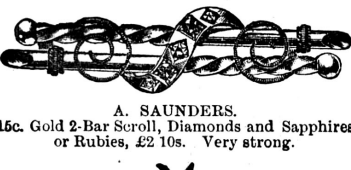
9c. Gold, 2 Love Birds, Chain, and Heart, 10s. Special value.



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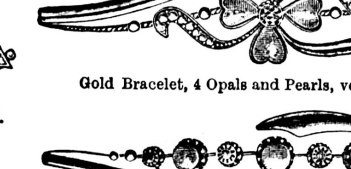
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Pearl Set Bird, 3 Bells and Chain Gold Brooch, 13s 6d; 15c. Gold, 25s.



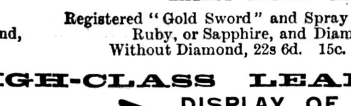
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Gold Secret Name Brooch, 15c. Gold, Diamonds, £2 10s and £3. Any Name or Motto Free. Similar Pattern, 25s.



Gold Bracelet, 4 Opals and Pearls, very neat, £2 15s.



Gold Bracelet, Opal and Rubies, £2 10s.



LATEST LADIES' RAGE.
Registered "Gold Sword" and Spray Brooch, 13 Pearls, Ruby, or Sapphire, and Diamond, 25s. Without Diamond, 22s 6d. 15c. Gold, £2 5s.



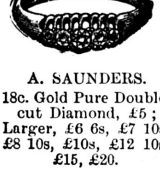
Pure Diamond Hand Ring.
15c., 30s; 13c., £2, £2 10s, £3, £3 10s.



Any Name.
9c. Gold, 12s 6d, 15s; 15c., 20s, 25s; 18c., 25s, 30s, 35s, £2.



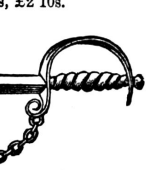
A. SAUNDERS.
Solid Gold Opal Band, 17s 6d; 15c. Gold, 30s.



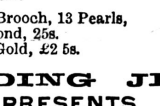
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18c. Gold Pure Double-cut Diamond, £5; Larger, £6 6s, £7 10s, £8 10s, £10s, £12 10s, £15, £20.



A. SAUNDERS.
Lucky Wish Bone and Arrow Gold Brooch, 12s 6d; Ivy Leaf, 10s.



A. SAUNDERS.
New Century Gold Brooch, Diamonds and Pearls, 20s.



A. SAUNDERS.
Gold Brooch, 7 Opals, 14 Pearls, 35s. Bracelets to match, £2 15s.



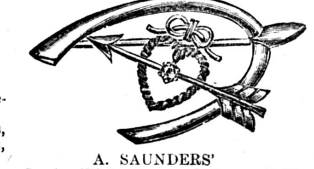
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Good Wish Gold Brooch, 13s 6d; 15c. Gold, 25s; Silver, 4s 6d.



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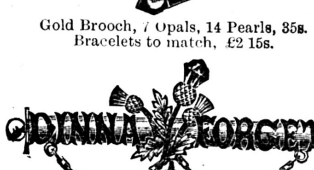
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Gold Brooch, Pearl Set Bird and Heart Amethyst, 21s; 15c. Gold, £2.



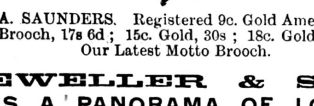
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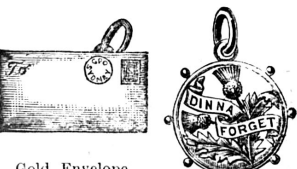
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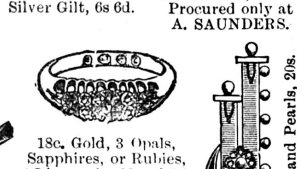
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Superior Quality, £6, £7, £8, £10.
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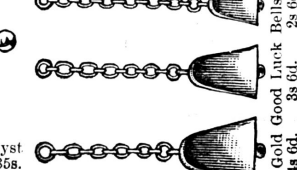
Gold Envelope Twopenny Stamp Charm.
Any Name, 12s 6d. Silver Gift, 6s 6d.



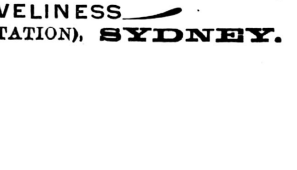
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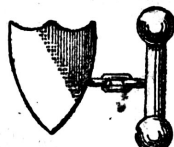
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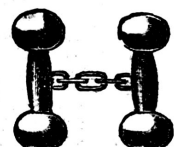
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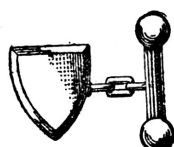
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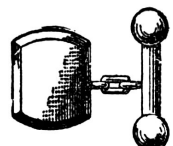


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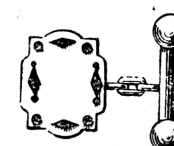
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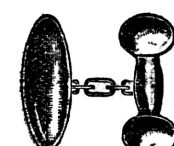
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9-ct. Gold - 1 0 6
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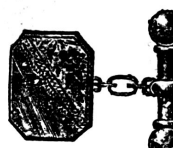
No. 5.
Silver - £0 5 0
9-ct. Gold - 1 0 0
15-ct. Gold - 1 7 6



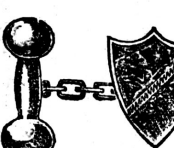
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Silver - £0 6 6
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15-ct. Gold - 1 10 0



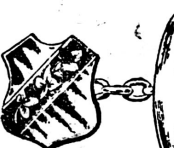
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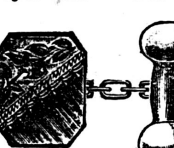
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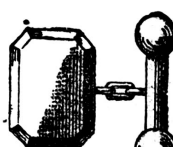
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9-ct. Gold - 1 0 0
15-ct. Gold - 1 10 0



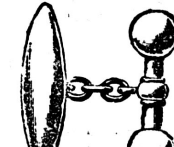
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9-ct. Gold - 1 2 6
15-ct. Gold - 1 15 0



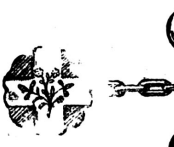
No. 11.
Silver - 0 6 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 2 6
15-ct. Gold - 1 15 0



No. 12.
Silver - £0 6 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 2 6
15-ct. Gold - 1 15 0



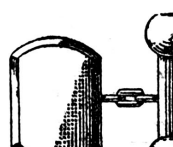
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9-ct. Gold - 1 0 0
15-ct. Gold - 1 15 0



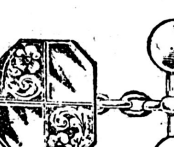
No. 14.
Silver - £0 7 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 2 6
15-ct. Gold - 1 17 6



No. 15.
Silver - £0 7 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 5 0
15-ct. Gold - 2 0 0



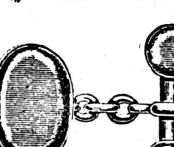
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Silver - £0 6 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 5 0
15-ct. Gold - 2 0 0



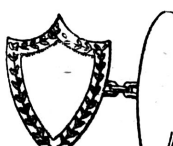
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Silver - £0 6 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 5 0
15-ct. Gold - 2 5 0



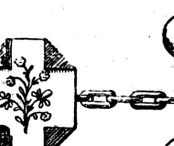
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Silver - £0 6 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 5 0
15-ct. Gold - 2 0 0



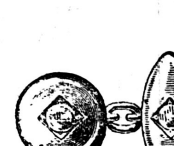
No. 19.
Silver - £0 6 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 1 0
15-ct. Gold - 1 15 0



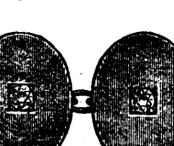
No. 20.
Silver - £0 7 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 7 6
15-ct. Gold - 2 6 0



No. 21.
Silver - £0 7 6
9-ct. Gold - 1 6 0
15-ct. Gold - 2 0 0



No. 22.
Opals or Turquoise.
9-ct. Gold - £1 15 0
15-ct. Gold - 2 15 0



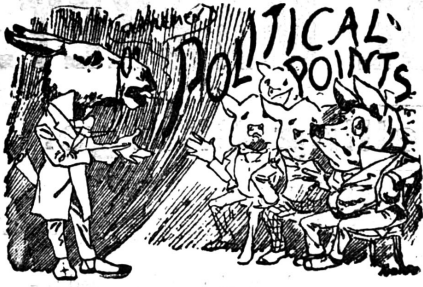
No. 23.
Opals, Rubies or Sapphires,
15-ct. Gold - £4 10 0
Diamonds,
15-ct. Gold - £7 10 0

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Patriotism is a love of one's own land; Imperialism is a lust for the land of others.

In Sydney, after that gigantic free advt., they now spell it Loyal-tea. Also, it is known as "Patriotism."

The voice of the people is not always the voice of God. Ultimately the people's voice is God's voice. In the first place, it is more often the Devil's.

General Roberts by proclamation declares that England has no quarrel with the Orange Free State. The Rand gold-mines, as Chamberlain and Rhodes well know, are in the Transvaal.

West Adelaide election for the vacancy caused by Kingston's resignation will provide a contest between journalist Denny, who gets the strong R.C. vote, and a direct Labor candidate.

The rocks ahead of the Lyne Govt. are its abuse of patronage and the equivocal position occupied by Mr. Crick, the brainiest and most aggressive of its Ministers, in relation to Acting-Judges before whom he appears as an advocate.

During last session of N.S.W. Legislative Council, members King, Septimus Stephen, and Lucas dropped in once each, but didn't record a single vote; Hoskins and Mort called in twice, but never voted; and Blanksby happened in three times, and voted once. Fourteen members scored less than 10 attendances each.

Q.N.B. directors voted £250 to the Patriotic Fund. One man objected, but was promptly denounced as a scoundrelly traitor. Considering, however, the previous methods of disposing of Q.N.B. funds, this matter of the Patriotic donation is perfectly harmless, and argues a return to comparative rectitude and innocence.

While the British army lieutenant receives only 5s. 3d. a day, the amateur swashbucklers taken from Collins-street block for South African service are paid at the rate of £350 per annum—nearly four times as much. On top of which every Australian officer is practically sure of a permanent appointment in the Federal Forces on his return—if he ever does return, and probably at existing rates.

Never has the utter spinelessness of the Labor-party been shown so clearly as to-day. After a faint and timorous opposition to the mad war-racket, they are now tumbling over one another in their eagerness to be "patriotic," and to vote funds for backing up the great gold-firm of Rhodes, Chamberlain, Beit, Robinson and Co. THE BULLETIN can count 23 members of N.S.W. Assembly who, before the discussion *re* the first contingent, openly expressed themselves as averse to the proposal; and there were others whose opinions it did not directly hear. And now!

The old disastrous policy of making little cockspur railways appears to be starting again in Victoria.

That province wants one big line through East Gippsland to the N.S.W. border, and another big line to Mildura, to open up the two empty ends of the country. But just because these two regions are empty they have only one member each, so these two big national works would only buy the votes of two members. It is better jobbery to build a five-mile branch here and a six-mile one there, and buy a vote with each branch. So more little profitless bits of line are being advocated in places where political railways are so thick already that the grass can hardly grow, because almost every blade has two iron rails on top of it.

You never can tell! In 1763 American colonists and Englishmen were fighting side by side against the French in Canada—"patriotism" rampant among the colonists. In 1774—just eleven years later—these same colonists rebelled against the motherland.

"T.D.": Interesting to know how many of the working journalists who have written all the beautiful sentiments about this war and the duty of the people therein, have put their hands in their own pockets. The pressman, as I find him, is most apathetic except in print. Also a good part of him, as I know him, if he put his hand in his pocket, would find very little there except some biscuit-crumbs.

Barton's visit to England no doubt clinches his appointment to the Federal Premiership. As a Tory by instinct and training, he will be most acceptable to the Imperialists, and will be regarded as the very man to help lock the irons of Imperial Federation on war-drunken Australia's legs. Barton will have some sort of say in the appointment of the Governor-General, and the Governor-General will almost for a certainty "send for" Barton.

Attorney-General Wise's publication of cables, telegrams and correspondence, some marked confidential, found in ex-Premier Reid's official bureau, is accepted by N.S.W. daily newspapers as legitimate party warfare; yet when Dawson, leader of the Queensland Labor Party, was alleged to have spent part of his four hours of office looking over similar records left behind by his predecessors, Queensland and N.S.W. dailies bitterly denounced the action.

J. H. Gordon, the eloquent but shifty S.A. Attorney-General, is a problem in local politics just now. When Kingston was trying to engineer Household Suffrage through Parliament, Gordon headed the Tory opposition; but now, as a member of the Holder Govt., he is sponsor for a £15 qualification with adult suffrage as the ultimate goal! At least, Holder now says adult suffrage is the ultimate goal, and as Gordon still keeps his billet it is presumably his goal too.

Instead of meeting war-expenses partly by an increase in income-tax and partly by customs and other duties, as several N.S.W. politicians now talk of doing, it would be better in every respect to start a new and direct levy called a War Tax. At a glance at any time the public could then see what it pays for martial glory. If tagged on to income-tax or other current taxes the figures will neither be distinct nor impressive as far as the bulk of the people are concerned.

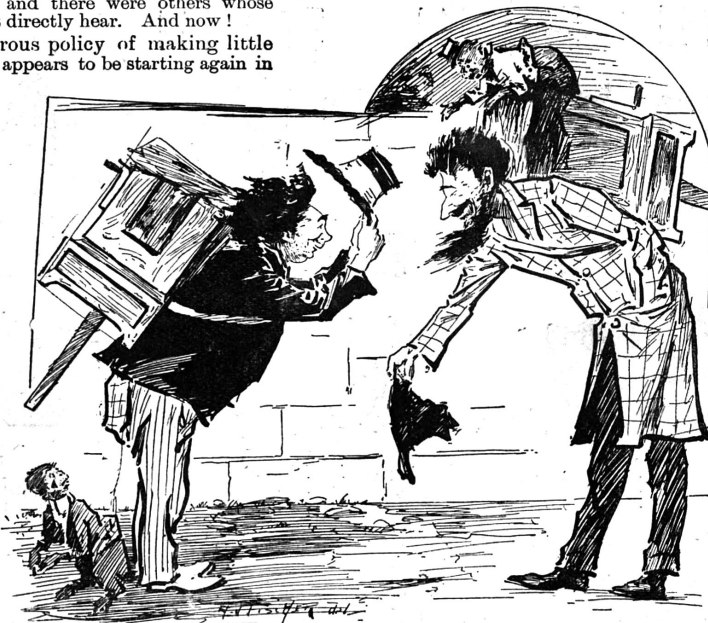
THE DIFFERENCE.

Their gods are the gods of Battle;
Our god is the God of Peace.
They sacrifice with slaughter;
We pray—may the slaughter cease!

They cry to the Hebrew Moses,
They to their creed are true.
There the resemblance ceases—
We pray to the other Jew.

S.P.Q.R.

Looking down a column of names of volunteers for the second W.A. Contingent (published on page 13 of the WESTERN MAIL of 3/2/00) this curious result was arrived at: Twenty-four names; six Englishmen; nine Victorians; two South Australians; one New South Welshman; one Fijian; one Scotchman; one West Indian; one Queenslander; two Westralians. Only two Westralians—and it is called a Westralian Contingent. No wonder many Outlanders think of the W.A. Contingent, when it comes back, as a possible influence in the struggle with that narrow-minded boss-Boer, John Forrest.



A LESSON IN COURTLINESS: TWO ARTISTS MEET.

Minister for Defence See's off-hand estimate of N.S.W.'s share of the expense of the Boer war is £500,000. "And what's that?" he demanded sharply when brows were raised. Well, so long as there's money to be borrowed in England, what is it?



THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

SHABBIMAN (who has borrowed something): "Well, ta-ta! P'raps I'll see you to-morrow?"

BIGGE TOFF (getting back): "Not if I see you first!"

Sydney DAILY TELEGRAPH, encouraging the young Australian to shoot:—

The last sacrifice (the alleged slaughter "to a man" of a party of Victorian troops) will have a pathetically awakening effect on the feelings of kinship that bind all parts of the Empire together. There was never in the world a people more generous to its heroes than the British.

"More generous!" Speak, ye poorhouses! Speak, O unmarked workhouse graves of be-medalled veterans!

The Crimean war cost Britain seventy millions. It lasted 22 months, and she had an average of 25,000 men in the field. War is more expensive now than in the fifties, but at this rate, and supposing the present war lasts six months (it has now gone four) with an average of 175,000 men in the field, it will certainly cost the British taxpayer much over £100,000,000. It may yet put a couple of millions on to the gigantic national debt of Australia. And all this to increase the dividends from the Rand!

Dr. Bevan, who loves not the Germans, lately remarked to a Melbourne 'ERAID' interviewer that the cession of British rights in Samoa had been regarded in a much too "easy" spirit by the "provincial" politicians of Australia. Parson Bevan is not the only Jingo who reckons that "loyalty" like charity, should begin at home. No sooner had Australia started to do a bit for the Empire in Africa than a bit of the Empire hereabouts was quietly given away by the British Government to the very power which urged Kruger to fight. This country is going to feel very sore over the Samoa arrangement when the Contingent bills fall due.

If Victoria only paid its teachers half so well as it does its Transvaal contingents that truly miserable class would get a square meal a little oftener. Consider this statement recently laid before Parliament (Melb. AGE report):

Mr. Thomas Smith gave the salaries paid in a large suburban school where 1400 are taught. The pupil teachers, whose services range from four to twelve years, are paid from £1 3s. 4d. to £3 6s. 8d. per month! Other pupil teachers, with only three years of service, are paid £1 1s. 6d. per month. Monitors are paid £1 per month, and three of these, twenty years of age, are paid only 16s. 8d. per month! Mr. Smith had the House with him when he denounced this as a disgraceful example of the worst kind of sweating carried on by a Minister of the Crown in a great State department. He said this particular school and its management was not quoted as any exceptional instance of cruelty and oppression, but as one typical of very many. An example was added amongst the classified teachers. Fifth-class men, many of them married, are getting salaries of £80, plus whatever may come from their results, perhaps in the more fortunate cases bringing their remuneration up to £120 a year.

Case at Wellington (M.L.) Supreme court. The ornate Stout presiding. Two men charged with stealing fowls, elected (under new Act) to give sworn evidence on their own behalf. Counsel for accused said he would now call "Mr. Cooper" (one of accused). Judge objected to an accused but unconvicted person being called "Mr." and sneeringly alluded to "Mr. Purcell, the other gentleman in the dock." Stout, the bebaubled back-down democrat, finds it hard to get away from the old Tory ideas. The meanest lie ever invented was that to the effect that, in every English-speaking country, the law holds a man innocent till he is proved guilty. If judges like Stout could have their way, every accused person would appear in dock in prison garb, so that if found guilty he would be all ready to start hard labor immediately.

The quaint and forceful address of the Stanford University president on the South African war, reprinted in Sydney DAILY TELEGRAPH of Friday last, forms a nasty mouthful for Jingofoes of the "English-speaking-federation" order to chew over. THE BULLETIN congratulates the D.T. on the reprint, which every one should read; it will bite in the right quarter. Also, everyone desirous of learning the merits of the case should read J. A. Hobson's article in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for January, on "Capitalism and Imperialism in South Africa," in which a fierce light is thrown upon the real motives of Cecil Rhodes by quotations from his own speeches.

It now dawns on a good many people that the census, due in 1901, should have been taken in 1900 this time. Representation in the Federal House of Reps. is to go by population, and the last reliable facts about the population date from 1891. Yearly estimates have been formed, but they are largely guesswork. The 1891 census showed that Queensland's estimates were 33,000 too high; Victoria's were a good deal too low, and N.S.W.'s were pretty near the mark. Probably the 1901 census will show that some provinces have, for a whole year, had a member too much, and others a member too little, and then the provinces will call each other strange devils and things.

The Westralian Goldfields' Separation petition was half-a-mile long when last heard of, and is expected to be a mile long when it is completed. As the W.A. Government is sending Parker, Q.C., to England to represent what Bigjohn has the gall to describe as the views of W.A. on Federation and Separation and other things, the Separation League proposes sending a delegate to point out that Bigjohn has never dared to ascertain what are Westralia's views, and to call Parker, Q.C., a public delusion. Matheson is the most probable delegate, and Matheson with a mile of signatures for credentials will be a man of weight as against Parker with no credentials at all.

"Tangata-mata" writes:— Invercargill (M.L.) has a Tooley-street crowd which thinks it represents the united brains of the province. Never an important question agitates the world but the Invercargill busybodies demand a public meeting; much frothy eloquence, and lo! the solution of the problem is at once apparent. When Federation was first mooted there was an outcry, the usual public meeting, and an urgently worded protest to King Dick from the local bootmakers' union about "inevitable fall in wages," &c.—the usual selfish end-of-nose policy which King knows so well how to mollify or turn to advantage. It was windy little Invercargill, too, which, when Salisbury was in the throes of the Fashoda incident, patriotically cabled him to "fight! or resign."

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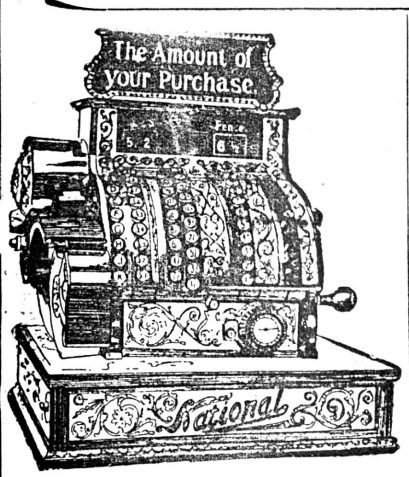
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Lowest Current Fares and Freight to all Ports.

Return Tickets Available for Six Months.

Return Tickets interchangeable with Messrs. Huddart, Parker & Co. or Messrs. M'Ilwraith, M'Eacharn & Co. Offices—Mutual Life Buildings, corner George and Wynyard Streets.

Wharves—Foot of King Street, Sydney.

Banking, Public Companies, &c.

The Trustees, Executors, Agency Company Limited,

ESTABLISHED 1873.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED ... £150,000 0 0
CAPITAL PAID-UP ... £90,000 0 0
RESERVE LIABILITY ... £150,000 0 0

Amount at Credit of Estates, Trusts, and Clients, 31st December, 1899 ... £6,277,747 11 3

Insolvency Department, Mr. L. I. Barker registered trustee.

Directors: F. R. Godfrey, Esq., Chairman; J. Murray Smith, Esq., M.C.G., M.L.A., Vice Chairman; John Grice, Esq.; C. M. Officer, Esq.; Hon. J. M. Pratt, M.L.C.

JAMES BORROWMAN, Manager.
FREDK. A. LANG, Assistant Manager.

No. 412 Collins-street, Melbourne.

Bank of New Zealand.

SYDNEY BRANCH: 64 PITT STREET.

Four per cent. Stock guaranteed by New Zealand Government ... 2,000,000

Preference Shares subscribed for by New Zealand Government ... 500,000

Amount of Capital payable by Shareholders ... 500,000

Total Capital ... £3,000,000

—THE—

Commercial Bank of Australia (LIMITED).

REGISTERED CAPITAL ... £1,800,000 0 0
PAID-UP CAPITAL (11 12/99) ... £3,163,938 10 0

DIRECTORS:

Robert Harper, Esq., Chairman; Archibald Currie, Esq., J.P.; Hon. W. H. Embling, M.L.C.; Hon. N. Thornley, M.L.C.

GENERAL MANAGER: Henry Gyles Turner, J.P.
CHIEF INSPECTOR: H. L. Heron.

INSPECTORS: John M'Nall, R. M. M'Nicol, and Alban Hill.

Head Office: Collins Street, Melbourne.

MANAGER: Edward Smith.
ASSISTANT MANAGER: Arthur Walker.
ACCOUNTANT: E. C. O. Howard.

London Office: 1 Bishopsgate Street Within (corner of Leadenhall Street, E.C.)

BANKERS: The London City and Midland Bank Ltd.

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SYDNEY - 273 GEORGE STREET.

MANAGER: John M'Nall.
ASSISTANT MANAGER: J. R. Legoe.
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Haymarket, Gosford, with agency at Wyong, Newcastle, with Branches throughout Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and in Brisbane.

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Security to Insurers ... Exceeds £3,000,000.

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Mutual Life Assurance, Endowments and Annuities without Mutual Liability.

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Directors:

Hon. J. F. BURNS, Chairman; Hon. C. J. ROBERTS, C.M.G., M.L.C.; BRUCE SMITH, Esq., Resident Secretary; A. ROSS MILLER.

Accumulated Funds, £2,261,656.

Policies issued, 79,765—assuring £24,735,171.

Amounts paid to Policyholders, £2,148,418.

Policies Unconditional, Unchallengeable, Indefeasible.

Premiums moderate and without restriction as to travelling. Liberal Bonuses—equitably distributed.

Head Office:

419 & 421 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

LESLIE J. PARK, A.I.A., General Manager.

Bank of New South Wales.

ESTABLISHED 1817.

Head Office—GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Paid-up Capital ... 1,950,000 0 0
Reserve Fund ... 1,200,000 0 0
Reserve Liability ... 1,950,000 0 0

Total ... 5,100,000 0 0

DIRECTORS:

JAMES THOMAS WALKER, Esq., President.
REGINALD JAMES BLACK, Esq.
WILLIAM ALFRED COTTEE, Esq.
RICHARD BINNIE, Esq.
The Hon. CHARLES K. MACKELLAR, M.L.C.
ROBERT CAMPBELL CLOSE, Esq.

Auditors: J. S. HARRISON, Esq. F. W. UTHIE, Esq.

London Office—Old Broad Street.

With Branches in all the Australian Colonies and New Zealand; and Agencies in Tasmania, India and the East, the United States, Hamburg and the United Kingdom.

The Bank allows interest on fixed deposits; collects for its customers dividends of public companies; and interest on debentures; and invests money on their behalf in public securities in the Colonies or Great Britain; undertakes the agency of other banks; issues drafts, circular notes and letters of credit; and conducts all customary banking business.

The Bank also issues Circular Notes in sums of £10 or £20, negotiable on the Continent of Europe and America, or in India and the East.

J. RUSSELL FRENCH, General Manager.

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THE ABERDEEN LINE.

(Messrs. George Thompson and Co., London).

To Natal, Capetown and London.

(Calling at Plymouth.)

The following magnificent steamers will leave SYDNEY for NATAL, CAPE TOWN, and LONDON as follows:—

Name of Steamer.	Commander.	Tons Regr.	Leave Sydney at 3 p.m.
SALAMIS	A. H. G. Douglas	4600	March 7
ABERDEEN	A. Robb	3600	March 28
DAMASCUS	R. M'William	3700	April 20

All the above have splendid accommodation, and will carry a surgeon and stewardess.

Passengers by this route to London will avoid the heat of the Red Sea.

Only 1st and 3rd-class passengers carried.

Dalgety and Company, Ltd.,
AGENTS, O'Connell Street, SYDNEY.

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by the

American & Australian Line

(A. & A. LINE).

ROYAL MAIL EXPRESS SERVICE.

Avoiding alike the heat of the Red Sea and the cold of Cape Horn.

The steamers of this line are appointed to leave Sydney and Auckland for Apia (Samoa), Honolulu and San Francisco every FOUR WEEKS, as under:—

Steamer.	Tons.	Leave Sydney at 1 p.m.	Leave Auckland.	Arrive at San Francisco.
MOANA	4000	March 14	March 19	April 6
ALAMEDA	3158	April 11	April 16	May 4
MARIPOSA	3158	May 9	May 14	June 1

Tickets are available until used, and Saloon Passengers can break their journey at Auckland, Honolulu, San Francisco, and any points en route on the overland journey.

Passengers booked to all parts of America, Canada and Europe; also Round the World on most favorable terms.

For time cards, railway maps, and guide books showing all other information, apply Union Steam Ship Co. of N.Z., Ltd., Equitable Buildings, George Street, next G.P.O., Sydney; Corner Collins and William Streets, Melbourne; B. W. Macdonald, 15 Currie Street, Adelaide; B.I.S.N. Co., Brisbane.

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IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL STEAMERS.

COMPRISING

95 Ocean and 141 River Steamers with 495,169 Tons Reg.

Mileage Run in 1898, 3,375,400; Conveying 161,963 Passengers.

PASSENGERS BOOKED from Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Fremantle to Genoa, Naples, London (via Southampton), Antwerp and Bremen, via Colombo, Aden, Suez and Port Said.

Steamer.

Tons

Commander.

Sydney Adelaide, 11 a.m. Noon.

*P. R. LUTPOLD. 6288 H. Walter ... Apr. 7 Apr. 14

GERA ... 5005 W. Meissel ... May 5 May 12

KARLSRUHE ... 5057 G. Dannemann June 2 June 9

*TWIN SCREW STEAMERS.

LEAVING MELBOURNE TUESDAY AFTER SYDNEY.

Unsurpassed Seagoing Qualities—Maximum Speed, Safety and Tonnage, Best Accommodation, Excellent Cuisine and Civility. For further particulars, see daily papers, or apply to the Agents,

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Sydney Office ... 16 Bridge Street.

Manager—Local Director—JAMES BURNS, Esq. Mr. A. J. CHARKER. (Messrs. Burns, Philip & Co. Ltd.)

AUTHORISED CAPITAL ... £700,000

Capital Paid-up ... £100,000

Reserve Liability of Shareholders ... 250,000 ... £350,000

United Insurance Co. (LIMITED.)

Head Office: GEORGE & HUNTER STREETS SYDNEY.

CAPITAL ... £500,000.

Fire Insurances effected on all classes of Buildings, Stocks, Furniture, etc. Rents also assured.

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PERCY PHILLIPS, Legal Manager and General Agent.

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Opals, Pearls & Sapphires

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THE ADELAIDE STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED).

Express Passenger Service to and from West Australian, South Australian, Victorian, and Queensland Ports.

FOR MELBOURNE: ADELAIDE, PORT PIRIE, And GULF PORTS, ESPERANCE BAY, ALBANY, FREMANTLE, Transshipping at Fremantle to all North Western Ports, BRISBANE, MACKAY, TOWNSVILLE, And Ports North to Cairns, For BRISBANE

S.S. Maranoa, Frid., March 2.

S.S. Wollowra, Sat., March 10. (Without Transshipment).

S.S. Cintra, Frid., March 2.

S.S. Adelaide, Sat., March 3.

NOTE.—This steamer running under contract with the Queensland Government for the carriage of refrigerated cargo will maintain a regular weekly fast service between Sydney and Brisbane, and will connect with the P. and O. and Orient steamers. The attention of passengers is directed to this opportunity of quick transit between Sydney and Brisbane. The ADELAIDE is a first-class passenger steamer, all cabins containing only two berths. Best & Cheapest Route to Goldfields.

Tickets are interchangeable with the A.U.S.N. Co. G. S. YULL & CO., LTD., Agents, 6 Bridge St. Sydney.

A. U. S. N. Co. LTD.

ROYAL MAIL COASTAL SERVICE.

THE POPULAR PASSENGER LINE.

Despatch their Magnificent Steamships as under.

MELBOURNE AND COOKTOWN MAIL LINE—Weekly, via Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Mackay, Bowen, Townsville, Cairns, and Port Douglas.

TOWNSVILLE LOCAL PORTS—Weekly.

SYDNEY AND ROCKHAMPTON—Bi-weekly, via Ports.

SYDNEY AND BURKETOWN—Every 3 Weeks, via Brisbane, Townsville, Cooktown, Thursday Island, and Normanton.

SYDNEY, NEW CALEDONIA, AND FIJI, Monthly.

SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE, Weekly.

SYDNEY, ADELAIDE AND WEST AUSTRALIA, Fortnightly.

Passenger Accommodation, Attendance and Cuisine unrivalled.

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MELBOURNE—A.U.S.N. Co. Ltd., Collins Street.

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FREMANTLE AND PERTH—D. Hamilton.

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P. AND O. COMPANY.

The Royal Mail Steamships of the above Company will be despatched as follows:

FOR MARSEILLES AND LONDON, Touching at the usual intermediate Ports. With Permission to call at Brindisi.

Steamer.	Tons	Commander.	Sydney, Noon
*BRITANNIA	6525	F. H. Seymour	March 7
*INDIA	7911	W. D. G. Worcester	R.N.R. March 21
*VICTORIA	6527	E. Crew	April 4
*AUSTRALIA	7000	L. Reeves	April 18
ARCADIA	6003	A. C. Loggin	May 5

*Proceeding via Hobart.

PASSAGE MONEY TO LONDON Single, £35 to £70. Ditto Ditto Return, £65 to £110.

Return Tickets (1st Saloon) between intercolonial ports are available for Return by Orient and Messageries Maritimes Steamers having room. Particulars on application to E. TRELAWNEY, Agent, Exchange Corner, Pitt and Bridge Streets.

Huddart, Parker & Co's Line

TO—

MELBOURNE, HOBART, LAUNCESTON, WEST AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND PORTS.

Fares and Freights at Lowest Current Rates.

CHINA and JAPAN.

EASTERN and AUSTRALIAN S.S. COMPANY, Ltd.

The following favorite Passenger Steamers will sail from Sydney as under for HONGKONG and JAPAN, via Queensland Ports and Port Darwin:—

Steamer.	Tons	Commander.	Leave Sydney.
EASTERN	3600	W. Ellis	March 10
GUTHRIE	2500	W. G. McArthur	April 5
AUSTRALIAN	3000	P. A. Helms	April 28

The above steamers were specially built for the Eastern passenger trade, and are fitted with every convenience, including Electric Light and Kilbourn's Patent Refrigerator.

Duly qualified Surgeons carried.

Passengers booked through to points in Canada, United States of America and Europe.

For further information apply to GIBBS, BRIGHT and CO., Managing Agents, 37 Pitt-street, Sydney.

M'Ilwraith, M'Eacharn & Co. PROP. LTD.,

REGULAR LINE OF STEAMERS.

SAILING WEEKLY TO AND FROM WESTERN AUSTRALIA AND EASTERN COLONIES.

For Specially Reduced Rates, Passage Money, Stock Rates and Freight Quotations, apply M'Ilwraith, M'Eacharn & Co. Proprietary Ltd. or BURNS, PHILIP & CO. LTD., Bridge-street, Sydney.

Melbourne address—467 Collins-street.

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SYDNEY TO LONDON, via COLOMBO and PARIS. Steamers of 6500 tons, under Postal Contract with the French Government, calling at MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, ALBANY, COLOMBO, SUEZ, and PORT SAID, will be dispatched MONTHLY, as follows:—

Steamer	Com-mander.	Sydney, Noon.	Mel-bourne, 1 p.m.	Ade-laide, 1 p.m.
ARM. BEHIC	Le Cois-pellier	Mar. 19	Mar. 22	Mar. 24
AUSTRALIEN	Verron	April 16	April 19	April 21
V. de la CIOTAT	Fiaschi	May 14	May 17	May 19

PASSENGERS booked to Bombay, India, China, Batavia, and Japan. PASSAGE MONEY, £25 to £70, including table wines.

RETURN TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES. ENGLISH SPOKEN ON BOARD.

Upon arrival at Marseilles English interpreters meet the passengers for London and give them every assistance in landing and passing their luggage through the Customs, etc., and also accompany them to Paris and Calais.

RETURN TICKETS (First Saloon) between intercolonial ports are available for return by P. and O. steamers having room.

For further particulars apply at the Company's Offices, Queen's Corner, Pitt Street, Sydney.

R. BRASIER DE THUY, Principal Agent.

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AN EVERLASTING SOUVENIR OF
AUSTRALIA'S GALLANT BOYS.

These medals are same size as a shilling piece. Can be worn on Watch Chain, Bracelet, or Brooch. They are beautifully mounted, with Pin and Red, White and Blue Satin Ribbon. One side bears the Queen's head, encircled with the words, "British Transvaal War, 1899-1900." On the reverse is a Mounted Australian Bushman scouting, who scenting danger suddenly pulls up his horse, and shades his eyes the better to enable him to discern the enemy. "Good Luck to Australian Bushmen's Corps" forms a border. Price—Rolled Gold, 7d.; Silver, 2s. 1d.; Solid Gold, 20s.; post paid. Everybody should buy one, for part of the proceeds is given to the Bushmen's Patriotic Fund.

NOT A GUESSING COMPETITION.

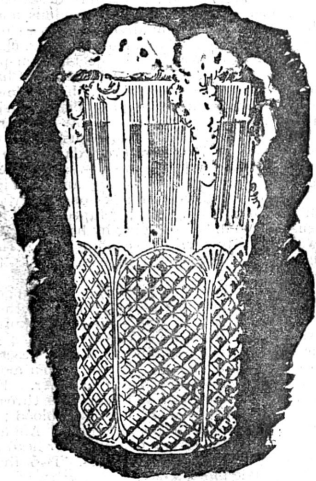
A RECORD.—We sold 5000 of our Celebrated WATCHES & CHAINS at 6/6 in 13 months, and now to universally advertise our Famous 4/6 Paragon 14kt. GOLD CHAINS to Every Purchaser of one (either Gent's or Lady's) we will Present on Payment of 6/- extra the RAILWAY WATCH, as illustrated, guaranteed, timed to closest accuracy. It is a JEWELLED, FULL-DAY, PERFECT LEVER MOVEMENT, SHORT-WIND WATCH, wound and hands set from stem, strong and reliable, same as used on the railways of Great Britain. Gent's are medium size, and Ladies' a perfect little gem. They give entire satisfaction; that is why we send them out on appo., and if returned within 14 days money is refunded. These are unprecedented terms. We make this extraordinary offer merely to circulate our PRICE LIST, and to make ourselves talked about. The Watch and Chain is sent Registered (any colony) on receipt of 10/6 and 6d. for postage.



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The Most Refreshing Drink in Australia.

MONTSERRAT
(TRADE MARK)
LIME FRUIT JUICE
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MONTSERRAT LIME-FRUIT JUICE either with water or Aerated Water is a delightful thirst-quencher.

The LANCET says:—"We counsel the public to drink Lime-Fruit Juice whenever and wherever they list. It is a far more wholesome drink than any form of Alcohol."

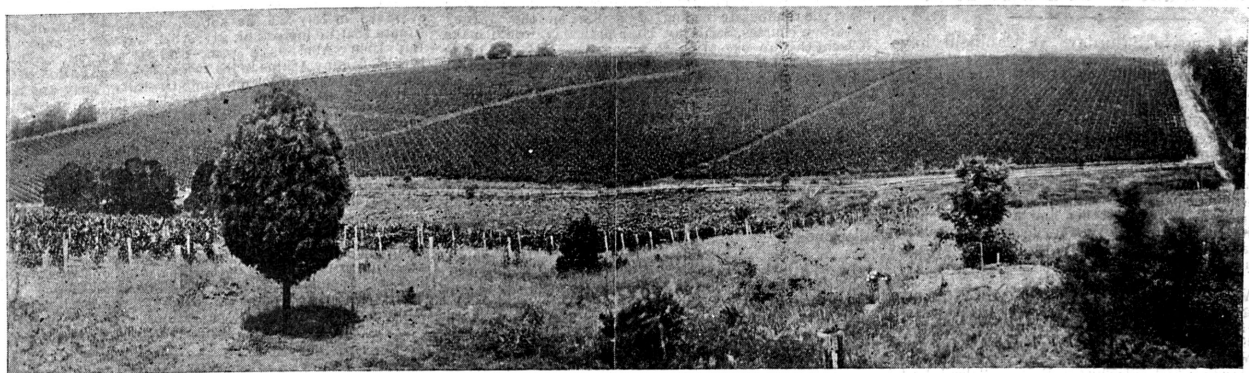
N.B.—Used in the British Navy. The Sirdar (Lord Kitchener) obtained supplies for the troops in the Sudan; and the American Government for the troops in Cuba.

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COOLALTA
LIGHTEST WINES IN AUSTRALIA.

J. A. WILKINSON.

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374 George Street, Sydney.
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A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY, unique in providing nourishment suited to the growing digestive powers of YOUNG INFANTS from birth upwards, and free from dangerous germs.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1

Specially adapted to the first three months of life.

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Similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

The "Allenburys" Malted Food No. 3

For Infants over six months of age.

No. 3 Food is strongly recommended for Convalescents, Invalids, the Aged, and all requiring a light and easily digested diet.

The London Medical Record writes of it that—"No Better Food Exists."

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Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, Eng.

Complete Foods,
STERILIZED, and
needing the addition of
hot water only.

To be prepared for use by the
addition of COW'S MILK,
according to directions given.

THE MINER'S GREAT WANT

NOW SUPPLIED BY THE

"Koerstz Patent Klondyke Quartz Crushers."

Which render the miner independent of Battery-power, and enable him to realise on his gold from day to day.

This is a very superior machine, capable of being worked by hand, horse, or other power. It does its work admirably. Will crush to any size, or reduce to the finest powder. Two men can put through 10 to 12 cwt.; and, if using horse-power, one ton per day can be crushed. The complete machine weighs 7cwt., but can be taken apart, and is then readily portable. No. 1 is a smaller machine at £15. No. 3, with a capacity of two to three tons per day, price £60.

The Prospector's Crusher.

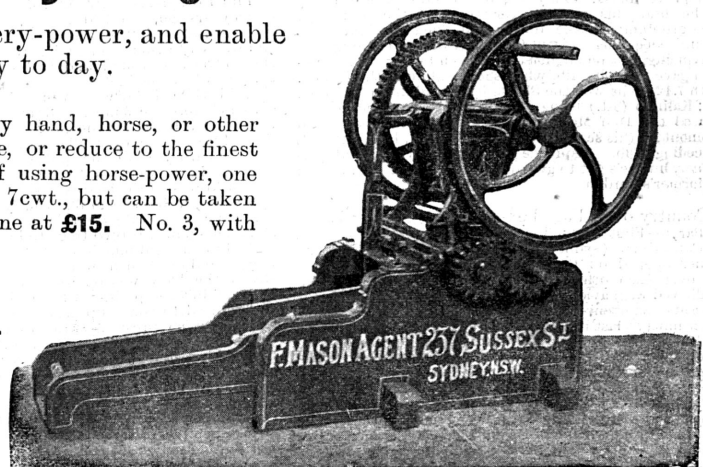
No. 1 at £3 and No. 2 at £5, leave nothing to be desired for testing small quantities of stone.

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FOREWARNED IS
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When the First Symptoms of Ill Health Appears Use "VITADATIO."
It Fortifies the Whole System.

A COMPLICATED TROUBLE THOROUGHLY CURED.

Do Not Delay, Try VITADATIO at Once.

Shepparton.

Mr. S. A. PALMER (Vitadatio).

Dear Sir,—I have very great pleasure in certifying to the MERITS OF VITADATIO. I have suffered for the past five years, off and on, from "JAUNDICE," "ENLARGEMENT of the LIVER," and an "INTERNAL GROWTH" of some kind, which the doctors did not seem to understand, and all the medicine I took before VITADATIO had no more effect upon me than so much water. My husband and son induced me to try your VITADATIO, and, after the second week I had been taking it, a quantity of blood, and lumps of stuff which looked like pieces of liver, came away, I now feel splendid; am able to get about and do my work.

I am an old resident of Shepparton, and all my neighbours can tell you how bad I was.

I EARNESTLY RECOMMEND VITADATIO to anyone suffering as I did.—Yours gratefully,

Mrs. C. CURREY.

Witness to signature—W. F. Ford, J.P.

I do hereby certify to the correctness of the above testimonial.

D. H. K. M'GUINNESS.
Wangaratta.

PRICE: 5/6 AND 3/6

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

THOUSANDS
RECOMMEND

WEBBER'S

VITADATIO
PURELY HERBAL



Went and drank brandy.

Manager Tyree, of the Acetylene Gas Co. says:—"£20,000,000 is the total money now invested in acetylene gas, and 120 firms in 'patient deep-thinking' Germany do nothing but acetylene business. It is barely five years since I introduced acetylene to Australasia, and the first town where I exhibited it promptly kicked me out as an anarchist and devil's agent for nitro-glycerine. During these five years ignorance and vested interests have pitched into me every sort of way possible. Deaths, accidents, and general catastrophes more wicked than the plague have been associated with my name and acetylene. Yet nobody has been hurt so far. Insurance societies have come in tears and asked me to get out; they said that they wouldn't insure my building, and that I exposed the buildings round about to fearful dangers. People have generated the gas under improper conditions with the result that styrolene, benzine, tar, naphtha, &c., have been deposited in the gas pipes and burners thus causing endless trouble. Then these people have turned round and cursed acetylene, which is as rational as cursing a good leg of mutton because it has been spoilt by an ignorant or careless cook." The proper generation of the gas is the thing that can be easily assured, and I will lay £1000 to £10 that no installation put in by me will fail. And the £10 that I win I will give to Sydney Hospital. Experiments extending over very many months prove that acetylene gas is the best light for mines."

The CRIMSON BICYCLE.

Every Crimson Wheel is either a RED BIRD,

Or else it is endeavouring to sleigh ride on Red Bird reputation. Don't be deceived into buying a bicycle "as good as," and refuse any but the real thing itself; repair shops and village smithies now make bicycles. At least they buy a set of fittings for a few shillings and put them together. They look like cycles, but no experienced cyclist would ride one unless paid to do so.

Don't be led away by commission men who may try to sell you the products of repair shops and plough factories. Buy a cycle of known quality made by a firm of 23 years' experience in building bicycles only.

Manufactured, Sold and Guaranteed by The Gould Bicycle Co., Ltd.

Factories:—
BRANTFORD, CANADA.

Agents—Everywhere.

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261 COLLINS-ST., MELBOURNE, VIC.
EDWARD-ST., BRISBANE, Q.
VICTORIA-ST., WELLINGTON, N.Z.

1900 Model Red Birds can now be obtained on TERMS.  We will take your old mount in exchange



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apparently insurmountable obstacles is one way to overcome them and see clearly.

We have, by years of patient endeavour against all kinds of difficulties, succeeded in placing

DERBY Tobacco

on the highest pinnacle of popular favour.

Anyone can see clearly that Derby is not approached by any other brand for **Genuine Quality**

DO YOU SMOKE DERBY?

18

THE MODERN ART JEWELLERY COMPANY,

187 PITT STREET, SYDNEY,

Directly opposite Civil Service Stores. Mr. MONTE GOLDSTEIN, Manager.



These premises have been opened with an **Extensive and Splendidly Assorted Stock**

WATCHES, JEWELLERY, BIJOUTERIE, SILVER AND PLATED WARE OF THE HIGHEST CLASS OF MANUFACTURE.

NOVELTIES OF THE MOST ELEGANT AND UP-TO-DATE DESIGNS AND HIGHLY FINISHED WORKMANSHIP.

SYDNEY.

Telephone 3490.

The Best of Style combined with the Best of Value.

At Poverty Point.

Disaster has followed fast and followed faster on the heels of a bright little Australian of a few years back. Her voice failed, and she fell out. Subsequently a trip to Europe was made to endeavor to patch up the ruined organ, but, meanwhile, the poor girl had become a prey to intense melancholia, which has now developed into complete mental decay.

"S." : The A.N.A. dramatic competitions in Melbourne were not wholly vain. Although each competing party had at least one shocking clodhopper in its bill the general work was interesting, and one really clever little lady came to light. Watch for a Miss M. Masters as the next bright particular Australian ingenue—presuming Miss M. M. has professional aspirations, and can get the necessary look-in. In a small compass and not too propitious surroundings, she impressed the above with a clean pen-line preciseness and nicety of execution, and an intelligence rarely met with. The A.N.A. ought to furnish up the prizes next year, and give a wider interest, by stipulating for one-act dramas of local manufacture. The plays might be awful, but awfulness is generally expected, anyhow, and the good thing dreamt of might crop up.

"Haresfoot" : In reply to Miss Watts-Phillips. I must insist it is preposterous to assume that Dickens and Watts-Phillips were not acquainted with such an overwhelming Parisian dramatic hit as the "Chevalier de Maison Rouge." But here is a fact. Webster produced a translation of the "Chevalier" in London many years before he produced the "Dead Heart." Possibly this was the reason he kept the "Dead Heart" on hand. The original French play of the "Chevalier de Maison Rouge" may be read in Melb. Public Library. The "Dead Heart" can, I think, be bought at the theatrical booksellers. I got a copy not very long ago, and am well enough primed in claiming that "Maison Rouge" is the fount of the "Dead Heart," "Tale of Two Cities," and "The Only Way."

Albani must be meditating another Australian tour. The other day the jaded prima donna sang at Albert Hall in aid of a "British Empire League" fund for the widows and orphans of "colonial" soldiers (mostly unmarried) killed in South Africa. Among Albani's platform colleagues were such young and unremarkable Australian singers as Miss Rosa Bird, the Sydney girl trained by Marchesi, and Miss Nora Dane, a former Melb. Conservatorium pupil, to whom Marshall Hall addressed one of his Hymns Ancient and Modern. The cable mentions that "Madame Melba and Miss Ada Crossley were unable to attend in consequence of other engagements."

"P." : Writer went to see "Tribby" revived and was horribly disappointed. The play is all right, but Tribby still sings the old-fashioned "Ben Bolt," which, instead of being a patriotic song, writer strongly suspects to be a pro-Boer ditty. Let Tribby sing the "Absent-Minded Beggar," Taffy "Sons of the Sea," the Laird "Soldiers of the Queen," and Little Billee "Rule Britannia." I am sure their efforts will be an increased bond of silken sentiment between the what is it and the Ke., and the revived drama be an additional exhibition of the unity of the Empire. By the way, does Henry V. sing the Absent-Minded Beggar, and if he doesn't why isn't the theatre wrecked?

"Old Vic." : The divorce-case of Miss Syria Lamonte has been a topic here with theatricals and variety people. Without specific reference to this somewhat one-horse show, compared with the grand affairs of the Patis and so forth, let me suggest how marriage customs lag altogether behind the elastic intellectual development of Woman. Marriage, like Scotland, stands where it did a thousand years ago, for divorce does not touch at all upon essential incompatibility. A woman like Miss Lamonte suddenly finds a field open to her in England, while her husband is nailed to Australia. Well, nobody supposes that the average marriage will stand the test of indefinite parting. Yet compulsory removal isn't admitted as a reason for divorce.

"Melb." : My selection for a cast of the "New Barmaid" : Johnnie, Miss Tottie ; Popsy, Miss Wopsy ; Dordy, Miss Birdie ; Chappie, Miss Plantagenet ; Cholly, Miss Montmorency ; Lollie, Miss Cholmondeley.

During the first week of Rickards's war-pictures in Melb., a quite impressive portrait of Kruger was given, but since then another has been substituted, touched up, and made ugly enough to please soi-disant patriots.

According to an advt. in Melb. LORONETTE, Brough intends to run another Australian season before taking on the Orient.

A correspondent of DUNDEE ADVERTISER : "Madame Melba's visit to Dundee has been so much commented on and looked forward to that readers will, I am sure, be glad to know more of her, and rejoice doubly in the fact that Broughty Ferry can claim her as its own. Madame Melba, nee Nellie Mitchell, was born in Broughty Ferry. After the death of his wife, her father decided to seek his fortune in Australia, taking with him his two small daughters, the eldest of whom is the now celebrated singer."

"Melb." : I cannot help regarding all these war cinematographs as put-up things. To cin. an important event you need to know it is going to happen, and when, and where, so as to be there with your instrument and to be at the right angle. The parties concerned mustn't rush too far away and spoil the focus, nor must they

trample over you and the instrument. You can cin. a prize-fight for it happens at a fixed hour inside a fixed space, and the necessary stand for your apparatus is put up beforehand, and some obliging officials keep a corner for you. War is a disobliging thing, though, and happens suddenly anyhow, anywhere, sprawling all over the shop, disappearing behind kopjes, galloping right over you, and putting its big hoof through your machine.

"E.G." : Permit me to correct "S.S.'s" statements in your issue of the 27th. Referring to wire-walkers, in which the Macarte Sisters are mentioned, "S.S." says that the Flying Jordans' wirewalker (Virginia Aragon) was the same person that knocked all London silly in the notorious unrobing trapeze act at the Alhambra. Not so. Charnion, to whom he refers, was originally a plump little milliner of San Francisco, and, becoming smitten upon "lights and trapeze," was apprenticed to the Jordans—result, a very mediocre artiste. She did not visit Australia in '98. She was picked up in "Frisco" by Melville Stoltz, who suggested the unrobing act, and it caught on. Dundas Slater secured her for the Alhambra at £80 per week, with Paris and Berlin to follow. "Charnion" is not Virginia Aragon, and never will be. However, Charnion is no good for Australia, and Australia is decidedly no good for Charnion.

"Melb." : The R.C. world is agitated over a daring effect introduced by Chaneet, in the new Mass for Cardinal Moran's opening of St. Mary's, West Melbourne. Two trumpeters are concealed in the roof, over the altar, and answer the organ, orchestra, and choir at a certain point. Of course their blare is supposed to be the voice of the Most High. Makes me think of the time when Lyster produced Rossini's sacred opera, "Mose in Egitto," in Melb. When Moses carried the tablets of the law, a trumpet-note was heard from the top of Mount Sinai, representing Jehovah, of course. An awe-struck Bungee man in the gallery asked—"Is that Lyster?"

"The cleverest 'turn' in this 'influenced' city just now," writes THE BULLETIN'S London correspondent, "is at the Alhambra, the home of a prolonged patriotic 'burst' for months past. Jumping in and out of barrels—empty cement casks—does not sound like much entertaining sport, but the Deonza brothers simply corpse competition. The chef de baril is this : Blindfolded, with ankles tied, one stands before a barrel, into it he jumps and out of it on the opposite side ; then jumps up and into a barrel standing on a two-and-a-half-foot-high table ; out of that on to a chair on an 18-inch-higher table, and down into a barrel on the first table, out of which he somersaults on to the floor and jumps into a last barrel, somersaults out, and bows. All jumps are clean and accurate, and the world has never seen its superior in its line."

"Charles Warner is again 'Drink'-ing strong and successfully," writes THE BULLETIN'S London correspondent. "His bout at the Adelphi only increased the public's thirst, and C.W. had to transfer his 'shakes' and d.t.'s to the Princess, where the gallery night by night with flopping tears watches the flower-splendid garden-hats in the stalls and cultivates droughts that only deep wells of 'four half' can dissipate. Marcus Clarke's 'For the Term of His 'Natural' " is to be adapted under the commonplace title of 'Circumstantial Evidence,' and minus the strongest character, the 'paralytic parson,' in deference to the Non-conformist Conscience. Charlie will doubtless play 'good Mr. Frere.'"

"Hermes" : Was in a Sydney theatre one night recently when a lady tripped regally into one of the private boxes, and taking off her cloak nearly blinded the admiring crowd with the blaze of her jewels. She proceeded to remove her veil, but the cobwebby thing had got tangled up somehow, and would not come away. Her hubby came to her assistance and speedily made things worse. He was a large man with a long beard and a closely-cropped moustache, the effect of which was to make his upper lip look like the lid of a pot and the lower one like the pot itself. Also, he was impatient, and he lost his temper, and got the cobwebby thing all twisted up, and then, when the last strand of patience gave way, he gave a vicious tug and hauled the veil off, and the lady's back-hair also. The beautiful knob swung right across the box, and the lady uttered a suppressed shriek. Hubby became paralysed, and stood helplessly swinging the knob backwards and forwards, while the lady clawed at it. At last she caught it, tore the hair out of the veil, and refixed it over the place where her kopje had been. Then she sat down and looked all the world in the eye with the expression of one who was ready to deny everything.

Millocker, the German composer of "The Beggar Student" and "Poor Jonathan," died the other week. By the way, it might be worth manager Williamson's while to examine the business possibilities of "Poor Jonathan," which was produced at Melb. Opera House some years ago during an unlucky season. The name part requires a tenor comedian of the Kenningham type, but otherwise the opera could be easily cast.

"F.H." : Overheard at "Tribby" during interval : "Come on, Jack, let's go and see the latest war news!"

George Pack has put a bright musical setting to Kipling's "Fighting Boats," which Bales, M.L.A., varbled at Melb. Parliamentary Concert the other night. By the way, Bales as singing patriot sets one thinking of the way-back time when he got into hot water for his awful disloyalty in snorting at the Prince of Wales.

"Melb." : Sheridan has to drop back into Widow O'Brien, like Jennie Lee into Jo, Jefferson into Rip, Sothern into Dundreary, Rignold into Henry V.



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Poor old Madame Schneider, the original Grande Duchesse and Belle Helene of Offenbach's opera-bouffe is said to be qualifying herself for a Little Sister of the Poor. Religion is often the last dissipation of a decayed prima-donna. Schneider!

Worth any one's while to drop into Melb. Alexandra and hear the gallery boys express their feelings about "Briton and Boer." Their scorn for Kruger is not impervious to reason. When the hairy potentate makes a wise remark or seems rather terrible in his wrath the boys take him seriously. Kruger receives a respectful round of applause once or twice, although he is clearly a man who has got to be downed by the Australian Contingent. But Cronje commands no reverence. He snacks his chest and wants to know what's the good of Queen Victoria sending a lot of boys to fight men of the Boer stamp. The spontaneous burst of young laughter that comes from above when little Cronje compares himself favorably with an Australian Contingent is really refreshing. The gallery patriots are not angry and Cronje's ignorance of Australia's fighting capacity tickles their fancy. After the laugh one hears a murmur of young voices—the boys are saying to one another—"My word! them Boers do fancy themselves!" The gallery quite takes Dampier's awful collection of libels for real Boers.

Women are supplanting men as theatrical prompters. They have more tact and readiness, and their voices are not so audible.

Andrews, the San Francisco "Diamond Palace" man, wears in his tie a magnificent ruby valued at £2500 which he says he got from Australia's old friend, Lola Montez, to whom it was presented by the King of Bavaria. In the just issued life of that cranky monarch, it is mentioned that he used to dress up as Lohengrin, and go out by night on his lake, or pond, in a gilded boat, with Mme. Schwansky, his favorite Prima Donna, and Wagner. One night he expressed his rapture with Madame's singing. Thereupon she caressingly passed her hand through his hair. He immediately flung her overboard, and waded ashore himself. Wagner had to fish her out with the boat-hook.

"T.D." : Re Maoriland trains. Once when Tom Pollard's co. was travelling on a narrow-gauge line in the North Island the girls sat dangling their legs from the carriage platforms, sewing and kicking things from the side of the track. One dropped her thimble, and the observant driver brought his engine to a standstill in what the daily papers call "an incredibly short space of time." The girls gleefully got off and spent half-an-hour searching for the missing thimble. Then the snorting locomotive gave three terrific blasts of warning, and dashed through the solemn forest at six miles or so an hour.

M. Bleichroder, a Hebrew financier (not Breechloader) was with Bismarck in negotiating with Jules Favre about the French milliards to be paid. Favre groaned over the total, and said, "Why, it would take a man all the time from Jesus Christ to count!" "Oh," says Otto von B., "I've brought along a man who counts from the Creation." Bleichroder was enabled for pointing out, during the negotiation, that Bismarck forgot the interest.

Every year more use is being made of the artesian waters of the far-back for wool-washing. The latest scour to go up is at Enngonia bore. Curiously, the great scarcity of water has given a filip to local scouring all through the dry parts. The chief reason is that camels, which can cover even the driest stages, can shift scoured but not greasy wool ; and for a season's clip to lie for months in the shed or on the track means a big loss in interest, as well perhaps as missing the best markets.



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"H.P.": Here it seems that hands without any rings at all denote the Married Woman. In America the married woman often goes without her wedding-ring.

DEAR BULLETIN.—I rise to make a few firm but kind remarks on compulsory education and culture, and to register a fear that something dreadful is about to happen. The peep-over-the-fence that Parles gave the Australian multitude in 18—, like all half-measures, was bound to be about as full of discount as a bag of hot soup. The discount crops up in the tremendous scramble that everybody makes after the first peep to get right over the fence, and most of them are doing it in such a shocking way—wrecking so much skin and clothes and good opportunity, hanging their

tongue out so alarmingly, making such bad company of themselves, and causing so much heart-burn and general foolish uncharitableness, that the position is becoming positively grave. Also, the building of impregnable fences is going to such a length amongst them that every other person will shortly have no one left to talk to, and will look like a poor horse in pound. And long hair, nakedness, birth-decrease, suicide, and a complete upheaval of the social fabric will be the next stage. Then the nation will take to the bush and grow tails, or go on in a disjointed way writhing in the terrific agonies of arrogance, reticence, procrastination, aggravated conceit and over-politeness, until everything becomes too utterly vulgar to mention, and there is nothing

left to say, and no one dare look at a tree because it bears too close a resemblance to a naked man on his head, and there is no beer to drink, and the nation finally curls up and dies. I therefore move to tell these dreadful people how to behave themselves, and to ward off the lamentable end hereinbefore predicted, before it is too late. Oh, for the good old bad old days when we sewed our clothes with fencing-wire and attacked the blanc-mange with a knife and fork. There was no peaceable local inebriate then, with the calm eye, telling us the latest secrets of continental diplomacy, no cigarette-smoking, boiled-shirted bullockies nor English-saddled bushmen, and "Gipsy teas" and "At Homes" were not devastating the land.—O.P.

People who know big weak John Forrest well are trying hard to remember if he ever made one political promise that he didn't break. And barring his promise to hinder the Goldfields-Esperance Bay railway they don't remember one.

"Melb.": Chirnsides has overreached himself at the Werribee. Everybody agreed that he had made a mighty stroke in securing the dump of the Melb. sewage there, at the farm over by the sea, to the south of his mansion. But the mischief is they can't get rid of the clinging odour of Araby the Blest. I was at Werribee town, the other day, near Chirnsides's house, and can testify to the subtle aroma. Only half Melb. is sewered yet, and it is all to go there.

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(From the "Newtown Independent.")

Maria Street lies in a thickly populated part of Newtown, and it was here that our reporter sought for No. 138, the residence of Mr. Harrison. The house is readily found, being the nicest and most attractive in the street. Mr. Harrison, who had just returned from work, greeted the reporter with a cheery welcome.

"I wish to ask you, Mr. Harrison," inquired our reporter, "the truth of the statement that you have been through a great deal of suffering, and finally found a sure and perfect relief?"

"Yes; that is quite true, and I am never likely to forget the time I had. I will tell you how it started:—I had had a long spell of very heavy work, for I may tell you I am in the building trade, and at best my occupation is very laborious. I got weak, nervous, and in a very low state of health. I believe my system was thoroughly run down, and for nine weeks I had a terrible time."

"What were your symptoms, Mr. Harrison?"

"My great trouble was neuralgia. The pains would come up my spine and settle in my head and face, mostly on one side of the

face, giving me the earache and excruciating pains in the jaws. At times the neuralgia would leave one side of the face and settle in the other. The pains came on every night time with distressing regularity, and lasted till about three o'clock in the morning. It was a perfect misery to go to bed, and I was forced to get up and walk the floor for hours. Sometimes, to get a little relief, I held brandy in my mouth to deaden the pain. I became a martyr to both tooth and faceache. The pains spread all round my gums, and to this was joined headache and frequent giddiness. After some time my legs became affected, and trembled so I dreaded they would not carry me and that I should fall down. This convinced me that my nervous system was thoroughly unstrung. I would give sudden starts in my sleep, and wake up with a jerk for no reason that I could tell. After eating there was a feeling of wind gathering across my chest, and it hurt me to stoop or bend. My back pained me all down the spine, and I had to have it rubbed to get a little ease; and I got that way at last I felt pains from head to foot; particularly, I noticed that my distressing symptoms were aggravated by the hot weather."

"Did you leave off work, Mr. Harrison?" inquired the reporter.

"No; bad as I was, I stuck to my job, and kept battling through. In fact, I was that way that work, as long as I could

struggle with it, was the only relief I had.

"Did you seek medical advice?"

"Yes; I went to a doctor, and he gave me some powders, but they did me no good whatever."

"Yet you got cured, I believe?"

"Yes; Clements Tonic cured me; there is no mistake about that. I noticed a decided improvement after the third or fourth dose, and after I had continued taking Clements Tonic I got steadily better."

"What induced you to take Clements Tonic?"

"We were living in Hugo Street at that time, and I remember my wife picked up a little book of cures effected, and she read what Clements Tonic had done for other sufferers. And as some of these persons mentioned were local people that we knew of, my wife gained confidence that what was said was true. And it was my wife's persuasion to get Clements Tonic and take it."

"Was your recovery complete?"

"I got all right again, and as sound as the bank; all my troubles went away. The trembling in the limbs, the nervousness, headache, and what relieved me the most of all, the terrible neuralgic pains and toothache, disappeared, and I was able to get my night's rest again. Remember, I lost my proper rest for nine weeks, always having to get up early the next morning, sleep or no sleep, and I am certain that had my troubles not been stopped in time by Clements Tonic I should

have got into a deplorable, helpless condition."

"Will you allow me to make your recovery public?"

"By all means. You are quite welcome to publish what I have said about my sickness, and what Clements Tonic has done for me. It was by reading another man's case that I was fortunately induced to try Clements Tonic, and I shall be glad if what I say may benefit someone else."

STATUTORY DECLARATION

I, WILLIAM HARRISON, of Maria Street, Newtown, in the Colony of New South Wales, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish the same in any way; and I make this solemn declaration voluntarily, and without receiving any payment, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act made and passed in the ninth year of the reign of her present Majesty intitled "An Act for the more effectual abolition of Oaths and Affirmations taken and made in the various Departments of the Government of New South Wales, and to substitute Declarations in lieu thereof, and for the suppression of voluntary and extra judicial Oaths and Affidavits."

William Harrison

Declared at St. Peters, this 28th day of June, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, before me, WILLIAM COX, J.P.

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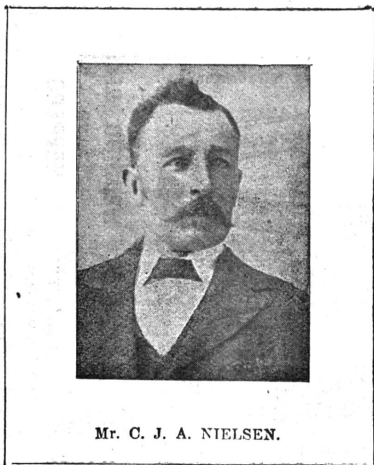
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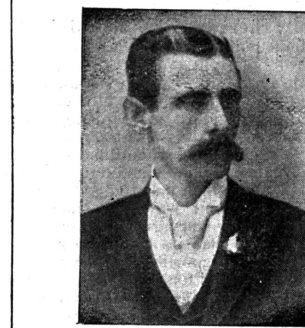
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are the most Effectual Remedy of the Century, and are unequalled as a Permanent and Complete Cure for all Affections of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, Weak Spine and Brain Despondency, Melancholia, Nervous Irritability, no matter how caused or of how long standing. BOXES, 6s. and 12s., posted. Ordinary Course, 23s. 6d., posted. Special Powerful Double Course, 43s. 6d.

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Unexcelled for Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, Indigestion, Flatulency, Wind, Headache, Biliousness, Fullness after Meals, Want of Appetite, Congestion, Sluggishness, Constipation, and Weakness. Price 1s. 6d., 3s., and 6s., posted.

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are an Infallible Cure for Purifying the BLOOD and Strengthening the NERVES, and are especially effectual for all complaints peculiar to Females, beautifying the complexion, brightening the eyes, clearing the skin, and bringing about a youthful appearance. BOXES, 6s.; Courses, 23s. 6d.

A Living Witness of the virtues of the Alfaline Herbal Remedies.

Kalgoorlie, September 12, 1898.

To HERR RASSMUSSEN.

Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to write and tell you how your remedies have cured me.

I suffered great agony with WEAK NERVES and RHEUMATISM, and I sent for some of your ALFALINE REMEDIES, which completely cured me, and I have felt as well as I could wish, although it is two years ago.

I also tried your ALFALINE UNIVERSAL PILLS, which completely cleared my skin and purified my blood, and I am now using your ALFALINE HAIR RESTORER, which has thoroughly cleaned the scalp and made the hair grow again, and it has gradually turned the hair from being grey to that of its original color. I have also recommended your Remedies for a number of different complaints and I have never known them to fail, but to do all that was claimed for them. I have great pleasure to recommend these remedies to all sufferers, as I know they can be depended on.

You are at liberty to publish this as well as my photo.
Yours truly, C. J. A. NIELSEN.

Sciatica Cured.

Parliament House, Sydney.

To HERR RASSMUSSEN.

Dear Sir,—I can truthfully assert that since using your Eucalyptus Oil and Alfaline Rheumatic Pills I have experienced an immunity from my attack of sciatic. I have recommended the Alfaline Remedies to a number of my constituents, and I will do the same to all whom I hear complaining of rheumatic attacks. With kind regards,

I have the honor to be, yours truly,
E. W. O'SULLIVAN, M.L.A.

Nerves, Liver, and Kidneys Cured.

175 Young-street, Annandale, Sydney.

To HERR RASSMUSSEN.

Dear Sir,—Having suffered for some time from a complaint of the liver and kidneys, for which I took medical advice, with no effect, one day was fortunate enough to pick up one of your books in the bush. I was thus induced to try your Alfaline Remedies, and their effect was magical. I have often since recommended them to my neighbors, all of whom have felt the benefit as well as myself. I cannot express how glad I am at my recovery, as several doctors had given me up, as my husband can testify.—Yours truly,
(Signed) Mrs. H. SMITH.

Twenty-Two Years' Nervousness Cured.

211 Crown-road, Ultimo, Sydney.

To HERR RASSMUSSEN.

Dear Sir. Your wonderful Alfaline Vitality Pills completely cured me of an awful case of nervousness of twenty-two years' standing.—Yours very truly,
TOM ATKINS.

Blood Disease Cured.

St. Murwillumbah, Jan. 4, '99.

HERR RASSMUSSEN, Sydney.—Dear Sir.—Having just finished the course of Alfaline Blood Pills and Alfaline Liver and Kidney Pills, I have pleasure in stating that they have effected a complete and permanent cure, although previous to trying them I had tried three different doctors without effect. For the benefit of those who may be suffering in a similar manner, and as a proof of my gratitude, you are perfectly at liberty to publish this short note in the interest of suffering humanity.—Yours Gratefully, THOS. KING. Witness—FRANK GRIBERT.

IMPORTANT WARNING...

Patrons of Herr Rassmussen's Alfaline Herbal Remedies are hereby cautioned against being imposed upon by several unscrupulous persons, who travel through the country setting out that they are Herr Rassmussen, or Herr Rassmussen's authorised agents—which statements are absolutely false, as Herr Rassmussen does not travel through his Remedies, neither has he authorised any person to sell his Remedies or Herbs anywhere.



Herr Rassmussen, Up-to-Date Herbalist.

IMPORTANT WARNING...

Herr Rassmussen desires to inform his patrons that his Alfaline Herbal Remedies can only be obtained from his Head Office, or his branches—the addresses of which are set out on this page. It is, therefore, useless to apply to any chemist or Patent Medicine dealers for the genuine Alfaline Remedies.

A REWARD will be given for information convicting anyone of imitating the Alfaline Remedies.

IMPORTANT.

Send for HERR RASSMUSSEN'S FREE BOOK, "ALFALINE GUIDE TO HEALTH," which contains most valuable ADVICE FOR ALL COMPLAINTS, and a large number of Testimonials. Sent in Plain Cover unobserved.

REGISTER all your Letters containing Money. Address your letters to Herr Rassmussen, whether you send to his Branches or to his Head Office, and make all Cheques or Money Orders payable to Hans Rassmussen.

Letters requiring special privacy may simply be addressed thus—

H.R., Box 208, G.P.O., Sydney,

but letters containing money should be registered.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE HELD STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and Remedies and Pamphlet sent unobserved in plain cover. Any particulars desired sent free.

Statutory Declaration.

I, THOS. MUDIMAN, Master Tailor, of 327 Elizabeth-street, Sydney, in the Colony of New South Wales, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

Whereas I suffered severely from a very troublesome affection of the NERVES, which affected me so much that I was quite unable to attend to my business. I tried several doctors and many remedies, but all of no avail. Whereas I, as a last hope, obtained some of HERR RASSMUSSEN'S PURELY HERBAL ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS, which I hereby solemnly and sincerely declare COMPLETELY CURED ME within a few weeks, and although this is over five years ago I have remained well ever since.

The ALFALINE PILLS also cured my wife, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true.

Declared at Sydney this 29th day of April, 1898.

THOMAS MUDIMAN.

CHARLES COLLINS, Justice of the Peace.

A Few of the Alfaline Herbal Remedies:

Alfaline Fat-reducing Powders—A harmless but most effectual remedy for transforming the stoutest and most unshapely figure into that of the most perfect, resulting not only in the return of Youthful appearance but also in comfort, improved health, and renewed vigor. Boxes, 6s. Valuable Pamphlet sent free.

Alfaline Headache Tablets—An instant cure for all kinds of headache, no matter how caused. 1s. per packet. Valuable Pamphlet sent free.

Alfaline Eucalyptus Oil—Superior to any other for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis. Prevents Fevers and Influenza. Bottles, 1s.; posted, 1s. 6d.

Alfaline Rheumatic Pills—Guaranteed to cure Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica and Lumbago. Boxes, posted, 3s., 6s., 12s., and 23s. 6d. Valuable Pamphlet sent free.

Alfaline Asthma and Cough Pills—A Wonderful Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Bronchitis, and Influenza. Boxes, posted, 3s., 6s., 12s., and 23s. 6d.

Alfaline Hair Restorer and Beautifier—A guaranteed remedy for preventing the Hair turning grey and falling off, and wonderful for producing rapidly luxuriant beards and moustaches. Posted, 3s. and 6s.

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Alfaline Complexion Beautifier—A guaranteed pure and harmless remedy for eradicating Pimples and Freckles, and wonderful for Beautifying the Complexion. Posted, 3s. and 6s. Valuable Pamphlet sent free.

Electric Belts—Containing powerful and effectual Electric currents, unequalled as a cure for all Spinal and Kidney Affections; 42s. and 63s. Send for all particulars.

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Instant Relief. Quick Cure. No After Effects.
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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION,
HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN AUSTRALIA.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

REMEMBER THAT EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND CONSUMPTION IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE.

A Lady in London.

A MARTYR TO COLDS AND BRONCHIAL
ASTHMA.

CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE.

THE DOCTOR SO INTERESTED THAT HE
CARRIED OFF THE EMPTY BOTTLE.

"Orange, N.S.W.

"Mr. Hearn.—I enclose for your own private perusal portion of a letter received from my mother, Mrs. [Name], of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect God-send to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any names to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of this letter you choose, and you can confidently refer anybody to me.

"I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see for yourself what an immense success it was.—Yours faithfully,

Extract from letter alluded to above:—

"You will be interested in hearing that I think the Bronchitis Cure really excellent. I was very bad when it arrived, and I immediately flew to it. That was last Friday, and it has quite cured me. Dr. [Name] is very much interested in it. He came yesterday, and carried off the empty bottle to find out if he could get a full one from a chemist who is in a large way here."

The names are withheld from publication, but will be supplied privately when desired.

AGONISING COUGH.

NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.

RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE, AND CURED BY
TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other remedies, without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

"Yours faithfully,
"JAMES ASTBURY."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Cowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trinkey, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure is a wonderful medicine.—A. B. SIMMONS, No. 7 Renny-st., Paddington, Sydney."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSETT, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have found your Bronchitis Cure a splendid medicine.—JOHN MADDEN, Skipton, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingecong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"My cold, bad as it was, disappeared after two doses.—C. J. CURRIE, Solicitor, Victoria Chambers, Queen-street, Melbourne."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—F. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTER, Bourke, New South Wales."

"Your medicine for asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yanko Siding, New South Wales."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWNEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

Gratitude and Appreciation.

HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN
CIRCLE.

"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office,
"169 Queen-street, Melbourne."

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips.

"This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, so constant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others.

"We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance.

"Believe us always to be,
"Yours most faithfully,
"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

Queensland Testimony.

FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"69 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland."

"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 25 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order.

"We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.

"We are, faithfully yours,
"THOMASON, CHATER & CO.,
"Wholesale Chemists."

Cured in Ten Days.

THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER
IN VICTORIA EXPRESSES GRATEFUL
APPRECIATION.

"W. G. Hearne, Esq. Dear Sir,—Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the value of your Bronchitis Cure. I had, some months ago, a severe attack of Bronchitis, and took your medicine, with the result that at the end of ten days the complaint had completely left me. We are now never without the medicine in the house, and at the first indication of a cold it is taken, with immediate curative effect.

"I am, my dear Sir, Yours faithfully,
"R. QUARRILL,
"Editor GELONG ADVERTISER."

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure."—ELLIOTT BROS., Ltd., Wholesale Druggists, Sydney, N.S.W.

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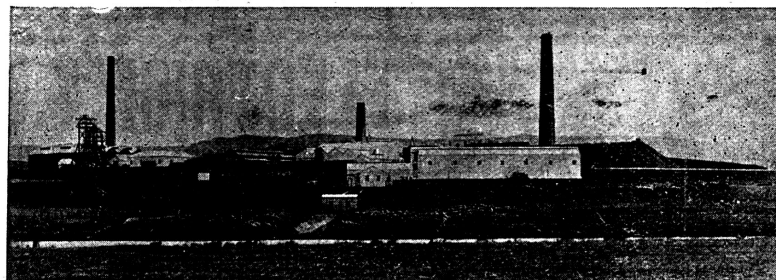
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BENGER'S FOOD is not only highly nutritious,
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enjoyed by the youngest Infant, or the most delicate Invalid.
BENGER'S FOOD is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

"'Benger's Food' has, by
its excellence, established a
reputation of its own."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

**INVALIDS
AND
THE AGED.**

The Vultures.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

There circle aloft o'er the warring host
Fierce-grinning spectres on vulture wing;
And each is a wanton marauder's ghost!
And each is the soul of some robber king!

They sleep forgotten in many a clime,
In Southern purple and Northern grey;
And some have slept since the dawning of time,
And others only since yesterday.

They sleep—and they dream it all over again,
Their life, grim life that the black blood blurs;
For they are the branded, the sons of Cain,
And damned, thrice damned, with a deathless curse.

On the blood-red sun and the waning star!
On the long, long chain since war began—
From Ashur and Brennus and Hamilcar
To the one-day Kings of the Corsican.

Uncounted! Black-skinned and yellow and white;
The buccaneer from the Spanish Main,
And the Arab slaver, the Norman Knight,
The Tartar chieftain of Tamerlane.

Red-bearded Vikings and pirates that sailed
From every harbor with flags unfurled;
Unhallowed rovers and brigands that hailed
From all the corners of all the world.

They lie apart, till the thundering thud
Of legions wakes them, of hoof and boot,
The fumes of the pillage, the scent of blood,
And the cry for loot—the cry for loot!

When rapine is rampant and pity dies,
They rise and gather to watch the fray;
And each must see through the red-rimmed eyes,
Must feast with the maw of some bird of prey.

They were the famishing carrion-birds
That followed Cortes, the Tigerheart.
They were the wolves that in ravens herds
Beset the army of Buonaparte.

They are the slinking hyænas and
The howling jackals that prowl a-rear
Wherever fury is scouring the land,
Wherever Murder is hunting Fear.

And thus they suffer in many a shape
For aye and for aye their punishment;
Foul heralds of plunder and war and rape—
Till God relent—ah, till God relent!

They circle to-day o'er each warring host,
Fierce, grinning spectres on vulture wing;
And each is a greedy marauder's ghost;
And each is the soul of some robber King!

VON KOTZE.

Ten Seconds.

A STUDY OF A KNOCK-OUT.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

MICK GALVIN was still full of fight. The three hot jabs that landed on his neck only made him more willing. He set his teeth and wished he was fighting the fat bookmaker who was calling "I lay fi' poun' ter one Galvin" so loudly that he could be heard over the shouting of the crowd.

Mick shifted his right foot back an inch and churned away at the air with his left glove. He and Jock M'Intosh stared into each other's eyes like two roosters.

Suddenly the arms of his antagonist opened. Mick Galvin was away—away from the centre of the ring and close into one corner. Jock M'Intosh swaggered after him paddling his hands as if he were swimming through the air. They faced each other and stared and churned their arms again, and M'Intosh came an inch closer at every swing of his body.

His lips were puffed, his cheek was cut open, his body was streaked with vertical lines of blood and sweat—and water that had been squirted from his second's mouth. His breath was blown through his clenched teeth audibly, and in time with the movement of his arm. A sentimental person with no knowledge of the game would have pitied Jock M'Intosh and thought he had been badly bruised. His opponent, and nearly everybody in the hall, knew that the marked man is the man to fear.

Jock M'Intosh was getting in too close. Galvin felt his elbow touch one of the ropes in the corner, and suddenly dashed, stooping to the left. The other's chest shone red through his opening arms. Then Mick Galvin heard a blow planted on his cheek. He did not feel it. It was too heavy. He just heard a smack, and judged that something had happened to him by the way the crowd yelled. They told him afterwards that he made a splendid effort to counter, but he knew nothing of this at the time. It just seemed to him that he stood waiting in the corner in an imbecile sort of way—waiting for something, he knew not what. The crowd must have been cheering about ten minutes, he thought, when his jaw was made to echo again, and another substance, even more solid, struck the back of his head. That was the post of the ring. He recognised the dull sound of its padded surface. Then he floated down—down to the floor. It must have taken minutes to get there, sinking so slowly as he did, but his head banged on the boards when he reached them at last, and the crowd cheered until the individual voices blended into one sustained harmony. Mick Galvin smelt the floor of the ring, and thought it was strange. Then, above the purring of the hundreds, he heard the timekeeper—"One!"

There were two feet dodging near him, the feet of Jock M'Intosh—he knew them by the funny boots he always wore, instead of shoes like the rest of the pugs. Another pair of boots joined them—heavy boots, the referee's—and out of the corner of his eye he watched them dance two or three figures of a sort of quadrille. Then he heard the referee call, "Get back, back to your corner," and the four feet grew smaller along the perspective of the floor-joints and finally disappeared. The buzz of the crowd was still growing, and was still musical—"Two!"

Mick Galvin could hear his seconds flapping

their towels over the ropes and the call of the fat bookmaker "Any price Galvin." He didn't feel insulted now. He knew they were referring to him, but from the sublime heights of absolute content he was not offended. He would have smiled at them only it was too much trouble. "Three!"

The singing of the crowd was still strong, but it was fading with an almost imperceptible cadence. The cries of the bookmaker and the people in the ten shilling seats were growing fainter too. The flapping of the towels now sounded like a dripping of distant water. It seemed as if it would never end. Mick Galvin began to get worried at its infernal regularity. The interrupting voice of Chook Neilsen calling "Good boy, Jock" to his opponent in the far corner was welcome. So was the timekeeper's call, "Four!"

That timekeeper had a splendid way of calling. So clear, so strong, so sudden. Mick thought he would wait for him to count five and see how he did it. He seemed to be late, though. What a time he was! He must have forgotten that it was seconds that he was supposed to count. Perhaps he was counting minutes; perhaps he had been knocked out himself. Anyhow, it was plain there would be no more counting. "Five!"

Mick wondered why they didn't fix the ring down tightly. Here it was slowly tilting up at one end and now sinking again. He felt himself pitching and swaying just as he had done when he went to Sydney to fight Larry Peters, only it didn't make him sick. The ring was like a boat sailing over the crest of big waves and dipping into the trough of others in the most fascinating manner imaginable. The crowd and the referee and the fat bookmaker were far away out of sight, evidently on some distant shore. He could still hear them buzzing, but the noise was very faint. And the timekeeper, he had evidently gone too.

"Six!" There he was, after all. Mick wondered why the fellow wanted to take all day to count ten seconds. Why couldn't he finish his work in proper time and be done with it? Odds on, he was standing somewhere near now, but Mick thought he wouldn't stand in the ring long the way it was turning round. There was no pitching now. It was just spinning round and round. "Seven!"

There he was calling out the time half-an-hour late as usual. That timekeeper ought to get a new watch. He was annoying with his carelessness, but not so bad as the new noise bumping regularly like an engine going at top speed. Why couldn't all these noises knock off and leave him in peace. That bumping was the worst and loudest of all and seemed to come from somewhere inside him. Of course, it was his own heart beating. Mick felt elated in the pride of his discovery. Now there was nothing to worry him. "Eight!"

The voice of the timekeeper was weakening, too. That was only to be expected. Probably he felt sleepy, too, after the time he had stood there counting all night. His voice was scarcely audible now. "Nine!"

Everything was quiet now. The crowd simply sighed in a low, musical lullaby. The ring floated softly in the air, and seemed to be waltzing by itself. One by one the last of the thoughts melted away and all was peace. "Ten!"

"Br-r-rang!" crashed the gong, and the hall bounded from its seats and roared. A dozen excited men materialised from nothingness within the ropes. There was a crush of partisans round the far corner where Jock M'Intosh lay back in his chair grinning through his blood as the seconds

untied his gloves, and the voice of the referee, "M'Intosh the winner," came half-guessed through the tumult.

In the opposite corner three bare-armed men in singlets and a dozen others fully clothed leaned over the spot where the naked Galvin slept. One reached to raise him up, but the expert spoke, "Leave him be. Jes' turn him on his back an' leave him lay till he comes to."

Above the striking of the matches and the murmur of the critics and the cry of the fat bookmaker "I pay M'Intosh" was the rumble of a thousand feet shuffling out into the night. M.G.

The Siege.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

SHE had not dared to venture out of the house for over a fortnight; the doors were all bolted and barricaded and the windows locked. She had had to bear the brunt of the battle, and her nerves were now at that pitch that the slightest sound outside the door filled her with terror.

The heat of the day had been unbearable; the house was stifling and not a breath of air to be had anywhere. To her distracted mind her children running about seemed to be half-a-dozen times their real number.

Towards the close of the day she dragged herself upstairs, and after giving a furtive glance through the blind, gently opened the window and let the air in.

Worn out with her long and weary watching, and the constant anxiety, she lay down on the sofa.

Presently, as though in a dream, she saw the head and then the shoulders of a man appear above the window-sill, and before she could move the ruffian had stepped into the room from the ladder outside.

"What do you want?" she said, in agonised tones.

"R-r-r-rent!" said the Bailiff, as he flourished a distress-warrant in her face.

H. BENN.

Judge Casey, Melb., after sentencing a nice young embezzler to a mild holiday: "If this crime were as prevalent as it was a short time back, it would be my duty to inflict a very severe sentence indeed." So that the law, as interpreted by Judge Casey, does not punish a man for his own sins, but mainly for other people's.

A new law incorporated in the Imperial civil code of Germany enacts that "all transactions involving the exploitation of another, or covering a disposition to take advantage of another's necessity, carelessness, or inexperience in such a way as to extort from him an extremely exorbitant remuneration for services rendered, are null and void." There is no doubt that such a law is needed in every civilised country in the world, and if Germany can show a satisfactory way of working this enactment it will lead the way in a very big reform.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s. bottles. Made in London.*

The Crow and the Pitcher.

A MORAL.

A certain crow, who had been haranguing a ward caucus all the evening, had contracted a large, importunate thirst.

As he was looking about to find some means of relieving himself of this same thirst, he discovered a pitcher which contained water.

But the pitcher was very large, and the quantity of water it contained was small, and reposed at the very bottom of the pitcher.

For anatomical reasons the crow could not dip his bill into the water and drink from the pitcher as it was.

Nor was there any use in trying to pour out the water, for the crow could not lift the pitcher. Besides, he had no cup.

But he was a wise crow, and also persistent, and he immediately resolved himself into a committee of the whole on ways and means, and hatched out a solution of the problem.

He picked a pebble from many lying around and dropped it into the pitcher.

He kept on dropping pebble after pebble in the pitcher, until the water approached near enough to the top for him to drink, and he slacked his thirst with ease.

What a splendid moral there is in the action of that wise crow. Dear readers, see the moral in our light. We are proprietors of the famous Bile Beans for Biliousness. So many people try one dose, once, of Bile Beans, and expect to be cured of an ailment that has taken years to fasten itself in the system. Bile Beans, if given a fair show, will cure nearly every ailment that is the result of a sluggish liver's action and a weak stomach. The cost is only 13½d. per box; surely you can afford to make one, two, or three trips if necessary, to prove the moral of the crow and the pitcher—namely, that perseverance in the right direction means victory. Bile Beans persevered in give health—that great blessing that should and could be possessed by us all if we persevered, and not expect that the first few Beans would enable us to drink of the pitcher of health. Health was not lost in a day, therefore it cannot be regained in a casual manner.

A Bad Man.

There was a crooked man,
And he suffered much from bile;
He had a very bad attack,
When near a crooked style;
So he went and bought some Bile Beans
And now he's well and strong,
And talks of nothing but his cure
To friends the whole day long.

TEN YEARS OF MISERY

ENDED BY

BILE BEANS.

MR. THOMAS H. AMES SUFFERED WITH TERRIBLE PAINS IN THE SHOULDERS, SEVERE HEADACHES, FITS OF RETCHING—OCCASIONALLY BRINGING UP BLOOD—LOSS OF SLEEP, AND WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH.

HIS CONDITION WAS SO BAD THAT HIS FRIENDS FEARED OF HIS RECOVERY.

A Thorough Cure effected by Bile Beans!

The People's Popular-Priced Preparation.

(From the Adelaide ADVERTISER.)

Mr. Thomas Henry Ames, of George-street, Parkside, when interviewed by a reporter of the Adelaide ADVERTISER as to his marvellous recovery by Bile Beans, said: "By occupation I am a gardener. About ten years ago I contracted a severe attack of yellow jaundice, and went into the Adelaide Hospital for treatment. My friends did not expect me to recover, I was so bad. The hospital doctors treated me well, and at the end of six months I left the institution cured of the jaundice, but in a weak state of health. One of the nurses told me my wife that I would 'never be the same man again,' because my stomach was in such a weak condition. My food did me little good, and I had a bad taste in my mouth, suffered with severe headaches, and had pains between the shoulders. My rest was also broken; some nights I used to toss about in bed, longing for sleep, but was unable to obtain it. My urinary organs were very weak, and I occasionally had fits of retching; and once or twice bringing up blood. I took large quantities of different medicines, which I obtained from the doctors and the chemists, but the relief the physic afforded me was only temporary, and in a day or two all my troublesome symptoms would return. I gave up all hopes of ever being well again."



THOMAS HENRY AMES.

"But you are well now, are you not?" "Yes. About 12 months ago I noticed a testimonial in the ADVERTISER concerning a wonderful cure through the use of Bile Beans for Biliousness. I thought I would give the Beans a trial, although I was not over-sanguine of a cure being effected in my case. I had been so bad for so many years. I bought a box at Mr. Parker's, a chemist in King William-street (near the Glenelg Railway Station), and took two of the Beans for the first dose every three days for a fortnight. After I had taken a box and a-half I felt greatly relieved, the weakness of the bowels, which was an after-effect of the jaundice, disappearing entirely. My other organs began to perform their proper functions, the pains between the shoulders, the retching and the sleeplessness also disappeared within a couple of months. My appetite returned, and I was quite restored to health. Since taking the Beans I have gained 8lb. in weight. I might add that I am 37 years of age, and was born in the Yankallilla district (S.A.), where I am well known. I am desirous of influencing all sufferers to try Bile Beans, and it is this motive which is prompting me to give my testimony as to their efficacy. I am perfectly willing to see any one to tell them personally of my cure."

Bile Beans for Biliousness

Act on the bowels in a gentle, natural way, and the patient is not weakened in any manner by the process. The enormous success of this preparation the world over is the best possible proof of its great worth. Millions use Bile Beans annually, and thousands say they are an undoubted specific for biliousness, indigestion, sick and nervous headache, constipation, influenza, colds, piles, female weakness, pale-faced girls, bad breath, pimples, dizziness, all liver and kidney troubles, dyspepsia, pain in back and side, fullness after eating. Bile Beans are obtainable from storekeepers and chemists generally, price, 1s. 13½d. per box, or the Australian Depot of the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney, will send one box for 13½d. in stamps or Post-office order.

If,

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

If I were Guv'nor-General
Of this Australian isle,
I'd be a Guv'nor-General
In proper style.

If I were Guv'nor-General,
As I'm not like to be,
Here's the sort of Guv'nor-General
You'd have in me:—

I would not rise before the pubs,
Were open—not at all.
I'd hear my valet call for me—
And let him call.

The Persian satraps did what they
Damplesed, and few asked why—
They cut their heads off if they did—
And so would I.

The Roman Prefects did the same,
And dice they gaily threw
On backs of naked girls—that game
Would suit me, too.

I would not have an Aide-de-camp,
All uniformed so prim,
To wake me when I wish to sleep—
I'd murder him.

I think indeed my aides-de-camp
Would pretty women be;
I'd commandeer them—bless their eyes—
To wait on me.

I ask the ordinary man:
Would it be much amiss
To be awake by—when he chose—
A ripe red kiss?

I think that I could cope, indeed,
With all the day's demands—
If dry champagne were brought to me
By snow-white hands.

If I were Guv'nor-General,
As I'm not like to be,
I'd have in ev'ry room a pal
To drink with me.

And, being Guv'nor-General,
I'd soon see that we got
Whatever liquor pleased us best,
Upon the spot.

When I arose—just when I chose—
New etiquette I'd teach:
Two Majors should draw on my boots—
A boot to each.

I think that I would have before
My door a Fatman large,
Who'd let me wipe my boots on him,
And make no charge.

And, when I wished to go about,
And take from cares a rest,
I'd hire a van, or barge, or hearse—
As pleased me best.

And when I gave a ball I think
I'd whisper quietly,
Unto my secretary—"Bring
The Belle to me."

If I were Guv'nor-General,
As I'm not like to be,
That's the sort of Guv'nor-General
You'd have in me.

CREEVE ROE.

In North-Western Australia.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

THE man was lying on the sand at the foot of a gum-tree; the shade had shifted with the progress of the sun, but he heeded it not. Not far from him was a shallow pool, with green rushes growing near its bank. The water had been low when he came in and stooped to drink at it; now, as the sun went down, it rose and deepened, a peculiar feature of many inland springs. The soft coo of the bronzed pigeons could be heard around; one after another they answered as they came in and perched on the boughs overhead, glancing timidly at the silent figure, lying sentinel over their watering-place. He was so still, so motionless, that they gained courage, alighted on the sand, and, one after another, strutted to the edge of the water, sipped two or three times quickly, and flew away.

Some noisy gulls and black cockatoos came in. These, too, gazed askance at the strange, quiet figure, which even their discordant chatter failed to arouse; and, finally, after much scolding, drank and flew off. Still the man slept on—slept till the soft, dewless night closed in and the stars mounted guard over the tree-tops.

It was midnight, and "the Cross" gleamed upright on the zenith when the exhausted sleeper woke. Not with the tired, drowsy feeling of a man who gladly recognises the fact that it is still far from daylight and he may sleep on; but with the sudden start of one who awakes in strange surroundings and fails to realise his whereabouts. Gradually the great stillness of the night soothes him, and he begins to recall his wandering wits. First, he rises wearily to his feet and glances around. He is alone—that is certain—and he stands for a minute thinking. Then he looks at the stars, and, with a bushman's instinct, tells the time by their altitude. His thoughts, now clearer, run thus: "I reckoned it was three hours that I had been following the dry river-bed when I came to this spring; I remember lying down under this tree, intending to take a short rest; then—I remember nothing more."

There is a dark object lying on the sand a short distance away; he goes and picks it up—an empty water-bag as stiff as cardboard. Taking a battered pannikin from his belt, he stoops over the deepest of the little sandy pools and fills it; then he heaves a deep sigh, and turns his face in the direction from which he came.

"Three hours," he thinks, "tired out, in heavy sand, and hunting about for water. He can't be more than six miles away, if he's still alive."

He starts wearily down the sandy bed. The shadows fall deep in places where the starlight does not penetrate, and he stumbles over logs and boulders, with many a hearty curse. Worned as he is, he perseveres, and even refrains from doing

more than just moistening his lips with the water in the bag he carries.

At last, after about two hours staggering and blundering over the confused debris and islands of the river bed, he sits down on a drift-log to rest and think.

"I must be getting near the place, unless he managed to crawl on after I left him—must keep a good look-out;" and, rising stiffly, he once more plods on, now peering eagerly everywhere and sometimes cooee-ing.

In an open patch of sand, where things are more plainly visible, he comes upon three dark objects huddled together. A man and two swags. The man is unconscious and moaning faintly. The other pours a little of the precious water between his lips, and moistens his head and breast. It is some time before he can induce the other to swallow. When, at last, he does, life comes more quickly back to the almost-dead man, and he begins to talk somewhat incoherently.

"How long have yer bin away?" he asks at length.

"I suppose it's about 4 o'clock now, and it was about 12 yesterday when I left you."

"And how far's the water?" demanded the other in a somewhat stronger voice.

"Between five and six miles I reckon."

"And yer've bin all this time away! Yer d—d murderer!"

"I couldn't help it. I was done when I got to the water; and I don't remember anything until I came to myself about three or four hours ago."

"Done, indeed! You've done for me, curse you! caulking there while I was a-dying."

He tried to rise, but fell back with many oaths.

"Better lie still," said the other, who did not attempt to assist him. "Now, I'll leave the water-bag here with you, and go back to the spring with one of the swags while it's cool; then I'll have a rest and a feed, and come back with more water for you."

"Yes, by God! I leave me here to die alone. No, if you ain't a cur altogether, you'll stay here with me and help me in."

"You'll not get in until to-morrow night. I shall do more good going back to the water. However, just as you like."

He put the water-bag within reach of the other, and threw himself exhausted on the sand to fall into the dreamless sleep of utter fatigue.

The other man, a grizzled old sinner, raised himself on his elbow and took short sips from the bottle-mouth of the bag. He was too far gone, however, and his constitution too undermined to recover much strength; and soon he, too, dozed off.

The dark, silent hour before dawn, when even the nocturnal animals and birds are at rest, set in—calm and still as morning in a dead world.

The man who had been to the spring awoke just when broad daylight came. He looked around, leaning on his elbow. The other man, too, was awake; and was gazing at him with a face in which death was struggling with passion.

"Wot did you leave me here for all them hours? If yer'd come back, I'd be all right now," he snarled, in a low, broken voice.

"I did not leave you purposely. I told you I went off asleep, without meaning to."

"You're a liar! Find yer way back there without water,"—and, with a last effort, the dying man poured the remainder of the fluid on the thirsty sand and fell back utterly exhausted.

The other started to his feet too late to stop him. He gazed at the distorted face fiercely for a minute; and it looked as though he would have kicked the dead body. He picked up one of the

swags, drained the last few drops from the water-bag into his parched lips, for he had touched none since he joined his mate, and then turned to depart.

"Let the dogs bury you," he muttered. "I won't come back to do it."

DELCOMYN.

An Optical Illusion.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

My new pupil-teacher at the Big Scrub School, Miss Amelia Noney, was learning to manage a class very well, except during interesting oral lessons. When she got thoroughly wound-up on any of her favorite subjects, such as Scripture, she was apt to lose her disciplinary grip of the pupils on the edges of her class; and so they played pranks. One afternoon Miss Noney was dodging the details of some hideous Old Testament scandal, and the fringes of her class were "working anyhow." I went down to her block, drew her aside, and said quietly, "You should hold the whole class in the tail of your eye, Miss Noney. Insist strongly on pupils' direct attention. They must feel the power of your eye, even when you are not looking straight at them. Strict supervision means prevention; and prevention is better than cure." Then I stepped in front of the class:

"Look to me! I will punish the first boy or girl who looks away. Now attend. The practice of having many wives which was common in—Put down the new boy Quinlan's name for looking away!"

Quinlan put up his hand as if to speak.

"Put down your hand, sir. It is bad enough to disobey without lying about the matter."

"Please, sa, I wasn't lookin' away; please!"

"Silence, sir! You make the matter much worse by lying! If you were an old pupil I should cane you severely, but I have given you an extra chance because you are a new boy from a happy-go-lucky private school."

Up went Quinlan's hand again.

"Will you put down your hand—and keep it down?"

Quinlan put it down. Then suddenly pointing with his left fore-finger to his right eye, he blurted out:

"Please, sa, I am lookin' to me front; but you're lookin' at the wrong eye! I squint some-think orful with the right un, sa!"

—

Brisbane's fashionable marine resort boasts a blacksmith whose workshop bears the legend:—

JENKINS,

CLASSICAL SHOERING FORGE.

Horse's, Shod Decently and Agreeable to Nature.

"Melb.": Another slice of Big John O'Shanassy's Tara Estate, Camberwell, has just been auctioned, leaving very little. O'Shanassy, like Scott at Abbotsford, flattered himself that he was founding a "Phamilee," and, indeed, his Tara, on the hill, with an unsurpassed view of Melbourne, was superior to the Irish one. The Molesworth estate in the vicinity has been similarly chopped up, and not far off is Wildridge's Paddock, a whilom desert, of which a comparatively poor bank-clerk made £30,000 in the boom.

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£4000 PRIZES £4000

HORSES, CATTLE, PIGS, POULTRY,
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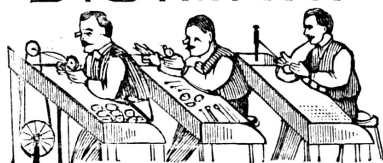
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Entries close WEDNESDAY, 14th MARCH.

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Watches Cleaned, Regulated and Guaranteed 1 year, 2/6.
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D. S. Mair for Gent's Keyless Silver Lever Watches.
Accurate timekeepers. Guaranteed 5 years. 25/-

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D. S. Mair for Ladies' 5-stone Brilliant Diamond
Ring. £4 10s. 18-carat Gold. Hall-marked.

Note address—68-4 George Street, Sydney

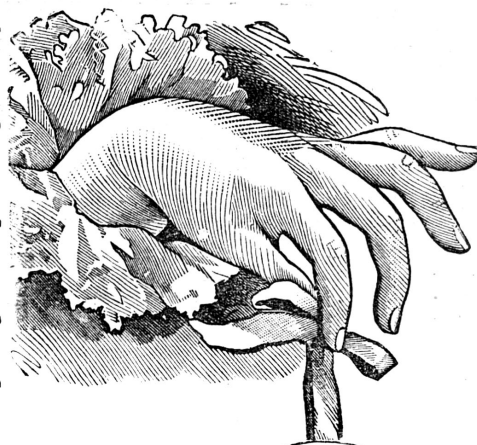
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ever awarded at any International Exhibition in the World
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SOAP MAKERS,

BY

Special Appointment

TO

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The Queen

AND TO

His Royal Highness

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Reduced Fac-simile
of
GOLD MEDAL
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1889.



Completely Broken Down

Unable to Sleep, No Appetite, Loss of Flesh,
Physicians Could Give no Relief. Was Cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"Sometime ago I was taken very ill, losing my appetite, could not sleep, and was unable to do my work. I was attended by two doctors, but to no effect. I became very thin and weak. Sometimes when I was out I would become so ill that I would have to go into a neighbor's house until I was fit to walk again. I cannot describe my sufferings, only to say that this state of things lasted for months.

"At last I remembered your advertisements in the papers, so determined to try a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Finding the first so beneficial, I took another, and still another, and the three bottles completely put me to rights.

"I am now perfectly healthy and strong, and can eat and sleep and work like a Trojan."

This is the strong and clear testimonial of Mrs. Jane Messiter (whose portrait is here given), of Foy St., Balmain, New South Wales.

It is because of the multitude of such cures that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is called

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

"Ayer's" is unlike other sarsaparillas. It contains different medicines, cures more quickly, acts more directly on the blood.

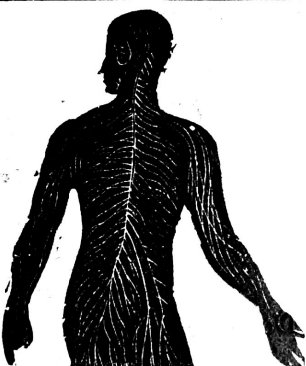
One bottle of "Ayer's" does the work of three bottles of the ordinary kind.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

That Cures.

It Enriches the Blood.

Ayer's Pills aid the Action of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



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SEMPER and TOASTS ready-made for all occasions and everybody: public speaking made easy. 1s 6d post.
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UP-TO-DATE COMIC RECITER (newest), 1s 6d post free.
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EVERY MAN HIS OWN CARPENTER, 1s 6d post.

NOTE.—SIR ROBERT BEAR wishes here to notify his Patrons (old and new) that the numerous SPECIALLY INTERESTING AND RARE BOOKS hitherto advertised by him are still obtainable as before. Want of space prevents mentioning any in particular. Hundreds of SPECIAL BOOKS—most of which can only be obtained from him—are advertised in his ILLUSTRATED BIG BOOK CATALOGUE, sent Post Free anywhere.

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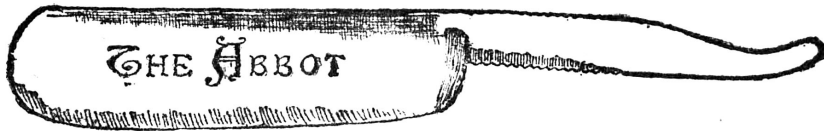
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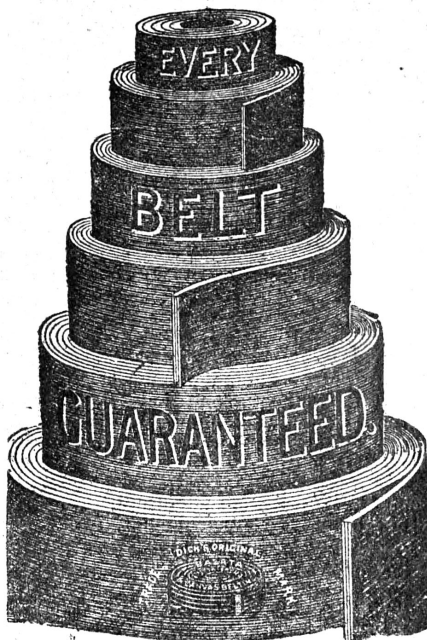
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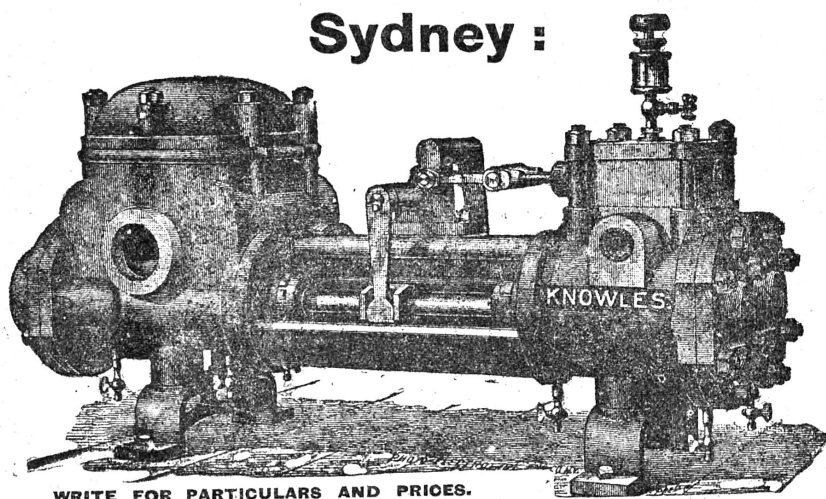
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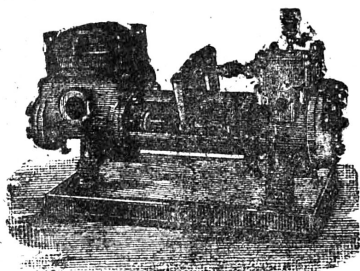
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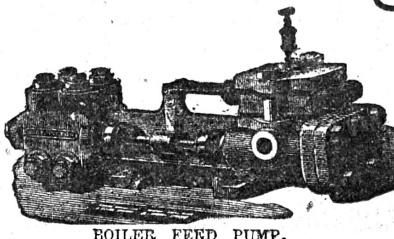
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